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# CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SINCE MRS. EDDY

## BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY, the "Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science," died two years ago at her home in Newton, Massachusetts. She is buried on a shadowy slope near Halcyon Lake in Mount Auburn Cemetery, not far from Longfellow, Charlotte Cushman, and other distinguished Americans. Her body lies in a heavy bronze coffin, which likewise contains all of Mrs. Eddy's numerous writings and copies of the standard publications of her church. The coffin rests upon a solid foundation of concrete, and the grave is walled in on all sides by reinforced concrete and steel. The five or six feet intervening between Mrs. Eddy and the turf is filled with heavy alternating layers of the same indestructible materials. Upon this burial-plot the church proposes to erect a splendid mausoleum, for which the money is now being raised.

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ARCHIBALD McLELLAN
MRS. EDDY'S SUCCESSOR, SO FAR AS MRS. EDDY CAN HAVE A SUCCESSOR

Mrs. Eddy, then, is gone — but what of the ecclesiastical establishment which she founded? For several years before her death, the curious public used to speculate on its possible consequences to the church. Who would be her successor? Would the whole fabric go to pieces, once the master hand fell limp and lifeless?

Years before Mrs. Eddy's death, however, she herself had definitely met the problem of her successor. The dictum, frequently expressed, was that there was to be no successor at all. Certain Christian Scientists, encouraged by Mrs. Augusta Stetson, maintained that there could be no successor, because Mrs. Eddy herself would never die; but this hardly represented the official attitude. Several years ago, Mr. Alfred Farlow, Mrs. Eddy's press representative, issued an authoritative statement covering this point. "It would be as impossible for a student of Christian Science to succeed to the position of discoverer and founder of Christian Science," said Mr. Farlow, "as it would be for an individual to succeed Columbus as the discoverer of America." A visible, personal head of the church, with autocratic powers to modify its theology and discipline, was never a part of Mrs. Eddy's program. She had absolutely ruled the church during her life; she proposed as far as possible to rule it after her death. The famous Manual of by-laws eliminates practically every "personality" except her own. This Manual is not a human document. It contains the revelations of Divine Mind. In writing the by-laws, says Mrs. Eddy, she was "impelled by a power not one's own."

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The Manual "stands alone, uniquely adapted to form the budding thought and hedge it about with Divine Love." As we read these by-laws from the viewpoint of an "outsider," and realize that they still actively govern the Christian Science Church, they produce a somewhat strange impression. For these regulations prohibit the church from doing anything without the consent of Mary Baker Eddy, the Pastor Emeritus. The Manual provides that the governing body of the church shall consist of five directors. These five directors, however, are all appointed subject to the approval of Mrs. Eddy. They shall elect a president, "subject to the approval of the Pastor Emeritus." There shall be a clerk, treasurer, managers, and other officers, but they can be elected only with "the consent of the Pastor Emeritus, given in her own handwriting." The Mother Church can elect no readers until Mrs. Eddy has viséd the names.

The solution of this problem seems obvious: Why does not the church amend the by-laws? Because, according to Section 3 of Article XXXV, "no new tenet or by-law shall be adopted, nor any tenet or by-law amended or annulled, without the written consent of Mary Baker Eddy, the author of our text-book, 'Science and Health.'" Moreover, Mrs. Eddy provided against any change in an even more rigorous fashion. She gave the land upon which stands the Mother Church in Boston. One of the conditions of the deed of trust was that the by-laws should be neither amended, annulled, nor added to without her written consent.

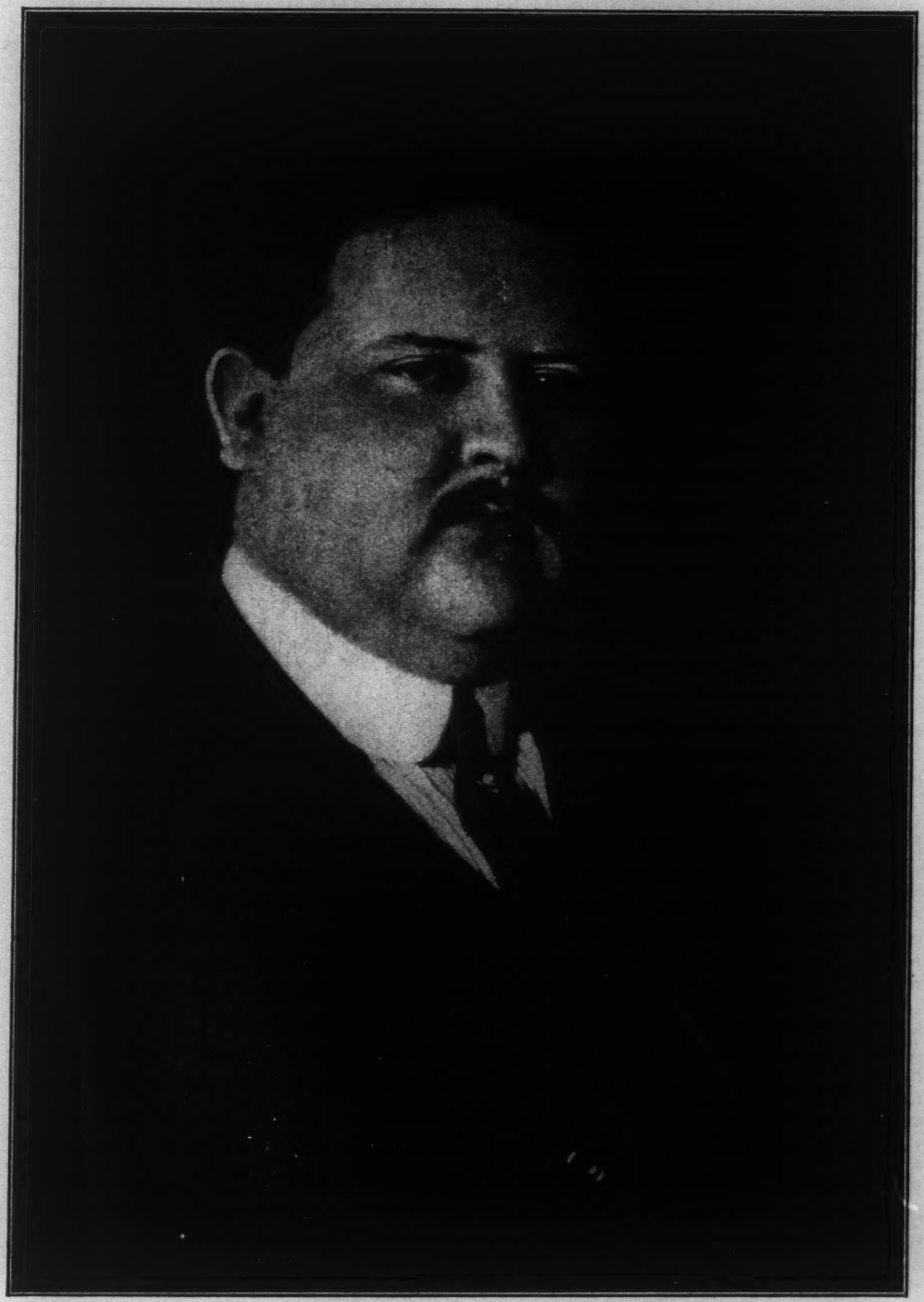
Inasmuch as Mrs. Eddy has been dead for nearly two years, the practical enforcement of these provisions is obviously impossible. According to the lawyers, however, the legal question is not especially embarrassing. On the general legal principle that the courts do not compel trustees to comply with impossible conditions,—such as obtaining the written consent of a woman who is dead,—the directors are permitted to ignore those parts of the by-laws in which Mrs. Eddy's name appears. This is the only particular, however, in which the by-laws are ignored. There is not the slightest disposition to change, annul, or add to Mrs. Eddy's plan of government. Loyal Christian Scientists accept her Manual as inviolate. No question arises in the conduct of the church's widespread activities, they say, which Mrs. Eddy has left unprovided for. In all essentials, therefore, Mrs. Eddy is still the head of the church. The Christian Science Church presents a unique spectacle—an ecclesiastical organization which, in both its spiritual and temporal aspects, can never be changed. Its head, according to the Manual, will always be an impersonal one. "I, Mary Baker Eddy," she says in one of her unchangeable by-laws, "ordain the Bible and 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures' Pastor over the Mother Church,—The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.,—and they will continue to preach for this church and the world."

If you ask a thoroughly instructed Christian Scientist, therefore, who is the head of his church, he will either reply that there is no head, and no need of one, or he will declare that the Church Manual is the head, and lay particular emphasis upon this section. Such an answer does not satisfy the outsider. There are, of course, certain individuals who do manage the church. When Mrs. Eddy is taken out of the Church Manual, the supreme authority, for all practical purposes, devolves upon the directors.

The actual heads of the Christian Science movement to-day, therefore, are Archibald McLellan, Allison V. Stewart, John V. Dittemore, Adam H. Dickey, and James A. Neal. They are all men in the prime of life — the oldest, Mr. Stewart, is fifty-six — and they are all, as officials at least, practically "new" in Christian Science. As directors of the Christian Science Church their appointments all date since 1904. Calvin A. Frye, the footman-secretary who lived with Mrs. Eddy for so many years at Pleasant View, and whom the newspapers used to describe as her "jailer," is now a retired pensioner in Boston. Mrs. Augusta A. Stetson, who built up the organization in New York and who aspired to succeed Mrs. Eddy, is now excommunicate. Alfred Farlow, whom the newspapers used to write up as another of Mrs. Eddy's probable "successors," is still the head of the Publication Committee, but by no means so influential as he was. Instead, a group of extremely modern and up-to-date young and middle-aged men have control. Externally these men have little resemblance to the type of followers that surrounded Mrs. Eddy in the old days. Christian Science has passed the period when it found its leading champions among shoemakers, sea captains, sewing-machine agents, and unsuccessful doctors. The present directors would not be out of place in any up-to-date club; in appearance, indeed, they are all very much men of the world.

In other words, Christian Science has passed into its second generation. It is no longer "temperamental," but keen, alert, and business-like. Whatever it becomes, it will probably never descend to the vulgarity and tawdriness that marked its earlier days.

So far as the church may be said to possess a head, that head is unquestionably Mr. Archi-



JOHN V. DITTEMORE

CLERK AND ONE OF THE FIVE DIRECTORS OF THE MOTHER CHURCH IN BOSTON. THE FIVE DIRECTORS CONTROL THE ENTIRE BODY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS. THEIR POWER IS COMPREHENSIVE AND WITHOUT APPEAL

bald McLellan. If you ask a dozen well informed non-Christian Scientists in Boston who is the brains of the Christian Science Church, the answer inevitably is "Archibald McLellan." Mr. McLellan is the chairman of the Board of Directors, and the editor-in-chief of the Christian Science publications, including the (daily) *Christian Science Monitor.* Unquestionably Mr. McLellan was the person upon whom Mrs. Eddy chiefly leaned in her last years. That was a troublous period in Christian Science. The lawsuit undertaken by Mrs. Eddy's son for possession of his mother's person and property was the least of her troubles; inside there was a fierce struggle going on for the succession. Mrs. Augusta Stetson, of New York, was supposed to be conducting an active campaign for this great prize. Her greatest weapon was her power of "mental control"; she and her adherents, according to the charges made against her, were "working mentally" upon Mrs. Eddy in Mrs. Stetson's favor. Mrs. Stetson's greatest antagonist in this campaign was Mr. McLellan. Dark hints were even made that she and her coterie in New York were using Malicious Animal Magnetism — that power of bringing evil and even death upon another through the exercise of projected thought — against Mr. McLellan. Whatever the truth of these allegations, Mr. McLellan completely humiliated Mrs. Stetson. He was constantly with Mrs. Eddy at Pleasant View, and it was he who caused Mrs. Eddy's removal to her new home at Newton, Massachusetts.

By birth Mr. McLellan is a Canadian. He came to Boston as a boy, received his education in the Boston public schools, and was graduated an LL.B. in 1895 from the Kent Law School in Chicago. He practised for some time in Chicago, but, becoming interested in Christian Science, soon decided to give it all of his time. His rise, as already indicated, has been rapid. It seems to be the opinion of all who have had relations with Mr. McLellan that he is a man of ability and of considerable personal charm. He is quiet, suave, mild-spoken, but effective. He is fifty-five years old.

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ADAM H. DICKEY
TREASURER OF THE CHURCH. HE WAS MRS. EDDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY AT THE TIME OF HER DEATH. HER LAST OFFICIAL ACT WAS TO MAKE MR. DICKEY A DIRECTOR. ALL THE FIVE MEN WHO RULE THE CHURCH TO-DAY ARE MEN COMPARATIVELY "NEW" IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

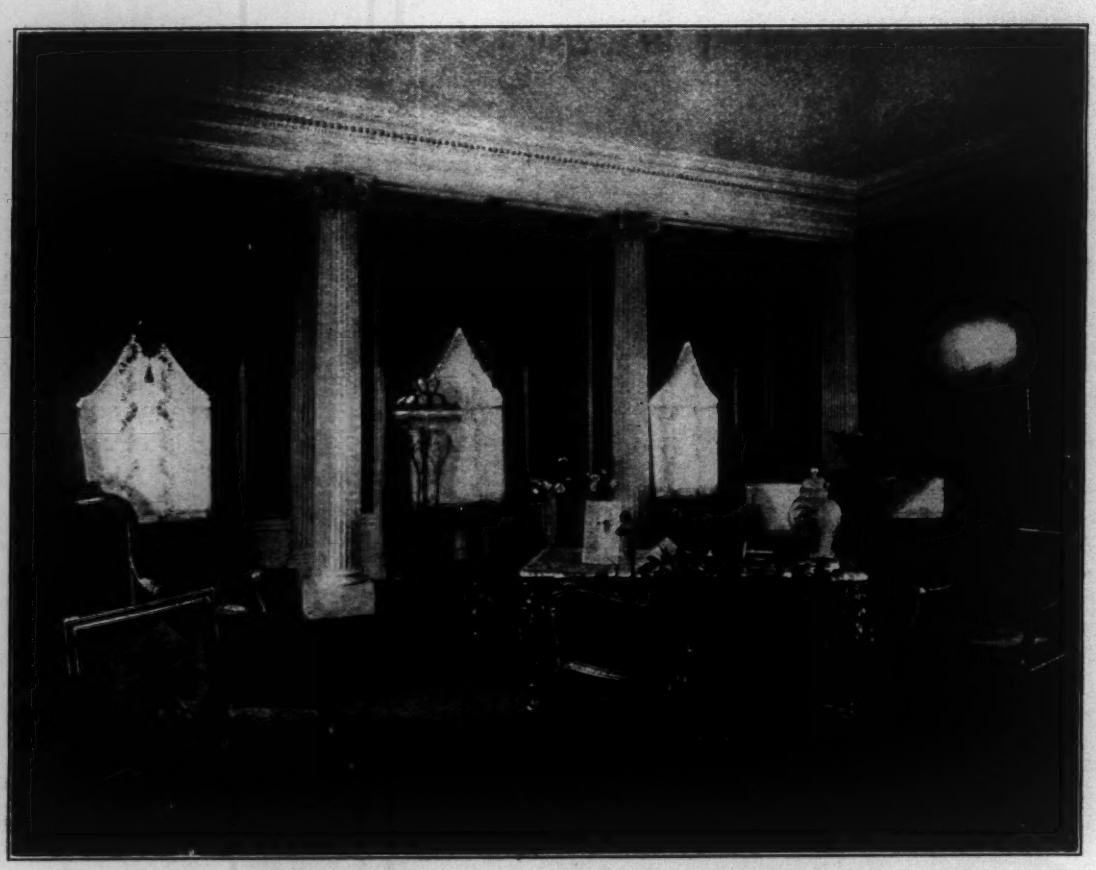
It is significant of the modernity of the Christian Science Church that its head is known as a board of directors. No traditional hierarchy, however, ever had more comprehensive powers. In this, the directorate are simply Mrs. Eddy's residuary legatees. While Mrs. Eddy lived she was the undisputed head, and the directors, like so many directors in the business world, had little real influence. With Mrs. Eddy's death, however, the five directors automatically succeeded to her dictatorship. The sixty or seventy thousand members of the Mother Church have no more control over these directors than they had over the author of "Science and Health." They have no voice in their selection, and no way of supervising or undoing their acts. The directors hold their places for life and name their successors. They elect all the officers of the Mother Church. They have to approve all applications for

membership, and their *ipse dixit* excommunicates a member. They have control of all the church funds, and make no detailed reports of expenditures.

Nominally the directors control only the Mother Church in Boston, the pioneer organization, "the stem of the vine." In reality they are the ecclesiastical superiors of the fifteen hundred Christian Science churches and societies scattered throughout the world. These "branch churches," as the Manual calls them, are separate from the central organization, and at the same time are immediately connected with it. Unlike the Mother Church, their form of government is democratic; their congregations elect their trustees and have general control of their acts. As a matter of fact, no branch church or society can be organized without the consent of the Mother Church in Boston, and the five directors can at any time dissolve them. Only a member of the Mother Church can organize a branch church, and the regulations provide that the first and second readers of a branch organization shall be members of the central body in Boston. All the directors have to do, therefore (at least technically) to dissolve a rebellious church, is to excommunicate these officers.

VIRGIL O. STRICKLER
A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LECTURER. THE LECTURERS REPRESENT PRACTICALLY THE ONLY AGGRESSIVE MISSIONARY WORK IN THE CHURCH. ORDINARILY, THE CHURCH DOES NOT GO OUTSIDE FOR CONVERTS; THE PUBLIC HAS TO COME TO THE CHURCH

All external evidences seem to indicate that the Christian Science organization is growing rapidly. The church publishes no report disclosing the actual facts; indeed, the directors declare that they do not themselves know how many Christian Scientists there are. Several years ago the Mother Church published annually its list of members; but Mrs. Eddy issued a by-law that "Christian Scientists shall not report for publication the members of the Mother Church, nor those of the branch churches. According to the Scriptures, they shall turn away from personality and numbering people." In a recent lawsuit growing out of Mrs. Eddy's will, the trustees deposed that the membership of the Mother Church in Boston was "more than fifty thousand." The latest religious census of the United States government, that published in 1906, gives it as 85,717. These figures include only the membership of the central organization, the Mother Church in Boston, and are not supposed to include the membership of the branch congregations. The fact is that the Mother Church, by its constitution, is not a local congregation; it is a church universal, and includes in its membership not only the people who regularly attend its services, but thousands of members of the branch churches in all parts of the world. Thus the United States census estimates that, of the 85,000 reported members of the Boston church, at least half, or 42,500, are also members of branch churches. Unless we know how large a proportion of Christian Scientists scattered throughout the country actually avail themselves of the privilege of joining the Mother Church, it is impossible to make any accurate estimate of the extent of Mrs. Eddy's following. In all likelihood, however, a large proportion of enthusiastic Christian Scientists belong not only to their local organization, but



THE STUDY OF MRS. AUGUSTA A. STETSON, WHO ASPIRED TO SUCCEED MRS. EDDY AS HEAD OF THE CHURCH. MRS. STETSON IS NOW EX-COMMUNICATE

to the Mother Church as well. On a liberal estimate, therefore, it is not probable that the enrolled membership of all Christian Science churches in 1906 exceeded 125,000. But since 1906 the church has been making remarkable progress. Its churches and societies have doubled — from 638 to nearly 1500. The number of Christian Scientists professionally employed as healers has increased from about 3,500 to 5,500. It is altogether likely, therefore, that the number of regularly enrolled Christian Scientists in the whole world at the present writing ranges somewhere from 150,000 to 200,000.

Still, this estimate is somewhat surprising. In view of all the outward signs of prosperity and wealth and the large amount of publicity which the church receives, this figure seems extremely low. As far as actual membership is concerned, this makes the Christian Science Church a less considerable body than the Mormons and several other congregations that hardly figure at all in the public mind. Beside the 12,000,000 Roman Catholics, the 5,000,000 Baptists, the 5,000,000 Methodists, and the 2,000,000 Presbyterians, the Christian Science membership seems fairly negligible. It is unquestionably a fact that the church enrolment by no means represents its actual strength. More than with other churches, we must distinguish, in the case of Mrs. Eddy's organization, between its actual membership and its following. There are many thousands who do not actually belong to the church who do more or less regularly attend its meetings, frequent its practitioners, and even contribute to its support. The Christian Science following ranges all the way from those whose attitude is that "there is something in it" to those who are constantly living in the atmosphere of Divine Mind. Unquestionably a considerable part of Mrs. Eddy's following is shamefaced; that is, it is composed of people who resort to practitioners and read the literature secretly, but who fear the public ridicule that would attach to an open espousal. If we include among the Christian Scientists not only the enrolled communicants but all who are more or less sympathetic and who occasionally make use of its ministrations, it is not unlikely that the following will amount to several hundred thousand.

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RECEPTION-ROOM IN MRS. EDDY'S HOUSE AT PLEASANT VIEW, CONCORD, FILLED WITH GIFTS FROM HER FOLLOWERS. MRS. EDDY SPENT HER LAST DAYS AT CHESTNUT HILL, NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

### *The Feminist Movement in Religion*

One point which the census figures show is that Christian Science is growing at a more rapid rate than any other church. From 1890 to 1906 it increased nine hundred per cent. The census brings out also two other significant facts. Of all churches represented in the United States, Mrs. Eddy's shows the smallest percentage (about twenty-seven) of men in its membership. Of all churches it has likewise the largest percentage of its membership in cities of the first class. In these respects the church again merely emphasizes its newness and modernity. Perhaps the two most remarkable movements of American life are the varied activities of women and the amazing and at times alarming development of city life. As the suffrage agitation represents the feminist movement in politics, so Christian Science may represent the feminist movement in religion. Its founder was a woman; its healing practitioners are largely — though not entirely — women; women play an important part in its church services. Even its theology is fundamentally feminine. The God to whom the Christian Scientists address their "spiritually interpreted" Lord's Prayer is "Our Father-Mother God."

The fact that Christian Science makes its greatest progress in large cities and in the Western and more progressive parts of the country also indicates that it may be, as its adherents declare, the great religion of the modern world. Outside of Boston its advancement in conservative and theologically wary New England has been slow. With the exception of two or three large cities, like Atlanta and Birmingham, it makes little headway in the Southern States. It finds its most prolific soil in the great Anglo-Saxon capitals. Like that other American religion, Mormonism, Christian Science has made remarkable progress in England, but in a very different way. Mormonism finds its English recruits among the poorest factory operatives in the Midlands, while Christian Science makes its converts in "society" — even in the nobility — and has its greatest English edifices in the most fashionable sections of London. There are now seven churches in England's capital, and three beautiful church build-

ings. Outside of New York and Boston, the most expensive churches are the First and Third in London. The last, built in Mayfair, just off Piccadilly, on a leasehold belonging to the Duke of Westminster, cost $400,000. The cosmopolitan character of Christian Science and its extent is also illustrated by the fact that it has recently finished a beautiful church building in Hong-Kong. In the United States its greatest strongholds, as we would naturally expect, are New York City, Chicago, and Los Angeles. Though there are aspects of Christian Science in New York that displease the orthodox, its followers in that city have testified their devotion by investing not far from $2,500,000 in church buildings. In Brooklyn a million-dollar edifice is going up at the present moment; and, in conformity with the fact that Christian Scientists always find expensive locations for their houses of worship, the Fifth Church in New York has just acquired a building site at Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street — about a block from J. P. Morgan's residence. Chicago, which is perhaps the premier city of Christian Science, has just started its thirteenth church! It already has nine church buildings.

### *Why Christian Science Appeals to the West*

From this point to the Pacific coast is Christian Science's most successful field. There is something in this religion apparently that makes a strong appeal to the Middle West and the Pacific coast. Perhaps it is because its dominant note harmonizes so well with the Western atmosphere. It is the religion of optimism and complacency; it has its face always toward the sunrise; it is constantly preaching that everything is best in the best possible of worlds. A region that constitutionally hates the "knocker," and is always organizing "booster clubs" to further its interests, quite naturally likes a religion that pushes this thinking into spiritual affairs. Any one who has experienced the exuberant ozone of Los Angeles and Pasadena, therefore, is not surprised to learn that in these places Mrs. Eddy's religion has made remarkable progress. Los Angeles has seven church organizations and has invested not far from $1,000,000 in Christian Science temples.

### *The Church a Great Vested Interest*

Christian Science has now reached a stage when it is solidly established. It will unquestionably endure and grow more powerful every year. Given an institution that has large financial resources and upon which thousands of people are dependent for a livelihood, and it is practically indestructible. To say this is not necessarily a criticism of Christian Science — at least, if we accept the church's point of view. One of its chief sources of pride is that it is rich. It boasts that Christian Science works for material as well as for spiritual success. Its enemies love to sneer at its well dressed congregations, at the silk hats and fur-lined overcoats of its healers; but the sneers show a lamentable failure to grasp the essentials of this twentieth-century religion. In Christian Science, poverty — like sin, sickness, and death — is Error. By taking thought, one can become prosperous just as one can keep well. Business failures and financial panics are merely illusions of Mortal Mind. If you are in Science you must think well of yourself; put your best foot forward; free your mind from depressing ideas, such as sickness and poverty. Obviously you must keep your person well groomed; dress neatly, even luxuriously; "demonstrate harmony in your clothes." Thus Scientists see nothing to criticize in the fact that Mrs. Eddy accumulated a fortune of nearly $3,000,000. That was only another indication that she had successfully "proved" her Science. Nor has the church any charitable institutions — though, as a matter of fact, it does contribute to charity. For the directors to establish poor-houses and old ladies' homes would be as illogical as to found hospitals and operating theaters. Nor is it deniable that there is a germ of scientific truth in all this. The idea of all charity experts now, in handling the poor, is not to dole out alms, but so to reform the character of the chronic pauper and improve his circumstances that he can take care of himself.

### *Great Wealth of the Church*

The Christian Science Church is very rich — just how rich can not be said, for here, again, details are not accessible. The Mother Church in Boston possesses in lands, buildings, and endowments not far from $7,000,000. Outside of its regular sources of income, which are large, it has one unique method of raising money. It has merely to intimate to Christian Scientists all over the world that it needs it. In this case the fifteen hundred Christian Science branch churches automatically become tributaries to the Mother Church. When Mrs. Eddy decided to build the present large Temple in Boston, she merely intimated that contributions from all loyal Christian Scientists would be welcome. The golden stream at once started flowing, and the $2,500,000 needed was rapidly raised. Several church organizations in distant parts

MRS. EDDY'S FUNERAL PROCESSION. SHE DIED IN DECEMBER, 1910, LEAVING TO HER CHURCH A FORTUNE OF $2,500,000. THIS REPRESENTED LARGELY THE ACCUMULATED PROFITS ON HER WRITINGS AND THE VALUE OF HER COPYRIGHTS

of the country, which had accumulated building funds of their own, at once laid aside their plans and forwarded the money to Boston. The Christian Science Church never gives strawberry festivals or miscellaneous entertainments: it simply asks for money and the money is there.

In addition to these voluntary offerings, the church has many other sources of supply. "Every member of the Mother Church," says Section 13 of Article VIII, "shall pay annually a per capita tax of not less than one dollar, which shall be forwarded each year to the church treasurer." If there are 100,000 members at present, and if each paid the minimum, this would bring in $100,000 a year. The probability is that the fund is much larger, as the by-laws permit each member to contribute as much as he wishes. Another source of regular income is the dividends upon investments. Here again we are so much in the dark that any guess would hardly be worth while. As the present litigation over Mrs. Eddy's will is practically ended, the church will soon come into possession of a capital endowment from that source of not far from $2,500,000. Of this about $1,000,000 is in stocks and bonds, while the remaining $1,500,000 represents the capital value of the Eddy copyrights. This large fortune represents Mrs. Eddy's commercial success as an author. From this standpoint she was unquestionably the most successful author of her time. How many writers of books have there been, since the invention of the alphabet, who died leaving an estate of two and a half million dollars? How many have there been whose copyrights represented a capital value of $1,500,000? How many books published in 1875, as was the first edition of "Science and Health," are now selling at the rate of perhaps 50,000 copies a year?

### *Large Profits on Publications*

Unquestionably the church's largest single source of income is the printing and sale of its authorized publications. It has one of the finest printing houses in the country, which keeps constantly busy turning out Christian Science literature. Its catalogue includes twenty-seven titles of Mrs. Eddy's own writings, the official periodical organs of the church, and a large number of pamphlets — reprints of lectures and articles from the *Journal* and the *Sentinel*. Its profits upon these several publications must be very large. Though this publishing house is purely a business and is conducted upon strict business lines, it is a business of a decidedly unique kind. The Christian Science Publishing Society is fortunately placed in that it has its market already prepared. Its expenses consist merely of the cost of production. It does not have to hire an expensive force of salesmen or spend large sums in several kinds of advertising. Every one of the branch fifteen hundred Christian Science churches and societies acts as an agency — a kind of bookstore — for the sale of Christian Science literature. Every one of the fifty-five hundred Christian Science healers is a perpetual advertisement and agent for the orthodox publications. These several agencies sell without commission. The Society does no advertising except in the columns of its own publications. The purchase of Christian Science literature and the subscription to the official publications is enjoined upon all orthodox members as a religious duty. "It shall be the privilege and duty of every member who can afford it," says Section 13 of Article VIII, "to subscribe for the periodicals which are the organs of this church." Judging from the evidences of prosperity which these publications show, this injunction is generally regarded.

### *Passing on the Qualifications of Healers*

The Publishing Society has one peculiar responsibility. It passes upon the qualifications of professional practitioners. The *Christian Science Journal*, the church monthly, contains a catalogue of nearly sixty pages of Christian Science healers. It is not absolutely necessary for a healer to publish his advertisement in the *Journal*, but its publication gives him an official indorsement. The trustees of the Publishing Society devote three afternoons a week, and sometimes more time, in passing upon applications. They sit in solemn court, something like a secret consistory passing upon the canonization of a saint. The applicant must be a member of the Mother Church in Boston, and he must agree to devote all his time to practice. The chief duty of the Publication Committee, however, is carefully to investigate his record as a healer. The application must present evidence of at least three cures, the cases to be substantiated by the testimony of others than those healed. Incidentally these "cards" bring in a considerable revenue to the church; with the advertisements of the branch churches, which also appear monthly in the *Journal*, the income from this source must amount to about $60,000 a year.

All Christian Science publications sell for large and, from a commercial standpoint, what would be regarded as excessive prices. The most important book, "Science and Health," which, in its cheapest form, costs considerably

less than a dollar to manufacture, is sold for $3.18. Practically all of the hundred and thirty-six official publications of the church sell at similarly high rates. The latest enterprise is a German translation of "Science and Health." Until the year before her death Mrs. Eddy absolutely forbade any translation of this book. She did not believe that her philosophy, with its delicate shadowings of thought and its precise shading of words, could safely be intrusted to any foreign language. The considerable German following — there is a flourishing church in Berlin, one of its distinguished members being the Count von Moltke, nephew of the great Field Marshal — finally induced her to permit the experiment. The first German translation is published as these lines are written. It is a bulky volume. On one page appears the English in Mrs. Eddy's *ipsissima verba*. On the opposite page is printed its German translation. This system will be maintained in all future translations. "Science and Health" will never go forth in any language except side by side with the original English. It is as though no reader could get the New Testament in English unless accompanied by the original Greek version.

### *A Christian Science Daily Newspaper*

The church's most ambitious undertaking in the periodical line is the *Christian Science Monitor*, its daily two-cent newspaper. Merely to enter the editorial rooms shows that here we have a newspaper entirely different from any other established. The Bohemian atmosphere that hangs over most newspaper headquarters is lacking. Everything is as neat, as spick-and-span, as a healer's office. The floors are of hard wood and are covered with rugs. The office furniture is of the latest make; the editors are immaculately dressed, and there are frequently flowers upon the desks. The perpetual fog of tobacco smoke that envelops the average sanctum is not evident here; smoking, swearing, and loud talking are prohibited. The paper that is published embodies this atmosphere. It is absolutely clean. It prints no scandal, no divorces, no salacious elopements, and no paradings of family skeletons. It is not quite true, as is sometimes said, that it makes no reference to the disagreeable and the calamitous aspects of life — that it has no news of murders, railroad accidents, and other tragedies. As a matter of fact, it gave almost as much space to the *Titanic* disaster as the rest of the press. The policy of the *Monitor* is to "feature" or "play up" the "constructive" aspects of life. The feminine mind, which so frequently turns first to the death and marriage notices in a newspaper, meets disappointment here. The *Monitor* has no death column and no obituary department. Moreover, no one ever "dies" in this newspaper; he "passes on," usually in a few lines. In the main, the *Monitor* is an excellent newspaper. It is well written, terse, and entirely free from vulgarity. Unfortunately, however, it has the limitations of its virtues. It refuses to acknowledge that there is any evil in the world. It does not conduct "crusades," and never "goes after" anybody. It never takes sides. In the present political campaign it is not supporting Wilson, Taft, or Roosevelt. In its news columns it has a regular department called "The Candidates," in which, day after day, it impartially gives the same amount of space to each man. Whatever this is, of course it is not journalism, the essence of which is necessarily a battle against demonstrated evils, personal and impersonal.

### *How People Earn Their Livings in Christian Science*

These several enterprises make the Christian Science Church a great business organization. Besides this, there are many thousands of the rank and file who have an immediate financial concern in its success. There is a rapidly increasing army whose livelihood is dependent upon the church.

People earn their living at Christian Science in several ways. It has a large number of readers, teachers, and lecturers. Besides, it has one species of worker absolutely unique. The church has thousands of workers in an already well populated professional field — that of healing the sick. This is the work which so largely distinguishes it from other organizations, and which at times has brought down upon its head such popular hostility. There are probably not far from ten thousand men and women — largely women — who, regularly and intermittently, give Christian Science treatment in exchange for fees. Economically and ecclesiastically considered, these men and women are the foundation of the church. Remove them and Christian Science would not last twenty-four hours. They furnish the church all its converts; it is through their indirect influence that its literature is sold. They give a human interest to an ecclesiastical edifice which is otherwise rather cold. How can a church possibly survive, it is urged, that does not baptize its members, that does not marry them, that does not bury them — that apparently fails of consolation and sympathy at all the great crises of life? The answer is found in the thou-

sands of men and women, for the most part gracious and sympathetic, who are constantly coming into the closest personal touch with downcast suffering humanity, consoling, cheering, apparently putting everybody at ease with himself and the world.

### *Nearly All Orthodox Scientists Practise*

Nearly all Christian Scientists, in one form or another, are engaged in this work. This is really what Christian Science is. Thousands "help" others simply as a Christian duty, without ever thinking of fees. Even to engage in "treating" professionally, one does not have to take a regular course. Any member of the church can paint his name on a sign, add "C. S.," and take patients. Only in case he devotes all of his time to healing, and maintains a regular office, does his advertisement appear in the *Christian Science Journal*. But there are thousands of lawyers, school-teachers, business men, and heads of households who take patients outside of office hours. They can be called up by telephone and appointments made. Mr. John D. Works, the present "progressive" Senator from California, when he was upon the Supreme Bench in Los Angeles, would retire, after the day's sitting, to his law chambers, where a number of patients usually awaited him. Nearly all officers of the mother and branch churches — trustees, readers, editors, publicity men, and janitors — also give Christian Science treatment at odd moments for fees. The colored elevator-boy in the Publication Building in Boston practises Christian Science healing among his own race.

These practitioners, regular and irregular, probably treat not far from 6,000,000 patients a year and receive in fees an aggregate sum ranging from $6,000,000 to $12,000,000. It is estimated, for example, that the average income of the fifty-five hundred advertised practitioners is from $1,000 to $2,000 a year, which would make their annual earnings range from $6,000,000 to $10,000,000. Many practitioners, of course, earn far more than this average. There are at least twenty-five in Boston who earn $5,000 and upwards, and many more than that in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. Those who have a church salary and who practise in addition also make liberal incomes. The average earnings of a Christian Science teacher are usually placed at about $7,500. As to the fees which may be charged, Mrs. Eddy fixed that, as she did everything else. One of her last acts was a letter to Mr. Archibald McLellan in which she said: "Christian Science practitioners should make their charges for treatment equal to those of reputable physicians in their respective localities."

### *No Revivalistic Methods*

As Christian Science is different from any religion ever established, so does its propaganda present many striking novelties. There is nothing about its evangelistic work that suggests a Salvation Army meeting or a Methodist revival. It has no itinerant exhorters on street corners; it does not loudly beat the tom-tom; it works quietly, unobtrusively, but none the less effectively. Its only aggressive champions are not called "missionaries" or "evangelists"; they are "lecturers." Immaculately clad in frock-coats, they make scheduled appearances on public platforms, frequently theaters and large auditoriums. They do not rant and plead and saw the air; they deliver, as dispassionately as a college professor, a discourse lasting one hour and a quarter — never more, never less. In no case do they depend upon the inspiration of the moment. The Church Manual prohibits this. Before a lecturer starts upon a tour, he prepares his speech, and sends it to the heads of the Mother Church in Boston, where it is carefully read and blue-penciled. After securing it back, the lecturer commits the whole thing to memory. According to a statement made at the annual meeting of the Mother Church last June, more than 700,000 people attended Christian Science lectures last year.

### *The Luxurious Reading Rooms*

This represents practically the church's only direct appeal for converts. If you want to learn about Christian Science, you must go to the church — the church does not come to you. Soliciting members, indeed, is contrary to its laws, and members have been actually disciplined for doing it. The greatest missionaries, of course, are the practitioners and the loudest advocates the people who have been healed — or who believe that they have. Nothing quite so marks the difference between the "field" work of Christian Science and that of other churches as its reading-rooms. Every church and every society has to maintain one. These rooms are invariably located in the busiest and most expensive sections. They are always neat and attractive and sometimes luxurious. The leading reading-room in London is in Queen's Street, opposite the Bank of England, the busiest part of the city. In New York there is a large reading-room at Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, within a block of the Waldorf-

Astoria — New York's liveliest shopping district. The most densely crowded spot in Boston is the corner of Devonshire and Milk streets, and here, likewise, is a luxurious Christian Science reading-room. Perhaps the most elaborate in this country are the beautiful quarters just established in the new Monroe Building on Michigan Avenue, Chicago. The room is finished in weathered oak and decorated in the Gothic style to harmonize with the near-by University Club.

Christian Science reading-rooms are never located in the slums. Indeed, a shabbily dressed man would no more feel comfortable in one of these metropolitan reading-rooms than he would in a Fifth Avenue club. The floors are silenced with heavy rugs; the furniture and finishings are mahogany or other expensive woods. There are large airy windows, electric fans, and leather-upholstered sofas and divans. In the recesses of the windows are palms and flowers in jardinières which always harmonize in color with the general scheme of decoration. There is no talking, and not the slightest sound except the occasional turning of a leaf. The doors open and close without any suggestion of noise. In the middle of the room stands a long table, with heavy leather-seated chairs which have luxurious arm-rests. The whole thing immediately suggests the directors' room of a successful city bank. In front of each chair, on the table, lie two morocco-covered, gilt-edged books: the one on the left side is labeled "Holy Bible," and the one lying to the right of it "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures." Back of these books is an upright brass bracket, holding a copy of the *Christian Science Quarterly*, open at the next Sunday's readings. Christian Science literature is sold, but there is no hawking.

### *The Publicity Bureau*

That the church is vigilant and aggressive is likewise shown in the fact that it has something unique in a religious movement — an elaborate and completely organized publicity bureau. Here again it is a modern of the moderns. Nearly all great corporations and railroads — even the Standard Oil Company — have a department for furnishing news to the press and protecting it against unjust treatment. It is doubtful if any corporation has a press department so effective and wide-awake as that of the Christian Science Church. Like practically everything else, this was the creation of Mrs. Eddy, and it was a department in which she took an especial interest. The press department developed, as did so much in the Christian Science Church, as one of her personal needs. In the late nineties Mrs. Eddy's church was a subject of widespread ridicule. Several Boston newspapers never missed an opportunity to "make copy" out of what they regarded as its amusing vagaries. The clergy everywhere were attacking it. Mrs. Eddy approached this problem, as she did all others, with a new by-law. This stipulated that there should be a Committee (of one) on Publication of the Mother Church in Boston, at an annual salary of not less than $4,000, who should have the management of all similar committees in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and Ireland.

As head of this elaborate press department Mrs. Eddy summoned from Kansas City, Missouri, Mr. Alfred Farlow. Mr. Farlow had already made his mark as a Christian Scientist. He is a man of some education, having been born near Galesburg, Illinois, and having attended college at a small Lutheran institution in the neighborhood. His family had financial reverses, and Mr. Farlow clerked for a time in a country store, engaged in the manufacture of brooms, and, in Beatrice, Nebraska, he played the bass horn in the local brass band. Later he went to Boston, studied Christian Science under Mrs. Eddy, returned to the West, and was one of the most potent influences in building the First Church of Kansas City. Mrs. Eddy chose wisely when she selected Mr. Farlow as the man to check the rising tide of newspaper and ministerial criticism. He is a man of quiet and diplomatic manners, keenly observant, and indefatigable in detecting and meeting Mrs. Eddy's foes. He came unheralded to Boston in 1899, and opened an office in Huntington Chambers, painting on his door merely his own name, "Alfred Farlow," with no intimation of what his business was. He installed several stenographers, subscribed to all the press-cutting bureaus, and started to work.

### *Skilful Activities of "Alfred Farlow"*

Soon in the press of Boston and Massachusetts there began to appear letters to the editor, signed "Alfred Farlow." Nothing more — no intimation that "Alfred Farlow" was any different from *Pro Bono Publico*, *Viator Vacuus*, or the other distinguished citizens who have developed the habit of writing letters to the editor. The only suggestive fact was that Mr. Farlow's letters usually referred to Christian Science. They were always defensive; Mr. Farlow never broached the subject himself, but he was always replying to criticisms. A local minister would rise in his pulpit and denounce Christian Science as un-Christian. Next day there would

appear a long letter from Mr. Farlow, quoting scripture and proving, with apparent conclusiveness, that Mrs. Eddy was the only person in eighteen centuries who had accurately comprehended the Bible. A local newspaper would print a story that Mrs. Eddy was furtively taking medical treatment; Mr. Farlow was promptly on hand with his denial. A child would die under Christian Science treatment, without medical attendance, and the cry would go up for criminal proceedings. "Alfred Farlow" would show that sick people were every day dying under the most skilful medical care, and he would preach a long sermon on religious liberty and medical freedom. Every newspaper reporter who touched Christian Science ultimately learned that "Alfred Farlow" was closely following on his heels, and this consciousness naturally made him somewhat careful about verifying statements. Every day Mr. Farlow received a mass of press cuttings on Christian Science, and the most obscure country weekly could not have its fling without an immediate word of correction. The associates of Mrs. Eddy in her early days were constantly making statements and affidavits about her — sometimes highly uncomplimentary. Almost invariably these people would receive visits from Mr. Farlow, who would attempt to persuade them that they were mistaken and try to get them to unsay the words.

### *The Press Generally Quieted*

Under Mr. Farlow's leadership, this plan of campaign became general all over the world. Not only every State, but every subdivision, county and city, has press representatives. The whole machine works with amazing celerity and effectiveness. For example: a coroner in London begins to investigate a death under Christian Science treatment. Immediately the London press representative cables to Mr. Farlow the facts as the Christian Scientists understand them. Mr. Farlow skeletonizes this bulletin and telegraphs it to every Christian Science publicity agent in the United States and Canada. When the newspaper story arrives, these hundreds of agents walk into the newspaper offices of their respective localities and offer the editors the "real facts." The system, of course, is enormously expensive, but it has justified itself. The newspapers, which used to assail Christian Science continuously, now hardly ever print an unfavorable word. It is impossible to get a line in any Boston paper to-day that reflects upon Mrs. Eddy or her religion. The fact is, however, that several Boston newspapers which used to make a specialty of "exposing" Christian Science have lost heavily in advertising. The pressure for more liberal treatment has come from the counting-room.

MRS. EDDY'S GRAVE AT MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. HERE THE CHURCH WILL BUILD A LARGE MAUSOLEUM

# GREAT FRENCH MYSTERIES

## The Peltzer Affair

BY

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER

*The crime of murder assumes forms as various as human nature itself. The Peltzer affair owes its intensely dramatic interest to the fact that the motive—namely, the absorbing and yet unconfessed passion of a man for a woman—was pursued with real intellectual ability on the part of the chief criminal. We know that stupid murderers sometimes escape. In the Peltzer affair a highly original plot was executed with marvelous patience and organizing skill. A powerful alliance of time, money, and brains was used to divert all suspicion from the right clue and to cover every incriminating trace.*

I

ONE fine cold January morning the prosperous Antwerp lawyer, William Bernays, kissed his little boy, said good-by to his wife,—he was not on kissing terms with his wife,—and took train for Brussels.

Neither wife nor child ever saw him again.

William Bernays did not come back as he had said he meant to do that same night; no word was received from him to account for his absence; and after two anxious days of waiting and wondering what could have happened to prevent his communicating with home, Madame Bernays informed the police of his disappearance.

Oddly enough, no one even knew why the lawyer had gone to Brussels; but soon that mystery was cleared up. An acquaintance whom he had met in the train, and who had traveled a short way with him, remembered that Bernays had casually mentioned the fact that he was about to meet an important new client. "The man appears to be an American, in a big way of business," he observed. "I've not met him yet, but we've been in correspondence, and he's already sent me a hundred and fifty dollars."

No trace of this unknown American client's letters, or of the check he had presumedly sent, could be found among the lawyer's papers, and the disappearance of William Bernays became, as we shall see, a nine days' wonder in the town of Antwerp.

In such a case the very last thing that people are apt to suspect is foul play, and William Bernays' old friends and lifelong neighbors had more than one other theory which would have accounted for his temporary disappearance from home.

Not long before his mysterious journey to Brussels the lawyer had become a Roman Catholic, and certain people actually thought it conceivable that he had gone off to a monastery.

Others recalled, under their breath,—for his beautiful young wife was respected and beloved,—that William Bernays, like so many clever, brilliant men, had another side to his nature—a very different side, that is, to his religious side. He had never been a man of high moral character. Madame Bernays was a saint, and from a sinner's point of view a saint is often "gey ill to live with," as many an ordinary man has discovered to his cost.

Was it not possible that Bernays had gone on a short illicit honeymoon? If popular rumor spoke truly, this would not have been the first time. And Madame Bernays, noble woman that she was, had forgiven and forgotten. Many a man in Antwerp envied the lawyer his happy, successful, careless life and his fair if austere wife.

"WILLIAM BERNAYS KISSED HIS LITTLE BOY, SAID GOOD-BY TO HIS WIFE,—HE WAS NOT ON KISSING TERMS WITH HIS WIFE,—AND TOOK TRAIN FOR BRUSSELS"

But just a few members of his own family, and one or two trusted friends and confidants outside that narrow circle, knew that William Bernays was not the happy man he appeared to be.

True, he seemed to possess everything that makes for happiness in this world. He had a great reputation in his profession, he was blessed with plenty of money, he had a delightful home, and a little son whom both he and his wife worshiped.

But, unknown to the great majority of his fellow citizens, Bernays was a profoundly unhappy and dissatisfied man — wretched in the one relationship that is all-important in adult life. William Bernays and Julia his wife, each attractive, each clever, and each with a high if different ideal of duty, were utterly unsuited the one to the other. In a word, they were ill-mated.

Julia Bernays, the daughter of a noted Belgian statesman, was a refined, high-strung, and

austere-natured woman. True, she was beautiful, but beautiful — so her husband described her to his own family — as a statue is beautiful.

The marriage had been arranged in the French fashion, but the two young people, so suited by birth, fortune, and age, had seemed much attracted to each other, and Bernays was passionately in love with his future wife.

From the day of the wedding, however, William's jovial, familiar ways offended and displeased his bride; and after about a year of disunion, and of the discomfort that such disunion brings, they actually discussed the possibility of a separation.

But already the little son whom they both loved with a jealous love was born, and for the sake of their child, and because neither would consent to giving him up, in any real sense, to the other, they consented to adjust their secret differences so far as to continue living in an outwardly friendly manner under the same roof.

Of this foolish and unnatural bargain ill was sure to come, and it soon did come in the shape at which the good Antwerp folk hinted when Bernays disappeared so suddenly and mysteriously. The lawyer became frequently unfaithful to his wife, but in a furtive, shamed fashion which left it possible for those about them to hope and suppose that she knew nothing of these outrages on her wifely dignity. Outwardly William and Julia were on good and even cordial terms, and they kept the secret of their disunion hidden from everybody.

But a worse and an infinitely less-to-be-expected complication than Bernays' light conduct was to follow the arrangement entered into by the husband and wife — that arrangement which made them strangers under one roof.

Indeed, what next came to pass may well inspire a Browning yet unborn to write another "Ring and the Book."

## II

In the same town of Antwerp, united to the Bernays family by ties of long acquaintance rather than intimacy, lived a widow lady named Peltzer. She was the proud mother of three handsome sons, each of whom was not only good-looking, but very popular with the town folk.

In due course all the young Peltzers set out to carve their fortune, and Armand, a brilliant engineer, eldest and cleverest of the band of brothers, went off to America, where he was soon well on the way to prosperity. He met, however, with one rebuff from Fate. He married a charming girl, whom he had the misfortune to lose after a very few years. She left him, however, a baby daughter.

The two younger Peltzers stayed at home and engaged together in business. But they did not prosper as Armand had prospered, and there came a sad day when bankruptcy — and, what was even more terrible to such a family as themselves, a fraudulent bankruptcy — stared the partners in the face.

The mother cabled the dreadful news to her eldest born, and Armand, without losing a day, left his work and his happy, successful life in America, and hurried home in order to save his two brothers.

Now, Armand had lost track of what was going on in his native place, and when he asked in the town to what lawyer he should address himself in the difficult task before him, every one exclaimed: "Go to William Bernays! He is the only man who can get your brothers out of their dreadful scrape."

To William Bernays Armand Peltzer accordingly went, and, thanks to the clever lawyer, the two young men came out of their trouble with honor, if not with fortune saved, and Armand ultimately found Léon, the cleverer of his brothers, a good job in America.

But he himself lingered on at home, as if there were nothing to take him back to his adopted country. He had brought his little girl with him to Antwerp, and their presence made his mother a happy woman. Also, life in the picturesque, sleepy town — sleepy indeed after New York — suited Armand.

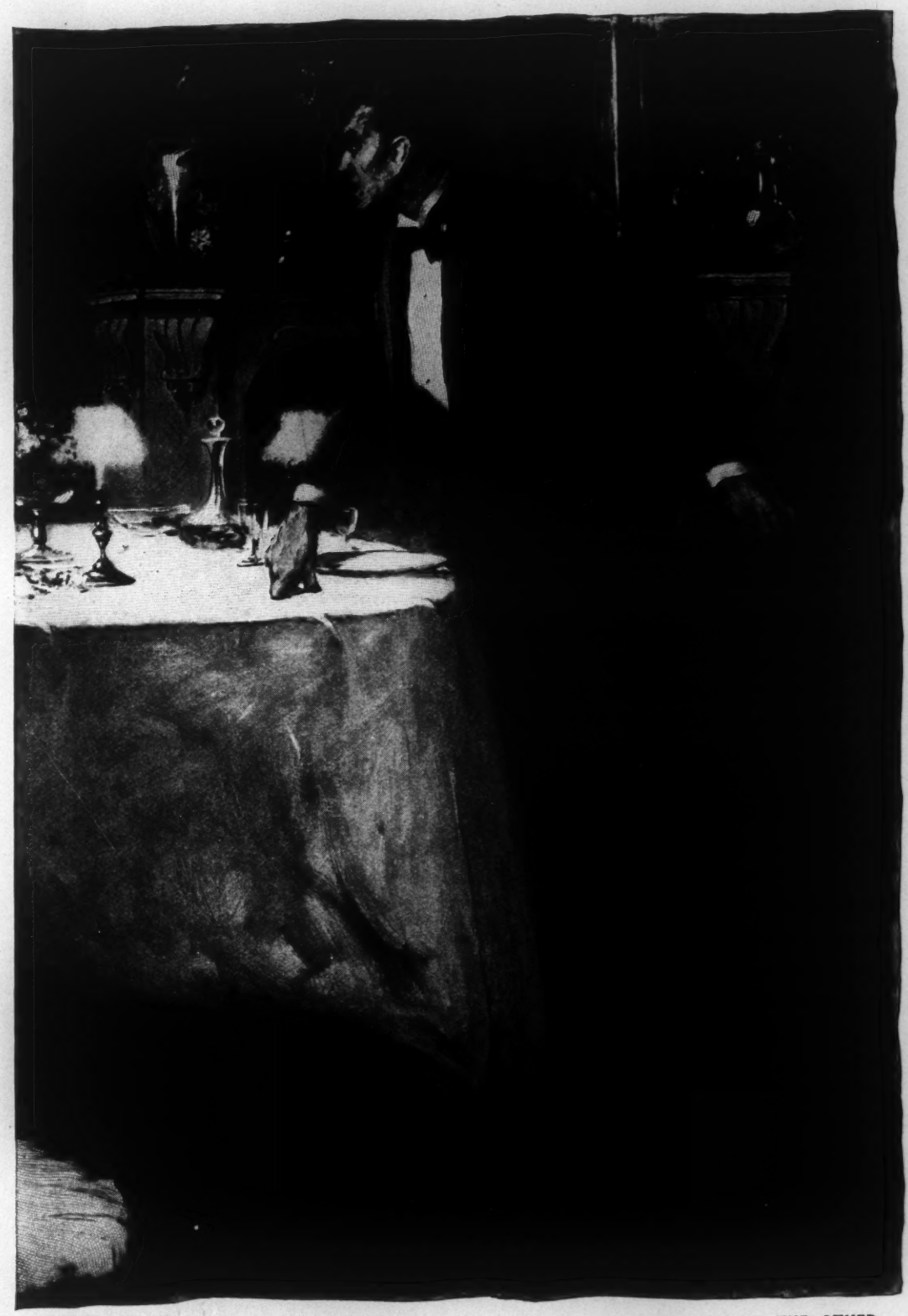
He struck up a great friendship with Bernays, the lawyer who had saved the younger Peltzers from dishonor. Armand was very grateful to William Bernays, and, as the engineer was a clever, agreeable talker, the two became almost inseparable.

But what was surprising to those sufficiently interested in other people's business to take heed of such a thing was that Madame Bernays — the beautiful, reserved Julia — also became on terms of real friendship with Armand Peltzer. She welcomed him as she did no other of her husband's intimates to her house, and she took a close and tender interest in his little girl. As to him, we can perhaps guess what he felt as he gradually grew to find himself on terms of close friendship with

> A lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange and sad.

Very soon the engineer became what a man so often becomes when he is on friendly terms with a husband and wife — the confidant, the adviser, and the sympathizer of both. Each, to him, broke their wise rule of silence, and he listened to the expansive, over-frank complaints and grievances of William, the aggrieved

"THERE CAME AN EVENING WHEN WILLIAM THOUGHT HE SURPRISED A MEANING AND A SECRET MAN THAT HE COULD



SMILE BETWEEN ARMAND AND JULIA. HE GOT UP FROM THE TABLE AND TOLD THE OTHER NOT BEAR HIS PRESENCE".

husband, and heard with eager, respectful sympathy the more reticent confidences of William's lovely, neglected young wife.

The position of such a friend — of one, that is, who is intimate with a husband and a wife who have ceased to be intimate with each other — is a very difficult and delicate one. And in this connection the French have an excellent proverb which runs: "Between the tree and the bark do not try to thrust thy finger."

Armand Peltzer certainly did his best, early in the acquaintance, to bring William and Julia together again; but his efforts, as any one but an eager young man would have known they would be, were quite unsuccessful. Indeed, his efforts only widened the breach between the lawyer and his wife; for all too soon Armand himself became devotedly — he always declared on oath and in the most solemn way platonically — attached to Julia Bernays, to the wife of the man who had proved himself, since Peltzer's return home to Antwerp, his best and wisest friend.

Time went on, and still the young engineer lingered on in the quiet town where his mother lived. And only that mother, with her keen mother instinct of what ailed her son, suspected who it was that was keeping him there.

It is on record that she warned him of his peril, but that he angrily repudiated her suspicions. Why, not even the gossips of the town had anything to say! True, he was constantly in the Bernays' house; but, if he paid long calls on Julia during William's business hours, he spent even longer hours in the lawyer's office, and the two men were always together in their spare time.

But there came a day when some cruel, mischief-making human being — it is said to have been the nurse of Madame Bernays' little boy — wrote an anonymous letter to William Bernays, asserting that his best friend, Armand Peltzer, was in love with Madame Bernays, and that every one in Antwerp was talking about it.

Now, Bernays, in spite, or perhaps because, of his wife's cold aloofness and his own secret flirtations, still loved his Julia quite sufficiently to be, or to become, violently jealous of her. The letter filled him with rage and suspicion, and, instead of putting the coarse epistle into the fire, as he ought to have done, he kept it to show to Armand Peltzer, and as a result the two men quarreled violently.

Armand swore on what he held most sacred in the world, his child's life and his mother's honor, that he had never said a word to Julia that a brother might not have said, and, further, that he regarded her with the highest veneration. His words bore such an accent of truth that William, ashamed of his base suspicions, humbly asked Armand's pardon. Nay, more; he asked him to come and dine with him and with Julia the same night.

But the happy spell of innocent friendship between these three people was broken. The lawyer went on receiving anonymous letters, and there came an evening when William thought he surprised a meaning and a secret smile between Armand and Julia.

He got up from the table, and, making — poor fool that he was — a violent scene in front of his wife, plainly told the other man that he could not bear his presence in his house any longer; and the next day he wrote the engineer a letter in which he tried to express exactly what he felt about the whole painful matter:

*Armand:*

After all that has come and gone, I have to think not only of what may be true, but of what may be said, and in view of the anonymous letters I continue to receive, I can not doubt that your frequent presence in my house is making people talk. I beg you, therefore, in the name of my honor and of Julia's good name, to discontinue your visits. My wife and I live only for our son. You also have the good fortune to have a child. Let us never associate either of our children with any scandal. Pray send no reply to this letter. Neither speak nor write to me about it. I am very sorry to have to sever our friendship, but I am sure that you will feel with me that we can pursue no other course.

Would that Armand Peltzer had obeyed the entreaty contained in this letter, which was, it must be admitted, a wise, a dignified, and, on the whole, a high-minded letter for a husband to write to the friend who, now that the scales had fallen from that husband's eyes, was seen by him to cherish a violent if a still respectful passion for his wife!

But Armand Peltzer did not receive the letter in the spirit in which it had been written. He chose to read in it an intolerable insult. His friendship for the lovely, neglected young married woman had become to him the noblest as well as the most absorbing passion of his lonely life. Nay, more; he told his mother — his unhappy, anxious mother, who alone had suspected the truth before he knew it himself — that it would be very ignoble on his part to give up his friendship with Julia.

Armand, accordingly, sent no answer to his old friend's letter, but he evidently communicated its purport to his old friend's wife; and she, angered, as will be understood by every woman who reads this strange and terrible story of love and hate, went straight to her husband with the news that, outraged by his unworthy suspicion, she now intended to obtain a divorce!

"LÉON PELTZER WENT TO A HAIR-DRESSER; HE EVEN WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF HAVING HIS FACE STAINED A DARK OLIVE COLOR"

Bernays was pained, bewildered, horrified. He eagerly declared that he did not and never would suspect Julia, and he even acquitted her of imprudent conduct.

But he confessed to a morbid fear of gossip and scandal. Were he and Julia, he asked reproachfully, to part because of a foolish quarrel brought about by scurrilous anonymous letters? Was their home, all the dignity of their joint life, to come to an end just as their little son was growing old enough to understand what it means when father and mother are divorced and the home is broken up?

Nay, more, thoroughly sobered by his wife's cold anger and virtuous indignation, William Bernays sought out his own and Julia's lifelong friend, the President of the Belgian High Court, Monsieur Longé. To this wise old man he told the whole story.

How little it seemed when the story was put in plain language!

Monsieur Longé reasoned with Julia. He showed her that her first impulse had been very foolish, and finally, with her consent, he drew up a sort of informal deed which both husband and wife were to sign and leave with him.

The first clause in the deed expressed Bernays' great regret at having unjustly accused his wife of indiscreet behavior, and recognized the utter falsity of the accusation.

The second clause arranged that the husband and wife should each inhabit a separate suite of apartments in the same house, and it even stipulated that their meals should be served apart unless, for the benefit of the child, either thought it advisable that they should meet occasionally at dinner. Together also they were to settle everything that concerned the little boy, his health and his education.

Madame Bernays, on her side, undertook to behave exactly as a wife should behave when her husband's friends came to the house. But she stipulated that she was *to be perfectly free as to the choice of her friends.*

Finally, husband and wife agreed never to engage in painful discussions the one with the other, and to allow Monsieur Longé to arbitrate between them in case of any difference of opinion.

Each gave his and her word of honor to carry out these arrangements; and this important document was finally left in the hands of their old friend, the Judge.

Julia Bernays' first act after the deed had been signed was to invite Armand Peltzer to dinner.

She was *"to be perfectly free as to the choice of her friends,"* and it seemed to this wrong-headed woman that her womanly honor demanded of her that she should break the spirit while obeying the letter of the new agreement into which she and her husband had entered together.

As soon as Bernays heard what she had done, he made matters worse by preparing to break the letter of the law to which he had agreed.

"No," he said firmly; "I will not tolerate the presence of Armand Peltzer in our house. His coming is bound to lead to fresh difficulties and troubles."

Thus, before the ink on their signatures was well dry, husband and wife were each disregarding the spirit and the letter of the deed.

In vain the old Judge, Monsieur Longé, implored Julia to give way, and told her that she was doing very, very wrong. She insisted, on the contrary, that she was doing right, and that only Armand Peltzer's presence in their house would make her feel that her husband no longer suspected her.

She also thought it her duty to inform Armand of what had followed on her invitation to him. This naturally set him afire too. He sat down and wrote an angry, and yet it must be admitted a dignified, letter, in his turn, to William Bernays:

*William:*

After the interview in which you begged me to forgive your unjust and dishonoring suspicions of your wife and of myself, I thought all was right again between us. But there came, as you know, further trouble. I learn that in the deed you and your wife have signed it is expressly stipulated that Julia may choose her own friends. Now she chooses me to be her friend and frankly asks you to receive me as such. You refuse to do so, and that is a gross insult to me.

Your wife, who has a noble heart, is devoted to my little daughter. In her interest, and in the interest of my child, also in the interest of yours, I consent to hold out my hand and again to forgive you. Thus will be prevented any foolish talk about the noble and pure-minded woman who bears your name. You have indeed acted ill to your only friend — that is, to me — and I can never, never hope to forget your conduct in this matter.

Bernays sent back this letter unopened, and the same evening Armand Peltzer sent the lawyer a formal challenge to a duel.

Now, Bernays, either because he was physically a coward or because he dreaded the wave of talk that a duel always provokes in foreign society, was horrified by the receipt of Armand's challenge, and he actually sent Armand Peltzer a written apology for what he termed his "unjust suspicions."

But, even so, the lawyer held out as to the one thing that really mattered to them all, and on which his wife and Peltzer were determined to make him give way — he refused to receive the engineer again on terms of friendly familiarity.

"THEY FORCED THE LOCK—AND THERE, IN FRONT OF A LARGE DESK ON WHICH LAY A PISTOL, SAT WILLIAM BERNAYS".

Very soon the position between the husband and wife became so strained that Bernays, at last utterly disheartened, begged his wife, in his turn, to consent to a divorce for incompatibility of temper! But, to the great surprise of the few who were in their secret, Madame Bernays absolutely refused to consider the question of a divorce.

When we think over and try to pierce the psychological mystery which is perhaps the most extraordinary thing about this extraordinary story, this refusal of Julia to free herself from William is seen to have played a great and sinister rôle in the dread drama that followed.

And yet, who can doubt that had Julia Bernays desired to marry the engineer, who by this time was madly in love with her, and for whom she seems to have cherished a very sincere affection, nothing would have been easier than for her to have divorced her husband, to have become Madame Armand Peltzer, and to have made, with the man who adored her, a new life in America.

But in that case Julia would have had to give up her little son, or, at the best, to have shared him with her husband. According to the French and Belgian law, after a divorce has been granted, the father and mother of any child issued of the dissolved marriage each has a right to their child's companionship for alternate months of each year.

Julia Bernays wrote to her old and trusted friend, President Longé:

> I entirely refuse to divorce William, because to do so would partially separate me from my child. I know my duty as my boy's mother, and it is a duty made the more incumbent on me owing to my profound contempt for the man who has behaved to me as Monsieur Bernays has done. He refused to defend my honor when it was odiously and basely challenged, and if he dares to institute a suit for divorce I shall know how to defend myself.

And so once more these unhappy people attempted to live together for the sake of their child and his future; and if Armand Peltzer had acted a manly part and had gone away, as many a man situated as he was situated has done, all would have been, if not well, then unshadowed by a terrible crime.

## III

But human nature is a strange and complicated thing. Armand Peltzer had persuaded himself that his love for Julia Bernays was a noble passion of pity for an innocent woman hardly used by fate. Deep in his heart he knew that he loved her; he desired ardently to marry her; and he wished that she should be free to consider him kindly.

When he found that her love for her child made divorce impossible to her, it became clear to him that there was but one way — albeit an awful and dangerous way — in which to cut through the tangle in which they found themselves.

*William Bernays must be made to disappear.* Nay, more, the secret of his disappearance must be solved in death. Only as a widow could Julia become a happy wife.

And Bernays, as we know, did disappear. He took train to Brussels on that bright, sunny January day, and thenceforth he seemed obliterated as completely as if he had never been born. An exhaustive hunt for the vanished man took place all over the continent of Europe. But the mystery remained impenetrable, and there followed nine long days of anxious waiting on the part of Julia, her little boy, and Bernays' family.

On the last of the nine days the head of the Brussels police received the following strange letter. It was dated Basle, and ran as follows:

> *Sir:*
>
> I am horrified to learn in the papers that the letter that I wrote you — indeed, the letters I wrote you, for I have written two — did not reach you! Monsieur William Bernays, alas! has not disappeared. He is dead. He was killed by accident in my Brussels office, 159 Rue de la Loi. The accident was entirely my fault — or, rather, the fault of my carelessness. He came to see me by appointment to talk over an important business matter. There was a pistol lying on my desk, and I foolishly took it up and began playing with it. Monsieur Bernays had already turned to leave the room when the lock went off, and, to my intense horror, Monsieur Bernays fell dead at my feet! I thought — I hoped — he was only wounded, but soon, alas! I saw that he was dead — and dead by my hand!
>
> My first impulse was to send for the police. Then I remembered how very awkward and unpleasant would be my own position. I am an American without a single friend or acquaintance in Brussels.
>
> I therefore made up my mind that I had better leave Brussels, and communicate with the police from a distance. I did so. But my letters seem to have miscarried. I am now very sorry that I behaved so foolishly. Still, I shall be able to prove that all I say is true, and I beg you to tell Monsieur Bernays' unfortunate family how deeply I sympathize with them, and how terribly sorry I am at having been the involuntary cause of his death.
>
> I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
>
> HENRY VAUGHAN.

Henry Vaughan! Who was Henry Vaughan? No trace of him could be found in the hotel registers of the town, and at first (so unlikely and unreal did the contents of this letter seem to be) the head of the police took it to be one of those letters, often quite intelligently worded, which always follow on the commission of any

widely advertised crime or disappearance, and which are the work of foolish and morbid practical jokers.

Still, as Rue de la Loi is a well known street, he thought it worth while to send a couple of detectives to the address.

They found that Number 159 was a large respectable house let out in business offices, and after a certain amount of search and of inquiry from the porter they further discovered that an American named Henry Vaughan had indeed hired an office in the building. This, however, only confirmed their belief that the letter had been written by some practical joker who wished to annoy Henry Vaughan.

Giving no hint of their dread mission, the two men made their way to the room which they were told was in the occupation of the American. They knocked. There was no answer. Quickly and quietly they forced the lock — and there, in an arm-chair in front of a large desk on which lay a pistol, sat William Bernays — dead. He had been killed by a shot from behind, for there was a deep wound in the back of his neck.

Everything in the office was in perfect order. Bernays' heavy overcoat and his hat still hung on a stand near the door. A good deal of blood had gushed out on to the thick carpet, *and there was the imprint of a man's boot-sole in the dried and coagulated blood*. But that, though a painful detail, was natural enough. It was odd, however, that Henry Vaughan after the accident should have picked the dead man up and sat him down in the chair. Still, perhaps he had done that believing Bernays to be still alive.

In the unfortunate lawyer's pocket was found a certain amount of money, and the following letter, which confirmed the mysterious American's story:

*Sir:*

By the favor of an English friend I have obtained your name and address. They tell me you are the best lawyer in Antwerp, as well as an authority on commercial and maritime matters. This is why I ask your assistance concerning the state of Belgian law as to the following points.

Then came a number of highly technical questions as to the Belgian commercial and navigation law and usages. The long letter concluded with the words:

I shall be much obliged if you will kindly answer the above by return, for I am engaged, as you will understand, on a very important piece of business. As an earnest of my wish to avail myself of your legal assistance, I inclose a hundred and fifty dollars. I am told that you are conversant with English as well as French. Pray write to me in either language.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
HENRY VAUGHAN.

Yes, the story told in Henry Vaughan's letter was borne out by the facts — indeed, it was probably true in every particular. After all, truth, especially in criminal matters, is often far stranger than fiction.

But had the lawyer really died as Henry Vaughan declared he had done? The fact that the wound was in the back of the neck gave the lie to the story — although, of course, it was quite possible that Bernays had suddenly turned away and so received the shot in the back of his neck instead of in his breast.

At any rate, there was but one thing now to do, and that was to get hold of Henry Vaughan.

At once it became known to the Belgian police that Vaughan was a real man, and, what was more important, known to quite a number of important people in Belgium. Traces were found of him, not only at Basle, where his letter had been posted, and where he had stayed at a good hotel for some time, but also in various Belgian and German towns. He appeared to be, as he had said in his letter, an American man of business, traveling, however, on behalf of an important business concern in Australia.

But what had happened to him after he had left Basle, which he had apparently done within an hour of posting his letter, remained an impenetrable mystery. In fact, it seemed fairly obvious that the American had taken the wise if not very noble course of leaving for America immediately after he had written the letter — that curious, prudently worded letter — telling the dreadful thing that had happened to him.

## IV

Days and weeks slipped by. The body of the unfortunate William Bernays had been brought home to Antwerp and buried, amid marks of widespread sorrow and esteem, while among the chief mourners walked Armand Peltzer.

Madame Bernays and her little son went into deep mourning and began to live the quietest and most retired of lives.

And then anonymous letters bearing the postmark of Antwerp began to rain in on the Brussels police! These letters indicated, in language that became plainer and plainer, that a certain Armand Peltzer, an engineer who was now courting Madame Bernays with a view to persuading the widow to make a second marriage, had had a deep interest in the death of William Bernays. Nay, more; they suggested that the letter signed "Henry Vaughan" should be compared with the handwriting of Armand Peltzer!

Again the head of the Belgian police thought he was being hoaxed, the more so that a very

few inquiries made it clear that the Peltzers were people of consequence and respectability in Antwerp. He also learned that at the present time two sons were living with their widowed mother — Armand, the distinguished engineer, who had come so nobly to his brothers' help some years before, and Léon, one of the brothers who had been in trouble, but who had since made a good livelihood in America, and who was now home on a holiday.

In view of the fact that the Brussels police had never been wholly satisfied as to how Bernays had met his death, the Head Constable took the trouble to obtain specimens of the handwriting, not only of Armand Peltzer, but also, incidentally, of his brother Léon. And well it was that he did so, for, while it did not require an expert to see that there was nothing in common between the handwriting of the mysterious "Henry Vaughan" and Armand Peltzer, it at once became clear that the handwriting of Léon Peltzer and that of the mysterious "Henry Vaughan" were absolutely identical!

A few hours after this fact had been ascertained the two brothers were arrested, to the extreme amazement, even the wrath, of many of their fellow townsmen, by whom they were highly respected and among whom they had been popular from childhood onward.

And then there followed one of those close, ruthless, brilliant investigations that have become the glory of the detective forces of France, America, and England.

Once the clue is found, the task is often pitifully easy. But this time the law had as an antagonist a really able man who had thought out every detail of his infernal murder plot with marvelous and calculated ingenuity. Had Léon possessed the intellectual capacity that distinguished his eldest brother, Armand would almost certainly now be living an honored citizen of Antwerp, the devoted and happy husband of the beautiful Julia, sometime widow of his late attached friend, William Bernays.

Amazing, almost incredible, in its cold, reasoned cleverness, was the story that became gradually unrolled — and the more amazing in that neither brother gave himself or the other away. Not only did they each protest their innocence, but they did more: they behaved, while in prison awaiting trial, in a way to convince those who saw them that they were absolutely innocent and that their consciences were absolutely at ease.

But, as the links in the chain became slowly but surely joined up, Armand and Léon must have known only too well that their sinister plot had miscarried through Léon's incredible folly in writing the letter signed "Henry Vaughan" with his own hand.

The story, when pieced together, ran as follows:

Léon Peltzer, after the serious business troubles from which his eldest brother had so cleverly extricated him, had been for a while a rolling stone. He had stayed for varying periods in Manchester, in London, in Buenos Ayres; but at last he had settled down in New York in the employment of a big and respectable firm, and it was there, on an October day some three months before Bernays' disappearance, that the young Belgian suddenly informed his employers that he must leave them at a moment's notice. The reason he gave was that a Canadian friend, who had been very good to him in the past, had telegraphed to him for help out of a difficulty.

But Léon Peltzer did not go to Europe *via* Canada. The 1st of November found him on board the *Arizona*, traveling to Europe under the false name of Prélat. He probably found at Liverpool a letter from his brother, for from the British port he went straight on to Paris and there met Armand. Although both men stayed at the same hotel, they used different names. They spent four days together, and then Armand, who was throughout the directing intelligence and who found in Léon an enthusiastic instrument, went home to Antwerp.

Léon Peltzer at once moved to another Paris hotel, again under a new name, and it was from there that he went to a hair-dresser, and, explaining that he was going to a fancy-dress ball, bought a wig and a false beard. He waited yet a day or two more, and then, on the day he said the ball was to take place, he had himself thoroughly well "made up," and he even went to the trouble of having his face stained a dark olive color.

When he finally left the hair-dresser's, Léon Peltzer was so entirely unlike his usual self that not his own mother, or so he was assured, would have known him! From a fair Belgian he had become a South American Spaniard.

His next step was to write a letter to Armand, dated "November 18 — San Francisco." This letter Armand showed to several friends in Antwerp. In it the writer described his busy, prosperous life, and announced that he would soon come home for a short holiday.

But Léon stayed on in Paris some days longer, and there, under the name of Viberg, he bought seven revolvers and three boxes of ammunition. After doing this he burned everything — clothes, papers, and so on — that he had brought from America, and, under yet another new name,— that of Valgrave,— he purchased an entirely new outfit, including a quantity of

good underclothes; but all these were marked, by his order, in the name he finally adopted, that of Henry Vaughan.

Thus equipped with a new name and a new personality, that of a traveler for Messrs. Murray & Co., of Sydney, come to Europe to organize a new service of steamers between Bremen, Hamburg, Amsterdam, and Australia, Léon Peltzer started out on a series of cleverly planned journeys.

"Henry Vaughan," the dark, bearded, middle-aged-looking American, left Paris for Belgium on the 1st of December, and for three weeks he traveled all over Holland and Germany, staying at Hamburg, at Bremen, and at Amsterdam, seeing a good many business people, — especially lawyers,— and making all kinds of arrangements that had the appearance of being absolutely genuine.

"Vaughan" stayed in good hotels, and seemed to have plenty of money with which to entertain new business acquaintances.

Never, in the long history of murder as a fine art, was murder more intelligently, and in a sense more intellectually, planned than was that of William Bernays. Neither time nor money, the two accomplices that are generally so lacking to the murderer, was absent from the sinister tryst. Indeed, had Léon Peltzer possessed a tithe of his brother Armand's intellect — had he, for instance, written his fatal letter from Basle on a typewriter, or simply dictated it to one of those public writers who still exist in almost every country town on the continent of Europe — he would certainly have succeeded in the scheme so cleverly imagined and carried out.

The fact that there were so many lawyers ready to come forward and say that they knew Henry Vaughan quite well, and that he was really a respectable business man, was largely instrumental in causing the Brussels police to drop all inquiries until there came the anonymous letter clues from Antwerp.

But, to return to the doings of "Henry Vaughan"— at last, and after having thus created for himself a new and honorable personality, the pseudo-American went off to Brussels. There he hired an office in the Rue de la Loi, and he purchased, not only a certain amount of office furniture, but also a thick carpet and even thick curtains to hang over the door. He even remembered to get a hat-and-coat stand. This was in order that Bernays, on coming into the room, should hang up his heavy overcoat, which, if he kept it on, might deviate the course of the bullet.

As to what actually occurred on the fatal morning of the murder, it remains, and will always remain, a mystery.

Was William Bernays shot by Léon Peltzer or by Armand? Many people still believe that the engineer arranged to give himself the cruel joy of killing the man whom he had come to regard as his deadly enemy, *for it was the imprint of the sole of Armand's boot which was found in the coagulated blood on the carpet.*

According to the medical evidence, Bernays was not killed in the arm-chair where he was found. He was shot standing, and his body probably remained on the floor for twenty-four hours. Then either Léon or Armand, or possibly both brothers, came and so arranged the body as to make his death appear an accident.

But, it may well be said, this story of all that *may* have happened is very cleverly imagined; but how was it *proved* that Armand Peltzer was directly concerned with the murder? The boot-sole clue is a very slight one on which to condemn a man to death.

Well, it is true that, owing to Armand's acute and foreseeing intellect, and also thanks to his brother's steadfast loyalty, the police found it very difficult to involve the elder Peltzer in the net of proof as surely as he himself had drawn his enemy into his snare. It was only thanks to the existence of telegraphy that they finally succeeded.

Armand was doomed when at last the police discovered that a telegram had been despatched to him from America, signed "Robert Fulton," which ran:

New York, October 28, *Arizona.*

There also were found the telegrams which the brothers exchanged when about to meet in Paris; and in Paris the detective's task was easy, for the French hotel-keeper at once recognized Armand as the man who had stayed with him at the same time as Léon. Also, during the whole of Léon's strange peregrinations through Belgium and Germany, the brothers were in constant communication, almost daily telegrams passing between them.

Yet another fact which told terribly against Armand became known to the police. On the 23d of December he began practising pistol-shooting in his mother's house. Their neighbors complained of the noise, and Armand soon desisted from his strange diversion; but, hidden in a secret place, there were afterward found a large number of cartridges which were proved to be the ones that Léon had bought in Paris.

It is a rather curious fact that none of the seven revolvers bought in France seems to have satisfied Armand as being suitable for the awful purpose for which they had been acquired, for Léon made a hurried journey from Brussels to

London, and it was with a revolver bought from an English gun-maker named Baker that William Bernays was shot.

On the very morning of the murder the younger brother addressed to the elder the following telegram:

> Thanks for your charming proposal. I hope to see you Saturday. MARIE.

This, being interpreted, meant: "He has accepted my proposal; I hope to see him to-day."

Armand declared that it had been sent him by a woman whom he had met by chance and with whom he had made an assignation. Unfortunately for him, the original draft of the telegram was found in the Brussels post-office, and it was in Léon's handwriting!

## V

When at last the two brothers were put on trial, the case excited the most extraordinary interest, not only in Belgium, but all over the Continent.

The trial lasted a whole month, and, as is the curious custom in France and Belgium, numberless witnesses were called who in America or in England would have been considered to be quite outside the case.

Practically all of the relatives of each of the parties — of the murdered man, of his wife, and of the two men in the dock — were heard at length, and examined as to their view of the affair.

Each of the brothers gave his own explanation of what had taken place, and it is a curious and rather touching fact that the object of each seemed to be to guard and exculpate the other.

"Is it likely," cried Armand, "that Léon, who had absolutely no interest in Bernays' death, should have murdered a man simply because I disliked him?" And then in eloquent language he asserted the purity of his feeling for Madame Bernays, much in the same noble words that Browning put in Caponsacchi's mouth when addressing the Judges:

> You know this is not love, sirs — it is faith.

"Is it probable," argued Léon, "that my brother Armand should have desired to murder Bernays, considering that the woman he loved had the power of divorcing her husband?"

The most exciting moment of the trial came with the appearance of Madame Bernays in the witness-box.

Dressed in widow's weeds, her splendid golden hair tucked away out of sight, her large blue eyes red-rimmed with long weeping, Julia looked more ethereally and spiritually beautiful than ever.

"I am here," she said in a firm, low voice, "not to accuse, but to forgive — " There was a pause, and then she went on: "It is my husband I try to forgive for his infamous conduct."

She denied in the most moving and solemn way that her feeling for Armand Peltzer had ever been anything but a pure and high-minded friendship — "and it is a friendship," she concluded, "which has never faltered, and which is as constant, true, and pure to-day as it ever was." And then she exchanged a long, sad, ardent glance with the splendid-looking young man who stood, with folded arms, in the dock.

The two brothers were defended by the leading barristers of their country and day; but nothing could avail them in the face of the evidence they themselves had manufactured in their very eagerness to carry out their awful scheme to a successful conclusion.

At last there came the dread moment when the verdict of death was about to be pronounced.

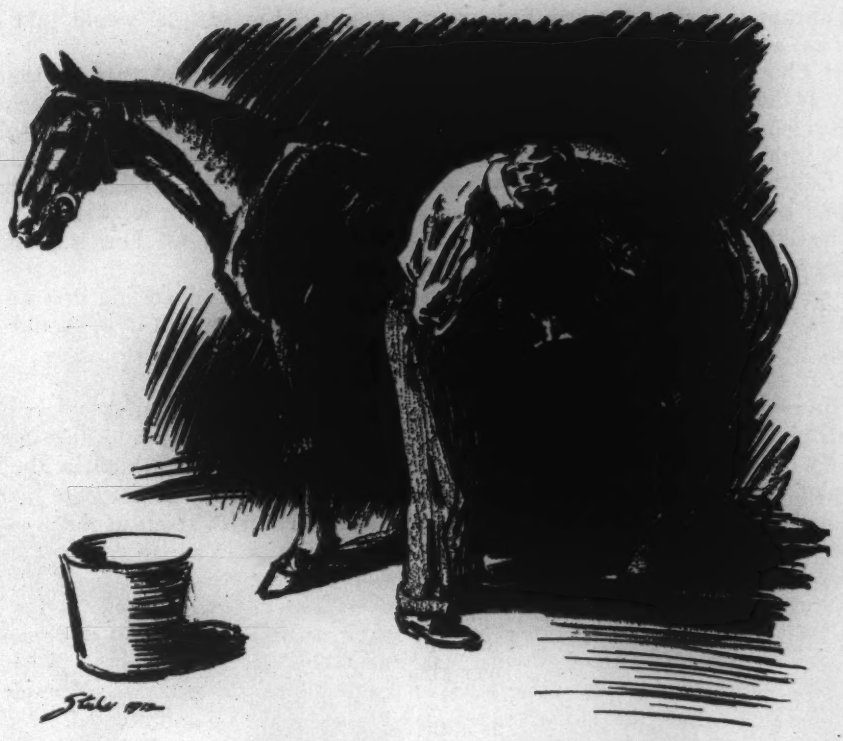
The Judge asked them if they had anything to say.

"I have to say," replied Léon Peltzer eagerly, "that I accept the condemnation. I shot William Bernays because he penetrated the disguise I had assumed in order to carry out a fraudulent bit of business. But my brother Armand is absolutely innocent, and the jury have committed a judicial crime in condemning him."

Armand, turning to the twelve men who had just pronounced his fate, cried in a loud voice:

"On the jury will lie for ever the curse of my child!"

*"The Mystery of the Double Eagles," by Detective Burns,—the absorbing story of how he tracked a famous mint robbery,—will appear in the October* McCLURE'S.



# THE GIFT HORSE

BY

## FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THE great point of distinction between the two pretty suburban towns of Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet and Edgemere-on-the-Heights lay in the fact that the former was easily reached by a short and plebeian walk from the railroad station, while the latter was comfortably accessible only to those who owned automobiles. It wouldn't be safe to say — not, at any rate, to a dweller on the Heights — that this was the only point of advantage possessed by the latter town over the former. Nor would it be quite fair. Every one knew, for the fact was well advertised, that in the mere matter of price per square foot the Heights was as inaccessible to the average income as to the average pedestrian. Furthermore, the owning of an automobile in and of itself entails certain social obligations and confers well-recognized prestige, and this inhered, of necessity, in every resident of the more exclusive town. On the Rivulet a man was known by the company he kept; on the Heights he was known by the car he kept. For example, the big house on the summit which overlooked the whole town of Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet was owned, as they said, by a French car, while the other establishments could all be easily graded, from the neighboring six-thousand-dollar touring-car to the modest seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar runabout which lived on the very fringe of the Heights.

Arkwright, ever since he inherited from his father-in-law a small block of Standard Oil stock, had hovered unsatisfactorily midway between the two towns. His house was located where the land could hardly be said to have more than a gentle tendency toward an upward slope, and quite this side of where it

began its abrupt and really distinguished ascent. He could not afford a machine of any kind, but he bought a horse and carriage, which met him every day at the station on his return from New York. By following a well-chosen but circuitous route which took him past the best front lawns of Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet, he was able to consume a decent interval of some twenty minutes before jogging up the graveled driveway to his home. But his ability to associate with his nearest Heights neighbor — the runabout man — was due wholly to the latter's kindly condescension.

It was at this point in his career that the Federal government unscrambled the oil trust to the complete and total satisfaction of Arkwright and his stock, as well as to the total and complete satisfaction of the American public. He had always been a conservative; but as his stock, following its utter dissolution, began to jump, point upon point, he felt himself becoming more and more radical. For another ten points he would have called himself a Socialist. Every point of advance carried him one step higher up the slope back of his house. Hardly had the stock ceased its upward flight before he had negotiated for the purchase of a house on the Heights which, at the most conservative estimate, called for a twenty-five-hundred-dollar machine.

That neither good fortune nor bad affects us alone is a platitude, but the devious outworking of this axiom is not always platitudinous. John Bainbridge, Arkwright's cousin who lived at Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet, had noted with patriotic indifference the indictment and trial of the oil trust as on his way to and from town he scanned his daily paper; he had read the report of its demise with patriotic skepticism, and he had smiled over its final resurrection with patriotic amusement. And yet, all the while, this episode was preparing to play a very important part in his life as inevitably, so far as he was concerned, as if the trust were born, had lived, died, and risen for no other purpose on earth.

Arkwright had no sooner received the warranty deed of his new house, and placed an order for his machine, than the question naturally arose as to what disposition should be made of the horse. He himself, being a practical man, was eager to sell her; but his wife, being a lady of some sentiment in spite of social aspirations, refused to consider this. Being also a lady of some force of character, this decision was final.

"Well, then?" inquired Arkwright, washing his hands of the whole matter.

"There's Cousin John," replied Mrs. Arkwright; "I'm sure he would take the best of care of Nellie."

"Your proposition, then, is that we should give John the horse and rig outright?"

"He's your cousin," Mrs. Arkwright reminded her husband. "And, besides, he lives so near that if we gave him Nellie we could borrow her whenever we wished."

"My dear, our machine is promised for delivery next week."

"Oh, I'm not suggesting that we ever should need Nellie again, but if we should ——"

"Well?"

"Then we would."

"That's so," admitted Arkwright thoughtfully. "I'll speak to John this morning."

Cousin John was seated in the smoker and was reading the financial page of the morning paper. He took about as much interest in the financial page as a man does in the race returns who never made a bet in his life. However, every one in Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet read it, if for no other reason, not to be outdone by his neighbors on the Heights. When Arkwright came along and took a seat beside him, Bainbridge looked up and nodded.

"I see coppers promise to be active again," observed Bainbridge.

"Didn't know you were interested in coppers," replied Arkwright.

"Oh, yes. I'm not holding any, but I've always been interested in them. How's the new house coming along?"

"Expect to move in next week," Arkwright answered, with some pride. "And, by the way, that reminds me that I must do something with Nellie. Won't need her with the machine, you know."

"Going to sell her?"

"No, I'm not," Arkwright drawled thoughtfully. "She's a valuable horse and ought to bring a good price, but — well, I have a little sentiment about the nag. We've had her five years, you know."

Bainbridge nodded.

"Didn't know but what I'd give her to some friend — some one who would be good to her."

"Give her?" inquired Bainbridge, with the first real interest he had shown.

"For her keep. I suppose she's worth to-day five hundred dollars if she's worth a cent. The rigs and trappings cost me another five hundred. But you understand how it is; she's been a sort of pet, and so I'd like to have her somewhere near, where I could keep half an eye on her. If she ever was lonesome, or anything, I'd never forgive myself. Haven't room for a stable on your lot, have you?"

"'THERE'S COUSIN JOHN,' SAID MRS. ARKWRIGHT; 'I'M SURE HE WOULD TAKE THE BEST OF CARE OF NELLIE'"

"Why, I don't know," Bainbridge answered wistfully; "I think I might squeeze one in."

He already saw himself driving down to the station every morning.

"I don't know another man I'd rather see have her," said Arkwright.

"Say, it would be great! Could take the kiddies out Sunday afternoons."

"Sure," nodded Arkwright, who didn't have any kiddies. "And then, the wife ——"

"I'm sure I could manage a stable all right," Bainbridge cut in eagerly. "I could build most of it myself."

"Then I'll speak to Mrs. Arkwright about it to-night, if you think ——"

"Will you? I — I can't tell you how grateful I'd be."

"Don't mention it. Will let you know to-morrow."

Arkwright rose. As he was leaving he turned and said, as an afterthought:

"Don't suppose you'd object to our using her now and then?"

"Lord, man, she's your horse! I'd want you to feel free to use her whenever you liked."

"Thanks," said Arkwright, with a patronizing smile. "I'm not suggesting we ever should, once the machine comes; but, if we should ——"

"Any time," broke in Bainbridge, with a generous wave of his hand.

Of course Mrs. Arkwright agreed to the proposition, when her husband reported it to her that night, as if it were his own inspiration. Arkwright immediately telephoned John, and he, the next day, went to see an architect about the stable.

Now, ordering a stable isn't like ordering a bale of hay — at least, not of an architect who has the soul of an artist, and for a house in a town like Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet. To preserve the harmonies and keep the structure on an available twenty square feet of land, and still have it large enough to shelter a horse and carriage, is rather a neat problem. The architect's idea was to guard against making the stable look like an excrescence — so to combine it with the house that the two should be one concordant whole — and yet as far as possible to keep the horse out of the kitchen. Then, too, the general contour of the surrounding sky-line must be taken into consideration. Bainbridge's first visit resulted in nothing more tangible than a general discussion which ended with an invitation to the architect's assistant to come down that night and take dinner.

Bainbridge felt freer to develop his own ideas with the younger man.

"See here," he ventured, after the assistant had boxed the compass around the bit of greensward, squinting through half-closed eyes at everything on the horizon-line. "See here; what I want, you know, is just a barn."

"What you want," the assistant corrected him, "is a stable — and not only a stable, but a stable that will blend into your house."

"Of course I want it to look all right, but——"

"We will attend to that."

And this was all that Bainbridge was allowed to say. Indeed, beyond signing the paper of specifications in a sort of daze, he never again saw either the architect or his assistant. In due course of time, however, men appeared and began to dig. During the next month or two Bainbridge watched them, not only with interest, but with considerable curiosity as to just what the thing was going to look like.

"'IT SEEMS THE HORSE IS LAME IN HER

In the meanwhile Arkwright had moved into his new house and rented the old, so that it became necessary for Bainbridge to take the horse at once. He found a boarding-stable where they agreed to give Nellie the best of care for five dollars a week. This was on Thursday. At the suggestion of Bainbridge, his wife invited Mrs. Clark, a neighbor to whom she was

under certain social obligations, to join the family in the first drive into the country on Saturday. Bainbridge agreed to get the day off, and it was proposed to take along a lunch and enjoy a picnic under the trees. Mrs. Bainbridge rose early on Friday, and worked until night making sandwiches, dainty turnovers, a loaf of John's favorite cake, and several dozen sugar cookies. In addition to this, she found it necessary to iron two fresh dresses for the children, and to spend what time remained in preventing them from overeating and in suppressing their excitement over the prospective outing so that they would have a good night's sleep. However, she fulfilled these motherly duties with a good spirit, and, though at night she could hardly lift her feet, retired at eight with a smile on her lips. John did not reach home until eleven, as he had to remain late in order to put his business into shape so that he could leave it. Both were up betimes in the morning, and found a clear June sky to greet them. Breakfast was quickly disposed of, the children dressed, the luncheon baskets packed, Mrs. Clark notified, and then, in one of the proudest moments of his life, John stepped to the telephone to summon his horse.

REAR OFF FOOT,' BAINBRIDGE EXPLAINED"

"Hello, is this Kelly's stable? Hello, Kelly. Will you send my rig around to the house right away? Yes, this is Mr. Bainbridge. What's that you say? Lame? How the devil did she get a nail in her foot? Better not use her for a day or two?"

By this time the whole family, which had gathered to witness this memorable occasion, had pressed closer. The two children, sensing a catastrophe, began to whimper. Mrs. Bainbridge, in a hoarse whisper, tried to quiet them.

"What's that?" demanded Bainbridge. He couldn't hear the answer above the wailing.

"For heaven's sake, Mary, get those children out of the room. I can't hear what Kelly says and don't want them to hear what I'm going to say."

Mrs. Bainbridge accomplished the feat of removing the two kicking, screaming youngsters, but mussed their dresses and her own hair in doing it. When Bainbridge joined them again, his face was red and his fresh collar wilted. At this point Mrs. Clark entered, fresh and radiant and immaculate.

"It seems the horse is lame in her rear off foot," Bainbridge explained as calmly as he could. "Kelly hasn't another team in his barn, and so I don't see but what we'll have to take a car."

Under ordinary circumstances this would

"'WHAT YOU WANT IS A STABLE — AND NOT ONLY A STABLE, BUT A STABLE THAT WILL BLEND INTO YOUR HOUSE'"

have been an acceptable proposition; but under the present circumstances it came as a serious anti-climax. And, in spite of every one's best efforts, such it remained the rest of the day.

It was two weeks before Nellie was fit to use again, and then Bainbridge discovered that he couldn't be driven to the station in the morning without rising half an hour earlier; and, in view of the present load of responsibility he was carrying on account of his building operations, this was impossible. He suggested that Mrs. Bainbridge use the horse to return some afternoon calls, but she declared that she wouldn't trust herself with a strange driver, and that, as the mother of two children, she wouldn't risk driving herself until John showed her how. He promised to give her the first lesson on the following Sunday; but it rained all day, so he couldn't. On the fifth Sunday they had to board the train and spend the day with Grandmother Bainbridge. So it was not until the sixth Sunday that he found another opportunity. He came home with a cold that Saturday night, and Mrs. Bainbridge would not listen to his going out for three days.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Arkwright had used the horse half a dozen times to make some calls upon her old friends in Edgemere-by-the-Rivulet while the machine was being repaired. It seems that Arkwright was learning to run the car himself, and had not been altogether fortunate in his selection of the proper levers to pull at the proper times.

By this time the stable, which had been progressing slowly but surely, began to take on flesh and assume the semblance of a building. Bainbridge took heart at this. Once the animal —he always spoke of her now as "the animal"—was in his own stable and under his own care and convenient for his own use, he could have some comfort with her. Though he watched with some impatience the slow development of the building, he really, so far, had derived more satisfaction from it than he had from the horse it was designed to shelter. There was scarcely an evening that one or more of the neighbors didn't come over to discuss it and offer suggestions for its improvement. Bainbridge found himself repeating the favorite expressions of the architect, until they fell so trippingly from his tongue that he began to feel as if they were the expression of his own artistic instinct. There was really no doubt but what he was getting a pretty stable. It could not be called exactly

impressive, but it was dainty. When the trimmings were on and it had received its second coat of white paint, it looked so fresh and pert that at times Bainbridge was actually disturbed by the question whether it would not be advisable to make over the kitchen for the horse, and use the newer building as a sort of addition to the old house. He really needed more room. Although, when he first suggested this to his wife, it was in something the spirit of a jest, it became a matter for serious consideration after he had received the architect's final bill. With the extras, the stable was to cost him eighteen hundred dollars. Weak in the knees, Bainbridge protested. It would take every cent of his savings. The architect listened with some scorn.

"I consider that stable one of the best of my minor works," he replied.

"It's all right," admitted Bainbridge; "but I didn't intend to spend any such sum as that upon it. Why, the house didn't cost more than twice as much!"

"The cost?" inquired the architect, with an astonished shrug of his shoulders. "You can hardly expect me to pry into the personal affairs of my clients."

Bainbridge paid the bill. There wasn't anything else for him to do, and of course the initial fault was his for signing the specifications while in a hypnotic state. But the next thing he did was to remove the animal from Kelly's and cut off that additional expense.

There were several incidentals that Bainbridge had neglected to provide, such as hay, which was selling at this time for twenty dollars a ton, and oats, which were bringing a dollar twenty-five a bushel. Besides these, it soon became evident that a blanket for the horse was necessary, to say nothing of a brush, currycomb, pitchfork, shovel, carriage-sponge, carriage-jack, carriage-grease, and a peck measure. As he could not find a place in the city where such things were given away, Bainbridge was forced to buy them.

In his youth he had spent several years on a farm, and, so far as care of the animal went, he knew how to attend to that, and really anticipated the work. He used all his spare time until the following Sunday in getting Nellie and the rig ready for the long-postponed first drive. He worked until ten o'clock Saturday night grooming the mare until she shone and in washing the two-seater until it was speckless. Then, dog-tired, he tumbled into bed in order to be fresh for the morrow.

At half past twelve that night the telephone rang. Bainbridge ignored it for the first five minutes, but it woke up the children, and the noise they made it was impossible to ignore. As he scrambled out of bed he heard the musical patter of rain-drops on the roof. He knew they were musical, because he remembered a poem to this effect. There was no particular excuse for his bellowing as loud as he did when he picked up the receiver. The voice that answered sounded familiar.

"Oh, that you, Arkwright?"

"Yes," came the reply. "Say, John, we're in a deuce of a fix. Machine has broken down, and we can't get the garage. Knew you wouldn't mind, under the circumstances, just slipping the harness on Nellie and driving us home."

"What's that?"

"We'll leave the machine here until morning; but if you'd trot out and get Mrs. Arkwright and myself ——"

"Where are you?"

"Just this side of Windmere. It isn't more than six miles."

"'SAY, JOHN, WE'RE IN A DEUCE OF A FIX. MACHINE HAS BROKEN DOWN'"

Bainbridge swallowed hard. For a second he was on the point of referring Arkwright to a place which has been variously estimated by some as nearer than six miles and by others as considerably farther. But his better nature checked him. After all, he was under deep obligations to Arkwright. It was he who had given him the horse. He couldn't very well leave his benefactor out in the rain all night — no matter how much satisfaction this would have given him at just this moment. He must keep cool.

"Tell me how to find you," he choked.

He received prompt and minute directions.

Nellie objected to going out in the rain at that time of night as much as her new master, and, by finding an opportunity to step on Bainbridge's foot and another to crowd him almost flat against the side of the stall, made herself clear on that point. She refused to open her mouth for the bit until Bainbridge viciously seized her nose and cut off her wind. When he tried to adjust the crupper, she pressed her tail down so tight that he was forced to resort to measures by no means indorsed by the S. P. C. A. It took him three quarters of an hour to harness her, and fifteen minutes after that to open the barn door, which had swollen. The only relief he had, all this while, was a mental picture of Arkwright and his wife huddled up disconsolately in the machine, waiting for him.

As soon as Nellie became convinced that she had no alternative but to take this midnight excursion, she resolved to do it, and have it over with as soon as possible. Before Bainbridge was fairly in, she bolted out of the stable and threw him almost over the rear seat. From an upper window he heard his wife calling after him excitedly:

"John, John! There's no use hurrying so!"

He didn't have time to reassure her, because at that moment he was clutching at the dashboard. He didn't reach an equilibrium until he was half way to the station, which was in exactly the opposite direction from that in which he had originally proposed to go.

He succeeded in turning Nellie around only after she had given an exhilarating acrobatic demonstration of how neatly she could balance a carriage on two wheels. He seized the whip, with the firm intention of showing her once for all who was master; but, finding an immediate use for both hands, was forced to drop it overboard. It seemed almost as if she were responding to the emergency call of her former master's voice; for she maintained this speed unchecked for the first three miles, and then settled down into a trot which was fast enough for Bainbridge, considering the fact that the road was pitch-black and that the rain was beating against his glasses so that he couldn't see at all. Nellie had not given him time to pull the rubber boot up over his knees, and so he was drenched to the skin. If he had thought it possible, he might have turned back. He was actually revolving this in his mind, when two demonish yellow eyes by the roadside informed him that he had reached his destination. He drew up beside the automobile and peered in. Arkwright, comfortably bundled up in a heavy coat in the snug recess of a corner beneath the rain-shield, was fast asleep. Mrs. Arkwright, also fast asleep, reposed comfortably with her head on her husband's shoulder. It was a rare picture of conjugal felicity and peace; it seemed a pity to disturb them. With clenched teeth Bainbridge wondered vaguely if it was his further duty to wait there in the rain until they awoke naturally. Nellie decided this by giving an impatient whinny. Arkwright, with a start, aroused Mrs. Arkwright. The two sat up and blinked.

"If you're all ready we might as well start back," suggested Bainbridge.

"That you, John?" replied Arkwright. "Must have taken half a wink. Hope we haven't put you to any trouble?"

"Oh, no trouble at all," answered Bainbridge, choking back the more natural if less conventional words that struggled hard for expression. "It's — it's a pleasure."

"So sweet of you, John," chirped Mrs. Arkwright.

Arkwright assisted his wife into the rear seat, and piled in all the various robes after her. In two minutes they were both as snug and comfortable again as they had been in the machine.

"All ready, John," Arkwright announced sleepily.

"Very well, sir," replied John, respectfully tipping his cap.

With this added weight behind her, Nellie became dispirited to such a degree that John could not force her out of a plodding walk. Having lost his whip, he could do nothing but slap her with the reins, which evoked no other response than an indifferent switch of her tail. The Arkwrights didn't mind this, because the easy-going gait only lulled them into a deeper slumber, but Bainbridge found his teeth beginning to chatter long before they reached the sharp incline leading to the Heights. It was half past three when he drew up before the imposing new house and Arkwright assisted his wife out.

"So sweet of you, John," she murmured, with a yawn.

"Thanks, John," Arkwright added. "Hope Nellie won't catch cold. Better rub her down."

"All right, sir," responded Bainbridge, again unconsciously tipping his cap.

It may be hardly necessary to add that Nellie did not get rubbed down. When John made his way upstairs, leaving a wet and muddy trail behind him, the clocks were chiming four.

At eleven o'clock the next morning the telephone rang again. Bainbridge had not yet risen, but when his wife told him it was Arkwright who wanted him, he rose immediately.

"I call this an imposition," his wife protested mildly.

"Oh, no," returned John; "don't call it that."

Arkwright's request was simple. It was necessary for him to go out and look after the machine, and he thought John wouldn't mind driving him over.

"I'll be right over," answered Bainbridge.

He dressed at once, and without a word to his wife hurried to the barn. There was something so peculiar about his expression that she followed him uneasily. Still, she didn't dare to question him, and, as he offered no word of explanation, she merely stood in the corner and looked on. He harnessed Nellie without grooming her, and then into the rear of the two-seater piled first what was left of the bag of oats, then the blanket, the halter, the new carriage-jack, the sponge, the can of grease, the peck measure, the curry-comb and brush, and the barn-shovel. Then he went to the loft and tumbled down the stairs half a bale of hay which he had just bought. He nearly broke his back lifting this into the front seat.

"John," exclaimed his wife, "have you gone crazy?"

"See anything more?" he inquired.

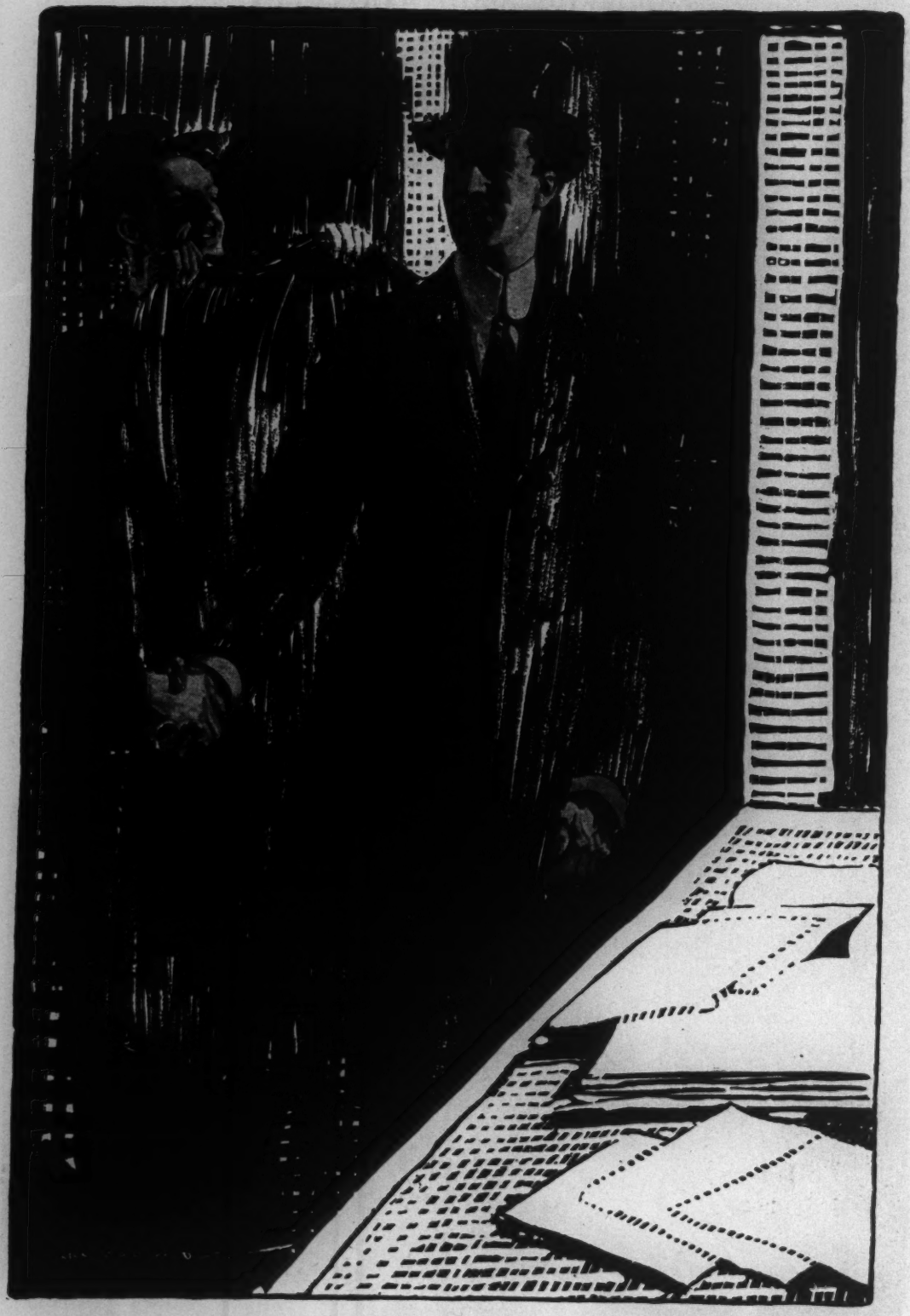
"But, John ——"

He shoved open the barn door and took his seat beside the bale of hay. He brought the reins down sharply across the flanks of the astonished animal and put her on a run up the hill to Arkwright's house. The latter, at this strange sight, came running out, with his wife at his heels.

"Here," said Bainbridge, "take her! Take her quick! And listen, Arkwright, if ever you try to give her to me again, I'll — I'll shoot her!"

"Which," as Mrs. Arkwright observed later to her husband, "is all the thanks you get for giving people anything."

But it's an ill wind indeed that doesn't blow a man some good. The incident developed John's artistic instinct. This was proved when he put a couple more windows in the barn, partitioned it off roughly into rooms, bought a fish-net to hang photographs in, rented his house, and took up his residence in the studio. Confidentially, however, he hopes within a couple of years to be able to move back into the house.



I HAD WON! I, ARTHUR HOWARD, A BANKRUPT AND A STRANGER IN SALEM ONE YEAR AGO, HAD BEEN ELECTED MAYOR OF ONE OF THE MOST CONSERVATIVE CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES

# THE PRODIGAL

## ARTHUR HOWARD'S OWN STORY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

*This is a narrative of Mr. Howard's actual personal experiences, told by himself. At the age of thirty-eight he had run through a fortune of half a million. He left New York $100,000 in debt, with $25 in his pocket. After a few fruitless attempts to get newspaper work in Boston, he went to Salem and started a newspaper of his own, the "Dispatch," in which he began a reform campaign against graft. The paper was got out under overwhelming difficulties: Howard and his printer froze and starved all through the winter. Finally one of his editorials brought on a criminal libel suit and Howard was sent to jail. In spite of these discouragements, he conceived the ambition of running for Mayor and as soon as he was released from jail began an active campaign toward this end.*

ABOUT a week or ten days after I had got out of jail, I was at work in the tiny office of the *Dispatch* when a stranger came in. I looked up and saw a very small man, surmounted by a silk hat, standing in the middle of the floor.

"My name is Hunt," said the small man in an excited voice, "and I have been sued for libel."

"Well, I didn't do it, did I?" said I.

It was a mystery to me; I had never seen the man before.

"This is serious business," said the little man. "I am the Mayor of Newburyport, and I may have to go to jail."

I learned then that he had come down to get my advice, as an expert defendant in libel suits. My trial and imprisonment had been in all the Boston papers, and I had been widely advertised by my fight with the political ring.

"I am sick of the whole thing," said the Mayor of Newburyport. "I'd sell you my paper cheap."

### *I Buy My Third Newspaper*

I was as hard up as ever. The *Dispatch* had never made both ends meet,— though it had grown to a big circulation,— because it carried practically no advertising. I was as willing to take a chance in Newburyport as I had been in Salem. Libel suits had lost their terrors for me. So Hunt's offer interested me.

His sheet, the Newburyport *Item*, would bring me sixty dollars a week, he said, and he would take thirty-five hundred dollars for it.

I arranged with him to pay him for his plant and paper in this way: fifty dollars down for the newspaper, and thirty-five hundred dollars for his plant in notes of seventy dollars, due every week until the whole sum was paid. At the end of that period the plant would be mine.

Now, if the *Item* would earn sixty dollars a week, and I had to pay him seventy dollars, I would need to raise only ten dollars a week to buy the plant. As security, Hunt demanded and got a majority of the stock of the new corporation I was forming to take over the *Dispatch*.

For two weeks I got out a paper in Newburyport, together with two in Salem, and incidentally promoted my campaign for Mayor of Salem, vibrating rapidly between the two cities.

Before this time was up I found that the Newburyport *Item* earned far less than the sixty dollars I had counted on. A good share of the advertising had been taken by Mr. Hunt, who was a married man, in groceries and clothing, which helped me very little. Such matters as a contract for three dollars a week in services from a woman's hairdresser had no very tangible value to me.

I had carried the *Item* as far as I could go. If it did not earn sixty dollars a week I could not pay seventy.

At the end of the first week, when my note came due, Mr. Hunt was away on a vacation; at the end of the second week he appeared in my office, demanding the payment of the two weekly notes which were now due.

### *Arrested Again*

That day— it was Saturday, August 14, 1909 — was one of unusual interest for me. At ten o'clock the Mayor of Newburyport ap-

peared for payment of his two notes. I explained to him as best I could, in breaks in his conversation, that I couldn't possibly pay him; I didn't have the money. He went out of my office threatening vengeance. He was a very excitable man. At eleven o'clock I passed along the street, and saw him sitting in the office of my wealthy competitor, Damon, of the *News*.

Early that afternoon I was arrested again for criminal libel — this time by Damon. For a while it looked as if this warrant of my competitor, which had been sworn out on Thursday and was not served until Saturday afternoon, would keep me in jail over Sunday. I thought, however, of a local liquor dealer, Daniel T. Haggerty,— a good hater of the *News* and a man famous locally for helping the "under dog,"— and he came to my help with eight hundred dollars bail.

So Sunday I didn't stay in jail. But on Monday my troubles started in promptly with the business week. In the morning the foreman at the Newburyport plant told me, by telephone, that Mr. Hunt had taken it back and forbade me the premises. That broke my contract to buy his plant, but left me owner of the Newburyport newspaper. It stood me fifty dollars in cash, and the hundred and forty dollars still due for the two weeks in which I ran the plant.

That afternoon I began to hear rumors that my rival Damon owned control of my own newspaper, the *Dispatch*, and that finally he had me cornered.

What had really happened was what I suspected when I saw Hunt with Damon. Hunt had taken to Damon the stock in my new Maine company which I had given him as collateral when I gave him notes for his newspaper plant. I had formed this Maine corporation to take my newspaper from the Massachusetts company which held it first. A company under Massachusetts laws could have no shares of less than ten dollars, and I went to Maine to get the right to issue shares of a dollar, so that I could get small subscriptions from people who could afford to take a chance with a dollar or two, but not ten.

But Damon hadn't cornered me quite yet, for my property had not yet been transferred to the Maine corporation. All that Hunt had to sell was certificates in the shell corporation, which had no assets or contracts.

Finally they discovered this, and Mr. Hunt went back to his printing plant in Newburyport, leaving Damon and me to fight it out alone — he with his libel suit and I with my struggling newspaper. That fall Hunt shipped his plant to Kansas. He left Newburyport before his term of Mayor really expired. What became of his libel suit, which drove him across my field of activity in Salem, I never knew. I afterward paid him the hundred and forty dollars with interest. From that time on my own troubles furnished a continuous occupation for my mind.

### *An Unexpected Setback*

One night, during those weeks of excitement which followed my release from jail, I had a setback of an unexpected nature. I lost my affidavit, concerning the big political graft in Salem, which had been given me by Ned Bates.

I was alone in the little upstairs office of the *Dispatch* one evening. There was a chill in the air, and I had made a fire in the stove, and was sitting there reflecting on the various exigencies of fortune. The affidavit of Bates was in the inside pocket of my vest — I always carried it there for safety; it was to be the sheet-anchor in my trials, which would undoubtedly save and exonerate me and bring confusion upon my accusers. The door downstairs opened, and two persons came upstairs, passed through the outer office and into my little room. They were Mrs. Bates and her little daughter Nellie.

I arose and gave Mrs. Bates a seat. The little girl went over to a corner, and sat on a bundle of papers. She was a frail-looking child, with large, dark eyes.

When she had seated herself, Mrs. Bates turned to me and said:

"You have an affidavit from Mr. Bates, haven't you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Will you give it to me?" she asked.

"I could not do that," I said.

"Why not?" she asked nervously.

"Because I am going to use it."

"In what way?"

"I don't know yet," I said.

"You aren't going to publish it, are you?" she asked in a terrified voice. The little girl began to cry.

"Probably," I replied. "But that need not affect you; it won't get Mr. Bates into trouble."

"But how about Nellie and me?"

"You are all right," I answered.

### *"If You Print That Story, It Will Ruin Us Forever"*

"We won't be all right if you print a story like that," she answered. "It would ruin us forever."

I sat silent. The little girl in the corner was still crying quietly.

"Will you give it to me?" Mrs. Bates repeated.

"Really," I replied, "that would be impossible. It is part of my defense in my libel suit."

"And incidentally it will elect you Mayor?"

"But you don't have to publish it," pleaded Mrs. Bates; "why do you?"

"Because it's my duty," I said.

RATHER THAN INJURE A WOMAN AND CHILD, HOWARD BURNS THE AFFIDAVIT THAT WAS TO ELECT HIM MAYOR

"That isn't the object," I said.

"Then why use it?" she persisted.

"It will not get Mr. Bates in trouble," I repeated, "and it will correct the political system here."

"Your duty!" she almost screamed. "Your duty! Who are you to talk of duty? Have you always done your duty? Have you done your duty to your father? If you had always been so particular about your duty, would you be here

to-day, away from your family and your friends? You are a fine one to come here and preach duty."

The little girl, Nellie, sat staring at me from the corner with her big eyes, an occasional tremor going through her body.

I got up from my chair and paced the floor. How could I get rid of the woman — how could I calm her?

"Well?" she asked.

"I am sorry," I said, "but I must refuse you."

"The *Dispatch* says the time to be sorry is before you do a thing," said Mrs. Bates.

I said nothing.

"It's cruel of you," she went on, "cruel and heartless of you to wrong Nellie and me to further your own ambitions in this way. It's a shame to make us suffer like this! You claim to be honorable, but you don't hesitate to take advantage of a man who is drunk. It's a contemptible thing to do, and make Nellie and me, who are defenseless, suffer. When I married Ned he didn't drink or lie or take what didn't belong to him. Politics ruined him, and now it will ruin us. I don't care. I married Ned for better or worse, and I'll stick by him, no matter what happens."

A film seemed to pass before my eyes. I seemed to be looking far, far away. I could see my old father, with the tears in his eyes, saying he could do no more for me. It was the act of a moment to tear open my vest, and a moment more to thrust the paper in the stove. The fire seemed to be waiting for it; a flame reached out and licked it up. I sank back in my seat, and my head dropped on my arm.

### *Nellie's Gratitude*

Mrs. Bates rose slowly, and started for the door with Nellie. She did not say a word, but as she passed me she laid her hand lightly on my shoulder.

They went toward the stairs; I heard Mrs. Bates starting down. Suddenly there was a rush toward me; two little arms were thrown about my neck, and a child's face, wet with tears, was pressed against mine.

I said nothing of this episode to Sanborn or Ed Allen or my other friends.

The hearing in my second libel suit came. It was upon eight counts, based upon articles I had printed concerning Damon and his paper. In almost every way it was like the case brought in the name of Alderman Doyle. The same attorneys appeared. The complaint was brought, not by the complainant, but by another minor official in the police department. The plaintiff, as in the other case, failed to appear against me. The police inspector testified that he had read the items in the *Dispatch* about Mr. Damon, kept track of them for months for the safety of the city, and now swore out the complaint on his own initiative, without any suggestions from any one else. The witnesses were just the same as in the Doyle case. I was bound over, as in the other case, to the Grand Jury — this time under eight hundred dollars, which was furnished by Dan Haggerty, the same man who put up for me when the complaint was first made four days before.

I had no fear of Damon or his libel suit. In the first issue after my arrest, I left out my editorial, and placed in its column the words:

THOSE WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY THEY FIRST MAKE MAD

This second suit created more excitement than the first. There were five hundred people in the court-room at the time of the trial. My circulation jumped up again to seven or eight thousand copies, and from every indication the sympathy of the public was with me. My campaign for Mayor went on with renewed success.

### *I Meet My Father for the Last Time*

Not long after that my father returned from Europe, and wrote to me that he would like to see me. He asked me to come half way to New York to meet him. I went down one Sunday, and met him in New London, where we talked for two hours.

He had not heard of either of my arrests, and was a little troubled when I told him about them. I assured him they didn't amount to anything; but he suggested that he would make some kind of settlement, and offered me a small amount of money if I would go away and live quietly somewhere else. I told him I proposed to stay and fight the thing out where I was, and he acquiesced.

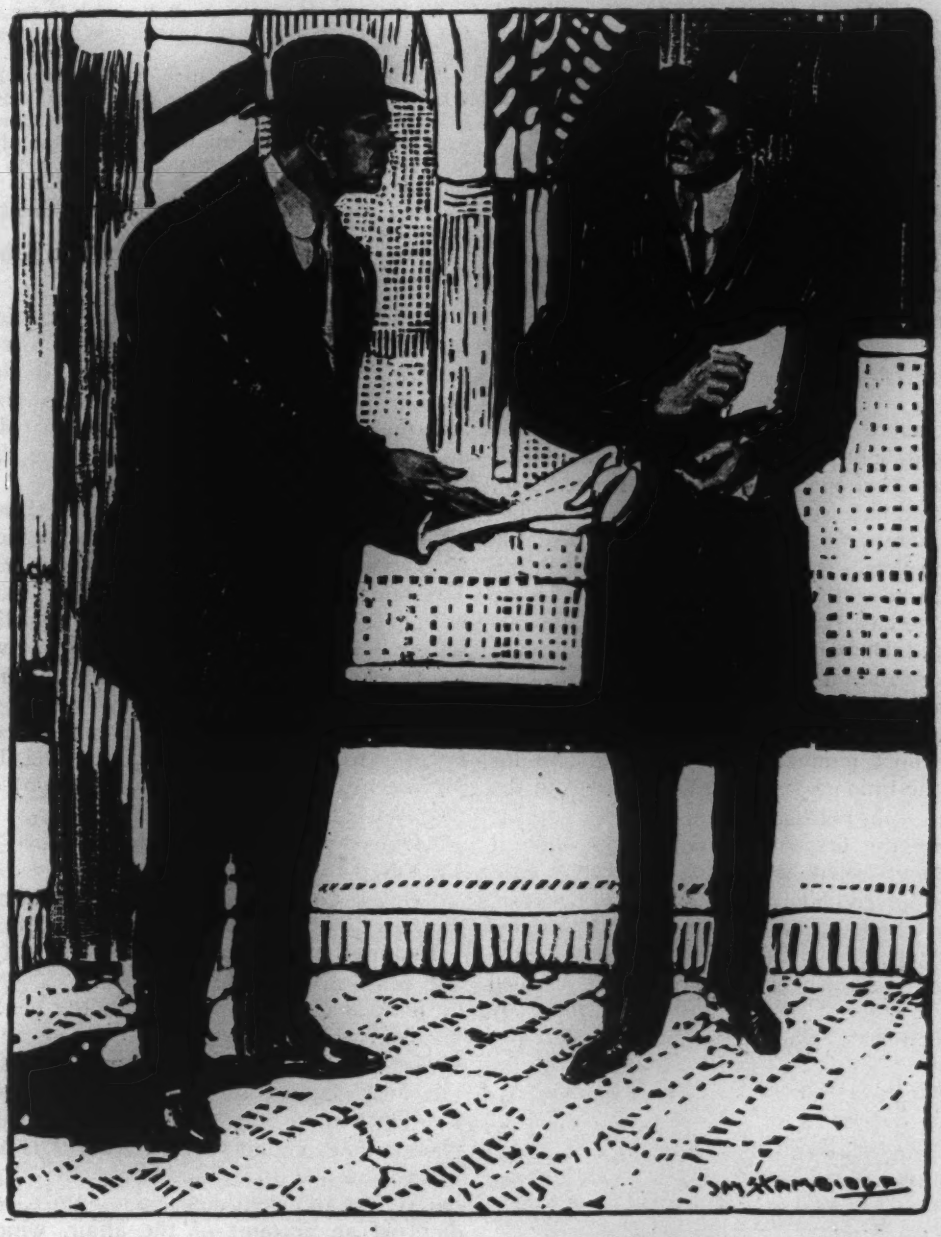
We both noticed the change in each other, I think. He had grown very old and feeble, and said he would probably never see me again. When we parted I thought him a very pathetic figure. Every day after that until election day, I received a letter from my father every morning, and every letter contained a five-dollar bill.

In the middle of September the Grand Jury met. Damon rode over to the courthouse on the first day; but Doyle left for Rhode Island. There was a good deal of excitement over this, and the District Attorney threatened to throw the case out of court. All morning Damon was telephoning around to find Doyle and get him to the courthouse. That night Doyle returned from Rhode Island.

I came out with scare headlines in my paper, the next day, saying that Damon had brought Doyle back to save the suits. That morning

THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT

There are times [I wrote] when the poor man must not only fight, but must fight hard, for existence — .



HOWARD MEETS THE VICTIM OF ONE OF HIS MOST TELLING EDITORIALS. "UNLESS YOU PROMISE TO RETRACT THAT ARTICLE," THE MAN THREATENS, "I'LL THRASH YOU ON THE SPOT"

the District Attorney brought the two cases before the Grand Jury, and they found indictments against me on both counts.

The next morning I came out with an editorial which I called:

when the concentrated money powers do all in their power to wipe him out of existence. It is then that the powerful corporations, with their bulging pockets of gold, lavishly contribute to crush the weak. This is a pathetic time for the poor; a time when courage is needed; a time when a man must stand up and,

single-handed, watch the Octopus approach—see its devouring, grasping, relentless mouth, smacking its lips in expectation.

Poverty has, indeed, its sorrows; poverty has, indeed, its troubles; but every setback to the man with a purpose is only an incentive to harder work and more determination.

The man who fights for the people must expect to have the corporations and the wealthy, the wrong-doer and the politicians, against him. He must face the "combine," the "system," and the "ring," and expect the concentration of capital against him.

My associate editor, Curtis, was indicted with me by the Grand Jury, and before he could find bail was compelled to go to jail for a short time. Through my paper I demanded an early trial, and it was expected in the second week in October.

### *In the Hospital—for Political Reasons*

Just before the Superior Court adjourned in the middle of the month, my case was called, and again Damon came into prominence. The Doyle case had been started over a month before Damon's, and now the Damon case was called up first. It was an extraordinary thing, and naturally attracted attention. Mr. Doyle was very clearly not anxiously pushing his case; and Damon, and his attorney Sullivan, were more and more conspicuous.

But the Damon case was merely called, and then went over for several months before trial, as the court immediately adjourned. As for me, at the time my case was called I was in the hospital — for political reasons.

Among the first of the politicians whom I attacked in Salem were the McSweeney Brothers, who, second only to Attorney Sullivan, Damon's lawyer, made political and business capital out of the liquor business. The extraordinary adroitness with which they handled this main asset of theirs I had celebrated early in my editorial:

BOTH SIDES AND THE MIDDLE

The other day we wandered into an office where the sign in front read "Attorneys-at-Law," and we asked the girl if Mr. McSweeney was in.

"What do you want to see him about?" she said.

"Why, what difference does that make?" we replied.

"Well," she answered, "if it is about politics it makes a lot of difference which brother you see."

"Kindly explain," we said, leaning gracefully up against the counter and lighting a huge cigar.

"Well, it's just this way: Billy, the first partner, is a Republican, and treasurer of the local Republican Committee; so if it's anything in reference to Republican politics you must see him about it.

"Morgan is a Democrat, and treasurer of the local Democratic Committee, and if you are a Democrat you must see him. On the other hand," she added, "if you want to be perfectly independent, or join any of the parties like the Socialist or the Prohibition, Parkie will look out for you."

"I hope the brothers all agree," we said.

"Oh, certainly," she replied; "they all get along splendidly together."

Whereupon we said: "Well, we wish to see one of the brothers on a political matter. Which one shall we see?"

"Well," she said, "if you are looking for a license you should see Morgan, who is a license commissioner; when you go to hire your building, you must see Parkie, who takes care of the real estate department; and Bill would be your attorney to draw the papers."

"Say," we asked, "do you ever lose anything up in this office?"

"No," she replied, with a laugh; "we play both sides and the middle."

In addition to having all the facilities for serving the liquor business, all the McSweeneys were active members of the Total Abstinence Society. In September, Billy, who was an alderman, came out as a candidate for Mayor, and the three brothers directed the family political machine toward his election.

One day in the middle of October there was a big temperance parade in Salem, in which the McSweeney Brothers were prominent paraders. Two hours before, the candidate for Mayor had been in court, defending a man for illegal liquor-selling. The next morning I came out with a jocose chronicle of the candidate's dual rôle in the *Dispatch*.

As I went down to Town House Square on my way to breakfast the next morning, Parkie McSweeney strode up to me with a copy of the *Dispatch* in his hand, and exclaimed:

"Did you write that article?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Unless you promise to retract it to-morrow morning," he said, "I'll thrash you on the spot."

I advised him to go down to the North River and jump in and cool himself off. Thereupon he jumped at me, struck me in the head, and knocked me down.

McSweeney was a powerful man over six feet tall, and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. I weighed then only a little over one hundred pounds. My chances were slight. His brother Morgan rushed up and led him away. I got up on my feet and went down to my office, where I dictated an account of the affair, which appeared the next morning.

My friends wanted me to swear out a warrant for the man's arrest; but I refused, and, turning over the paper to Curtis, I went to a hospital in Boston to get treatment. There I found I was not seriously hurt, though my left arm was so badly bruised that it was for the time entirely useless. On the third day, when I was beginning to sit up, I received a telegram saying that the circulation of the *Dispatch* had

fallen off half, and I went back immediately to Salem. And from that time until election day I was in harness day and night, getting out the paign. Every day I got out two newspapers filled with politics. My paper had only two set articles a day — an editorial and a leading

WITH RAIN POURING DOWN ON HIM, HIS TEETH CHATTERING, AND HIS HANDS BLUE WITH COLD, HOWARD MAKES TWELVE SPEECHES IN AN EVENING FROM HIS AUTOMOBILE, RECOMMENDING HIMSELF FOR MAYOR

newspaper and carrying on my campaign for Mayor.

It was a fight like nothing the old city of Salem had ever seen. For six weeks before the election I carried on a ceaseless personal cam- article. They were sufficient. Salem had never seen such articles, and the headlines of Hearst's newspapers were small compared to mine. Every one read the *Dispatch;* even Damon's wife had her newsboy deliver it to her, wrapped

up inside the Boston paper. Its circulation went up to eight thousand.

Every night I spoke from three to ten times. I talked everywhere — in halls, on street corners, and in barns. I visited every small store, every club, every place where men gathered. I visited and I made a house-to-house canvass of the city. I had been in the city, you must remember, less than a year; I had just been able to register as a voter in Massachusetts; and it was necessary for me to get acquainted.

Bill Sanborn and Ed Allen were back of me, directing. Neither one of them had been in active politics before; but they made the shrewdest of politicians, and they had the aid of other, more experienced men. They had in their hands a check list of every voter in the city, and they and their friends felt the pulse of the whole community. Whenever they met the objection that the voter did not know me, they gave me his name, and I made it my business to see him. As there were seventy-five hundred voters in the city, the field of my activities was large.

### *The Five Candidates*

There were five separate candidates in the field — Hurley, the serving Mayor; McSweeney; Pollock, a barber and a member of the State Legislature; Goodhue, an aristocratic citizen nominated by the Good Government Association, who represented the "blue bloods"; and myself. There had never been such an aggregation of candidates for the mayoralty in quiet Salem before.

All of us men ran, not as candidates of any national party, but as non-partizan candidates on nomination paper. As it came time for the filing of the papers, I was anxious. I filed mine the first day possible; but the others delayed. Rumor said that some of them might withdraw. My success depended on keeping them all in and splitting the vote, so I began to use my strongest weapon, my newspaper, to force them all to run.

First I came out with a statement that Billy McSweeney was going to quit. This brought him out with the statement that he would never withdraw. Then I got after Pollock in a story saying that he had been ordered out of the race by Mayor Hurley. This brought out a letter from Pollock saying that he would be in until the counting of the votes. There was no occasion to bother with the others: I knew they would never quit. So all five of us were securely in the race.

Up to the middle of November not a single denial had been made of my articles and statements. I was supposed to be a joke early in the campaign, and my opposition in the political gang had been betting that I would not poll five hundred votes. But three weeks before election they were all copying me and looking for newspaper space in the *News*. This made a distressing situation for Editor Damon.

Up to that time it was the fixed policy of the *News* never to mention me, either as a candidate or as an editor. My name never appeared in the *News*. But oh, how the public were warned against "gilded youths," "New York men," and "strangers"! Finally the Good Government Association came out in a big rally with a tremendous "slam" upon me for using my newspaper to further my personal campaign. A great chance for me! The next day I came out with four blank columns. At the head of the first column was the following: "This column is placed at the disposal of W. H. McSweeney to say what he pleases about himself or our editor." The other three blank columns were dedicated to the other three candidates in the same way. I carried the blank columns for several days, but no advantage was taken of them by the other candidates.

In the meantime I called attention to the fact that my newspaper aimed to be fair to every one, and I adopted the slogan which I carried to the end of the campaign:

IF YOU WANT ANOTHER NEWSPAPER IN SALEM, VOTE FOR HOWARD

It was very successful. The *News* had had a monopoly of the field for years. Its editor was very arbitrary about what he chose to print, and he had accumulated a number of enemies who felt that he had treated their affairs harshly in this paper.

Meanwhile I felt that I was getting acquainted, and that I had gained a good many friends in the city. The young business men of the city, influenced largely by the respect they had for Sanborn and Ed Allen, were coming my way. The laboring population were friendly, and I had reached quite a number of people through my big acquaintance with the children of the city. I was always fond of children, and made it a point to speak to every one I passed on the street. On two occasions I had entertained big gatherings of them, and most of the children knew Editor Howard. With Nellie Bates and Johnny, the newsboy, I had cemented a close friendship. Both of my small friends would be twelve on their next birthdays; both were firmly convinced that I would be elected.

Johnny was a confirmed woman-hater, and did not take kindly to my liking for Nellie.

"Her eyes are too big, and she cries," he stated. "Girls are no good around business."

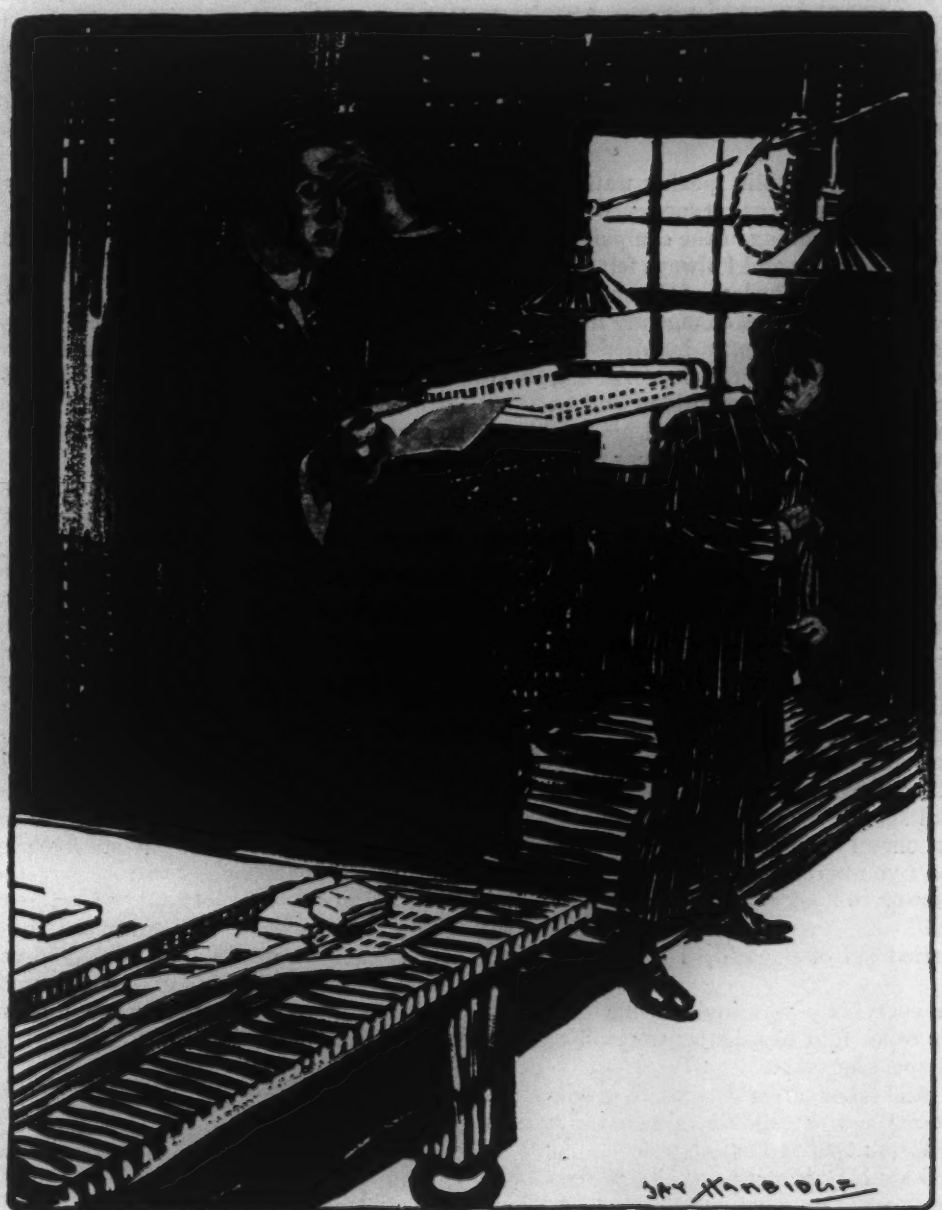
He assured me, however, that I would be elected. The boys in his class had taken a vote on the mayoralty, and I had most of them.

"I seem to get along with the kids better than I do with the grown-ups, Johnny," I said. "How is that?"

"Oh," he exclaimed sagely, "you're an easy guy for the kids; they're wise to you. If you've got a nickel any kid can touch you, and you don't know it. They're all on. There isn't one that don't know you."

"Do you think I will be elected, Johnny?"

"Sure," said Johnny; "you got 'em all sliding for bases."




THE EVENING BEFORE ELECTION, WITH HIS GREAT SPEECH STILL TO MAKE, HOWARD GETS A TELEGRAM SAYING THAT HIS FATHER IS DEAD

"How?"

"Well," said Johnny, rubbing his head, "you're strong with the kids. That tickles the old people; then, you've got an easy way of talking with people that makes a hit; and you're not a tight-wad."

"Anything else?" I inquired.

"Yes," said Johnny; "you're a swell guy that used to have the coin, but it ain't hurt you any."

I hadn't been a public speaker until I came to Salem, and I had to gain experience as I went along. In the beginning of the campaign I used to read my speeches, and I always felt that they lacked something. The last of October I had an experience that made me change my method.

I was speaking to about a hundred people in a hall on the outskirts of the city. Among them I became aware of a man of loud and decided opinions about me, who informed his neighbors in the hall that he had come "to hear the freak." He meant that I should hear him, and I did.

The chairman introduced me for a speech of fifteen minutes, and I started to read my speech, when, glancing down, I saw my critic looking very dubious at my remarks. Down went my manuscript, and I began to speak extemporaneously, acquiring an energy that I had never known before. I argued my case with that one man. The room was as still as death — not a sound excepting my voice. I argued, told my story, my reasons, and my remedy to that man — that one man. Finally I saw him nod his head as I spoke.

All at once I shouted at him:

"Don't you agree with me?"

He sprang to his feet and yelled back:

"Yes!"

I hurried out of the hall; I had spoken two hours.

Soon everybody was inviting me to speak; and the other four candidates were all rushing around speaking, too.

The local labor union decided to give a rally, and we mayoralty candidates were all put on the platform at the same time.

The Good Government candidate, Mr. Goodhue, was first. He devoted himself to explaining how his ancestors had lived and died in Salem — mostly died.

Billy McSweeney came next. He was one of those "from the Atlantic to the Pacific" orators who throw back their heads and talk into the sky. The gee-lorious emblem was unfurled.

Mayor Hurley, the silk-hatted friend of the people, assured the audience that they were all good fellows; his opponents were good fellows; he was the friend of all; he spoke of his war record.

Mr. Pollock then told of the labor bills he had introduced as a State representative. Then the chairman rose and said:

"The last speaker is unknown. His name is Howard, and he comes from New York. That's all he tells us. But we Yankees are a cautious people; we find out things for ourselves. Therefore, gentlemen, I introduce to you, as candidate for Mayor, Arthur Howard, the prodigal son."

### *I Ask Salem for a Birthday Present*

Very slowly I came forward. I waited until the room was quiet, and said:

"Mr. Chairman: We read in the Good Book that the prodigal son was given everything when he returned home. My grandfather left Salem years ago, rich. I, his grandson, now return, poor. If history repeats itself, I should be given the best you have — namely, the high office of Mayor.

"Prodigal sons are supposed to be without relations, and their birthdays are not celebrated. Strange as it may seem, election day is my birthday. There is no one to remember that day for me, or to give me a present. It is possible for you all to do a kindly act without any expense attached. I therefore ask each one to give me a present that day — a vote for Mayor."

It caught the crowd.

Election day was December 14, and by the 1st of December I began to "hit up the pace" still more. On that night I made a whirlwind tour in an automobile, and gave twelve speeches, one in each of the twelve precincts of the city. I started at seven o'clock and ended at eleven. The night was dreadfully stormy; it rained, it snowed, and before the tour was over I was half frozen. I received a variety of letters commenting on my performance — some unfavorable, more favorable. One writer said:

> Like many others, I was interested in Mr. Howard's whirlwind tour last night. When I saw it rain I did not expect he would go the rounds.
>
> When Mr. Howard arrived in the seventh precinct, I stood by his automobile. He was evidently half frozen. The rain was pouring down on him. His teeth chattered, and his hands were blue with the cold. I admire his pluck and determination to keep his word despite his personal discomfort, and I believe that a man who can face Tuesday's storm will face any storm in City Hall for our benefit.

Another man, with a different opinion, wrote:

> *Editor Howard:*
>
> If you think you will get votes by the speech you gave at the corner of Tremont and School streets last night, you will never get to be Mayor of Salem. You are rotten as a speech-maker. Will you publish this?
>
> A VOTER.

My pace was too hot for the other four candidates. None of them attempted a whirlwind tour, and by the end of that first week in December they were pretty well tired out. I was working day and night, speaking and getting out the *Dispatch*. Often I slept in a chair in the office after I had seen the paper go to press. I was getting very thin, but I felt well enough. My voice was strong, and I did not feel specially tired.

But I was continually out of money. We were publishing great editions of the newspaper; but we got very few advertisements, and my force had to be steadily increased during the campaign. Our receipts did not equal the expense. If it hadn't been for my father and San-

THE NEW MAYOR OF SALEM FINDS HIMSELF ALONE IN THE TRAIN, TRAVELING TO HIS FATHER'S FUNERAL. HE AND NELLIE CRY IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS

born and Ed Allen, I never could have pulled through. I got a letter from father every morning. What pleasant letters they were! He never forgot to write me, and he never mentioned the past; but he always warned me to be prepared for defeat, and in each letter there was a clean five-dollar bill. That money went immediately into the newspaper and the campaign, and Sanborn and Allen added what they could spare from their own pockets.

We needed most of all a linotype machine for the *Dispatch*. I had written the linotype company offering to buy one, but they demanded five hundred dollars cash down. I was "broke." Sanborn and Ed Allen were meeting the pay-roll for me. I had no money, not even an overcoat — only the suit of clothes I had on, and my dress-suit. A linotype seemed impossible.

On Wednesday, the week before election, three men called — a liquor dealers' committee. They said they were giving each candidate two hundred and fifty dollars as a contribution toward a campaign fund. I took mine, went to the telegraph company, and sent the following despatch:

> Just wired you two hundred and fifty dollars. If you ship a machine by express to-day I can be elected Mayor of this city next Tuesday.
>
> HOWARD.

A risk — yes! They might wire back: "Send us two hundred and fifty dollars more; we'll keep this on account."

### *Joe Draws His Savings for Me*

But they didn't. They sent the machine by express, and a man came to set it up. Joe, my Italian man-of-all-work and body-guard, drew his money from the savings bank and paid the express charges — fifty dollars. A loyal crew were mine! By noon the next day the linotype machine was running.

But now the Howard campaign fund was exhausted. We could not raise a dollar more. The five dollars a day from father was the last little thread that held us up, and the week before election was on.

On Tuesday night I made another whirlwind tour. It was cold, but good crowds came out. Having no overcoat, I padded my undercoat with newspapers. Did I catch cold? No; I was too excited.

On Friday two untoward things happened. The usual letter with the five-dollar bill came from father, but the handwriting was not his. That afternoon there was a split between my campaign managers. Sanborn and Ed Allen disagreed with Curtis, my associate editor, who was now stumping the town with me. I sided with Curtis; and Sanborn and Allen went away angry. I immediately called on Michael Trainor, a strong supporter of mine, president of the Hibernians and a fine speaker, and made him campaign manager.

At four o'clock it was bitter cold. We had planned a whirlwind tour. I had to go to bed and send for a doctor; my voice was almost gone. The doctor poulticed and rubbed my throat until half past six. Then I dressed, and at seven we started on the tour. Trainor was in fine voice, and Curtis spoke well; but I could talk only two minutes at a time. We made every stop to the thirteenth, and last, on schedule time, though to do it we drove our automobile a good part of the way on two wheels.

And now it was Saturday, and I was really ill. My weight was less than a hundred pounds, and I was very weak. Coffee and quinine were all I could take: the sight of food disgusted me. I could not sleep. Yet I had never been so calm and collected.

### *I Receive Threats in the Mail*

Sanborn and Allen came in again that morning, and took care of my mail and saw my callers. The mail was full of threatening letters, and from that time on when I went out on the streets I was always accompanied by two members of my committee. Joe, my Italian pressman, a young Goliath, had watched me for weeks. My friends thought it would be better to take no chances on an assault.

After supper I made two speeches on the streets, and became chilled to the bone. At nine o'clock I went to an indoor rally. As soon as I arrived I was asked to speak, and, as usual, got completely absorbed in my topic. Suddenly I seemed to lose my grip; my voice got thick, my head swam, and I started for the stage door, reeling. Sanborn and Ed Allen caught me as I fell, and helped me to my boarding-house, where I fell exhausted on the bed, and went to sleep with my clothes on.

Sunday I devoted to speeches in the French district — nearly a quarter of the population at Salem being French Canadians. We started right after church, and went the round of the French clubs. That evening I spoke at Trainor's club. All Sunday night I tossed in my bed until four in the morning; then I arose and dressed, and sat down at my desk. My body was weary, my throat raw, but my head was unusually clear. My looking-glass told me the story of my exhaustion — my face was drawn, my cheeks sunken, and my neck looked like a pipe-stem.

I sat there in my room, thinking over that strange year of my life which I had just passed — my bankruptcy in New York, the assaults on me, the days in jail, starvation, debts, and one continual grind of work. And yet, what satisfactory work it had been! How many friends I had made! In New York I had spent over five thousand dollars a year on myself alone; in New England I had not spent five hundred dollars. But that did not keep me from making friends. It is not what a man wears or spends, it is how he acts and what he is that counts in New England.

"I wonder if I can be elected?" I said to myself. "I surely will get a good vote; and even if I were not Mayor, that would be worth while. A vote of a thousand would be something to be proud of. It would make father so pleased. That in itself would be a great comfort."

There was a letter in a Boston paper that I was best pleased about:

As long ago as last July, it was observed that Howard would be elected, if any tricks were played in the courts. Placing the Damon case before the Doyle case made it look as though Howard had been. This city is large enough for two newspapers. Why should Howard be stopped? He never printed a scandal, and all he writes is in good nature, and apparently true, as we have had no denials so far. The people here are ready for a change, ready for a leader, and he has come from the outside. His mind is right, his heart is right, and his whole soul is in his work.

I wished my father could see that! I had no money, not even sufficient clothing; but — "his mind is right, his heart is right, and his whole soul is in his work." And the writer of this letter stood very high in Salem.

It was five o'clock and I was at my office — five o'clock on Monday, the day before election. At ten o'clock we had sold out our entire edition. The newsboys were howling for more papers, and we had no more paper to print on. It was up to me to devise some scheme to keep the newsboys from selling the *News* that afternoon. The idea came. I ran off fifty big cards on the press. They read:

IT'S IN THE AIR — HOWARD

I sent out fifty boys, each holding aloft one of these placards. They made a hit.

The one thing left now was the big rally that night. We had engaged the large Now and Then Association Hall. We were to reserve the gallery for women — an innovation. We planned to make it a striking occasion in every way. I had the whole day in which to prepare my speech. My circle of backers all came in for one last conference. It looked good for me in every ward. After some desultory talk they all went away except Bill Sanborn.

"I was never interested in politics before in my life," he remarked.

"Neither was I," I answered.

"Well," said Bill, "I'd like to see you win — not only for your own sake, but your father's. He must be a fine old man."

"He certainly is," said Ed Allen, stepping back into the room again.

"It would please him," I said, "if I only got five hundred votes."

"You make me tired," said Sanborn. "You are elected, sure. The other candidates are almost crazy. And, when you are, I am going over to New York, and have a talk with your father, and tell him what you've done here."

They went down the stairs together, laughing, and I turned back into my little office.

### *The Telegram*

Johnny came running in.

"Good morning, Mayor," he said.

"Hello, Johnny. What's on your mind?" I said.

"Nothing; only a guy gave me this telegram for you," said Johnny, thrusting it into my hand. I tore it open and read:

Arthur Howard, Salem, Mass. Your father passed away Sunday night. Funeral Wednesday morning.
HOWARD & COMPANY.

* * *

I had walked five miles. I was not in the least tired, but my head seemed on fire. I could not get my thoughts together. All at once I found myself coming in out of the country road to the city. The children were coming out of the schoolhouse across the street, and I waved my hand at them. Nellie Bates came running out of the crowd.

"It was my birthday yesterday," said Nellie, as we walked on together.

"How old were you?"

"I'm twelve."

"You are a very wise little lady for twelve years of age."

"I am wise enough," she answered quickly, "to know you are going to be elected Mayor to-morrow."

"Don't be too sure," I said.

We walked on in silence for a block or two.

"Mother telephoned me at school," she said.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"She told me about your father," said Nellie.

We still walked on — in silence.

"I am so sorry" — she was crying. "I am so sorry," she started again. "Mother says you

always spoke of him in your speeches. Mother says you must have been very fond of each other."

We turned into the main street.

"You don't want me to talk about your father, do you?" she asked.

"Yes; that's all right."

"If my dad died, I would cry," said the child. "All you do is to stare. If my dad died, I would never stop crying."

We turned into the *Dispatch* office, and went to my little room. Bill and Ed stood up as we came in. I lit a cigar, and the three of us smoked in silence.

"How about to-night?" said Bill at last.

"I can't do it," I said shortly.

"Then you're defeated," said Ed.

"I don't care," I replied. "Let Trainor and Curtis speak. I can not."

"What was Mr. Howard going to do to-night?" asked Nellie.

No one answered her.

"What do they want you to do?" she persisted.

"I was to speak at the Now and Then Hall," I said; "but I can't do that now."

"Hundreds will be disappointed," said Bill.

"I can't do that, Bill," I said. "I really can not."

"If you don't speak, Mr. Howard, everybody will go to hear the others," said Nellie.

"That's it exactly," said Bill and Ed together.

I went out alone to my boarding-house. At half past seven Bill Sanborn and Ed Allen came to my room.

"I have got a carriage outside," said Bill.

"Wear your dress-suit," said Ed. "That suit you've got on is in the last stages of decay."

I got into my evening clothes, and we went to the hall. Trainor was introducing Curtis as I came in the rear way. I sat in an ante-room with Bill and Ed and the doctor, who was spraying my throat for me, so I could speak.

Curtis was very brief — told of my father's death, and asked the indulgence of the audience for me. Trainor then introduced me, but I did not go on to the platform until he spoke my name. There were sixteen hundred people in the hall. I was given a great reception.

### *My Last Speech*

I began in a low voice. I did not know what to say at first, but I soon started a frank story of my life in Salem. I spoke of my failure in New York, my fight to get a foothold, the misery and effort and discouragements of that busy year. You could hear a pin drop as I went on. It was nine o'clock, half past nine, almost ten o'clock. No one stirred. As the clock struck ten, I realized I must finish. I came close to the front, and began to plead with my audience.

"We read in the Good Book," I said, "where it says: 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things'; and again, we read those beautiful words of Ruth: 'Thy people shall be my people.' I plead with you for my election, for the chance to show you what I can do. I have worked hard — had my successes, had my disappointments."

My voice broke, and I looked around helplessly.

Trainor leaned forward.

"Go on, go on," he said.

With a great effort, I went on again:

"There are friends and relatives in New York who are disappointed in me. I came to Salem a year ago to start life anew. All that I ask is that you give me a chance, so that those who knew me, those who liked me, and those who loved me in my distant home will say: 'He has made good.'"

I motioned with my hand that I was through. The house was still as death; a number of the women in the gallery were crying.

And then it came — from pit to gallery, cheer after cheer after cheer. I walked off the stage. My muscles seemed to contract, and everything grew dim. The doctor picked up a tumbler of water and dashed it in my face. I burst out laughing, and laughed and laughed and laughed.

It was midnight when I reached my boarding-house and got to bed. At four o'clock I awoke. Somehow, I felt that there was some one outside my door. I opened it, and saw my landlady stretched back in a chair, asleep. Good old soul — how she had worried over me through the campaign!

At six o'clock I was called. Sanborn and Ed Allen had come for me in an automobile. They took me to vote — my first vote in Massachusetts. Then we rounded up the polling-places, and finally we went for a spin in the country. We had lunch somewhere, but I could not eat. At four o'clock we went to Link Allen's house to get the returns. About a dozen of the faithful were there; a supper was laid out; and a punch-bowl appeared on the table.

One by one, the precincts came in. The swing was clearly in my direction. Ten precincts were in. I had a lead that could not be overcome. The punch-bowl was surrounded; snatches of song, jocular talk, and cheers arose around it. I sat alone in a corner, with my tables of election figures. The messengers came and went; the telephone jangled incessantly. The street outside was filling up with people.

*"O You Salem!"*

"We'll hang Robin Damon to a sour apple tree."

Precinct eleven came; I carried it. Precinct twelve arrived; I carried that. I had won! I, Arthur Howard, bankrupt and stranger, had been made chief executive of one of the oldest and most conservative cities in the United States, in less than fourteen months after my arrival.

Bill Sanborn and Ed Allen and Herman Curtis were dancing up and down before me like mad. The reporters of the big Boston papers came in and asked for interviews. Crowds poured into the house. A band came playing down the street, and the crowd outside were crying, "Howard, Howard, Howard!" Then some one got my overcoat. No, it was not my overcoat. The Mayor-elect of Salem had no overcoat. It was some one's overcoat, anyway. I was led out of the house; everybody was shaking hands with me. I was in an auto; so were Ed Allen and Sanborn and Link Allen; Johnny was on the step.

"Bow, you fool — take off your hat!" said Link Allen, punching me.

People were everywhere. Windows flew open. We started off. Ahead of us a band was playing "See, the conquering hero comes." It sounded ten miles off to me.

More cheers, more people. I never was so confused in my life.

The streets were full of children. We passed the orphan asylum. I thought such institutions closed at nine o'clock; yet all the children were in the windows, cheering. Behind the automobile came high-school boys, with locked arms, yelling: "Howard, Howard, Mayor Howard!"

And now we swing into the old political center — Town House Square. The automobile stops, and, forced by the singing of the crowd, the band has changed its tune. Hundreds and thousands of voices have caught the words:

Johnny pulled my coat. "It beats the circus, don't it?" he yelled in my ear.

Round the old square we go, the place one solid mass of humanity. I am bowing right and left. And now we are in the grimy old railroad station. I am helped out, and almost swamped by the crowd. Trainor has one arm, Link the other. Bill Sanborn strides forward, and lifts me like a child into the back platform of the train. I did not know a train was there.

Everybody is yelling, "Speech!"

I have lost the power of speech: I can not even think. Suddenly silence. Trainor is speaking. I don't understand one word he is saying, except "Thank you."

And now I am alone. The crowd is yelling. Above them hats shoot up into the air, a jolt, and we move. Suddenly I find my voice.

"O you Salem!" I yell.

Back came ten thousand voices: "O you New York!"

I wave my hat.

I have no ticket. Yes, I have; it's in my hand. I remembered Ed Allen gave me something, and I still have on somebody's overcoat. And now we are moving fast, and leaving Salem. I turn and enter the car. My thoughts turn from the noise and glare to the silent scene which will next meet me — to my father lying dead in New York.

There are only a few passengers — a couple of traveling men. In front of them are Ned Bates and his wife. Thank Heaven, I am alone. I sink wearily into a seat.

But I am not alone. There is some one beside me — some one small, some one with big eyes, smiling happily. Nellie Bates is sitting by me. Our eyes meet — her smile fades away. She turns, in her impetuous way, throws her arms around my neck, and — well, we cried, both of us, as if our hearts would break.

TO BE CONTINUED

*The next instalment of "The Prodigal" will give Arthur Howard's own story of his remarkable career as Mayor of Salem. His administration was exciting and picturesque, and developed a number of situations never before experienced by the Mayor of an American city.*

# THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY


## JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"


### ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

*Preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, being left a fortune of £700,000, decides to go to London and become a gentleman. While traveling through a wood, he encounters Lady Cleone Meredith, who has been thrown from her horse, and goes to her assistance. In doing so, he quarrels with Sir Mortimer Carnaby, the King's favorite. At an inn where he stops with his friend, the Viscount Horatio Bellasis, Barnabas learns that Sir Mortimer Carnaby is plotting to marry Lady Cleone for her fortune, and that she has consented to meet his go-between, a profligate courtier named Chichester, in a lonely spot at sundown. Barnabas arrives at the rendezvous first, forces Chichester to retire, and, when Lady Cleone comes, offers to escort her back to her guardian. Lady Cleone, resenting his interference, strikes him with her riding-whip. In an explanation that follows, Barnabas learns that Lady Cleone had come to the tryst expecting to meet her half-brother, a young scapegrace whose gambling exploits have thrown him into Chichester's power. Barnabas tells Lady Cleone that he loves her, and promises to seek out her brother in London and to try to save him. On his return to the inn, Barnabas is challenged by Chichester to a duel. But, as Barnabas will only consent to fight in such a way that both men must inevitably be killed, the duel is dropped.*

#### *Barnabas Arrives in London and Prepares to Enter the World of Fashion*

THE Tenterden coach was on its way to London. Down hill and up it travelled, by rolling meadow and winding stream, 'neath the leafy arches of motionless trees, through a night profoundly still save for the noise of their own going, the crow of a cock or the bark of a dog from some farm-yard. The moon sank and was gone, but on went the London mail. Yawning, Barnabas opened drowsy eyes and saw that here and there were houses in fair gardens; yet as they went the houses grew thicker and the gardens more scant. And now Barnabas became aware of a sound soft with distance, that rose and fell, a never-ceasing murmur — London.

As one in a dream, Barnabas was aware that they were threading streets, broad streets and narrow, and all alive with great waggons and country wains; on they went, past gloomy taverns, past churches whose gilded weather-cocks glittered in the early sunbeams, past crooked side-streets and dark alleyways, and so, swinging suddenly to the right, pulled up, at last, in the yard of the "George."

It was a great inn with two galleries, one above another, and many windows; and here, despite the early hour, a motley crowd was gathered. Forthwith Barnabas climbed down, and, edging his way through the throng, presently found Peterby at his elbow.

"Peterby," said Barnabas, half an hour later, pushing his chair from the breakfast-table, "the first thing I shall require is a tailor."

"Very true, sir."

"These clothes were good enough for the country, Peterby, but ——"

"Exactly, sir!" answered Peterby, bowing.

"Hum!" said Barnabas, with a quick glance. "Though, mark you," he continued argumentatively, "they might be worse, Peterby."

"It is — possible, sir," answered Peterby.

Barnabas rose and surveyed himself, as well as he might, in the tarnished mirror on the wall.

"Are they as bad as all that?" he enquired.

Peterby's mouth relaxed, and a twinkle dawned in his eyes. "As garments they are — serviceable, sir," said he gravely; "but as clothes they — don't exist."

"Why, then," said Barnabas, "the sooner we get some that do, the better. Do you know of a good tailor?"

"I know them all, sir."

"Who is the best — the most expensive?"

"Schultz, sir, in Clifford Street; but I shouldn't advise you to have him."

"And why not?"

"Because he *is* a tailor."

"Oh?" said Barnabas.

"I mean that the clothes he makes are all

stamped with his individuality, as it were — they are the clothes of a tailor instead of being simply a gentleman's garments."

"Hum!" said Barnabas, beginning to frown at this. "It would seem that dress can be a very profound subject, Peterby."

"Sir," answered Peterby, shaking his head, "it is a life study, and, so far as I know, there are only two people in the world who understand it aright; Beau Brummell is one."

"And who is the other?"

Peterby took himself by the chin, and, though his mouth was solemn, the twinkle was back in his eye as he glanced at Barnabas.

"The other, sir," he answered, "is one who, until yesterday, was reduced to the necessity of living upon poached rabbits."

"I remember you told me you were the best valet in the world," said Barnabas.

"It is my earnest desire to prove it, sir."

"And yet," said Barnabas, with his gaze still turned ceilingwards, "I would have you — even more than this, Peterby. I would have you sometimes forget that you are only 'the best valet in the world,' and remember that you are — a man: one in whom I can confide; one who has lived in this great world, and felt and suffered, and who can, therefore, advise me. Do you understand me, Peterby?"

"Sir," said Peterby in an altered tone, "I think I do."

"Then — sit down, John, and let us talk."

With a murmur of thanks, Peterby drew up a chair, and sat watching Barnabas with his shrewd eyes.

"You will remember," began Barnabas, staring up at the ceiling again, "that when I engaged you I told you that I intended to — hum! — to — cut a figure in the Fashionable World?"

"Yes, sir; and I told you that, after what happened in a certain wood, it was practically impossible."

"You mean because I thrashed a scoundrel?"

"I mean because you knocked down a friend of the Prince Regent."

"And is Carnaby so very powerful, Peterby?"

"Sir, he is — the Prince's friend!"

"Ah!" said Barnabas.

"And furthermore, sir, I would warn you that he is a dangerous enemy, said to be one of the best pistol shots in England."

"Hum!" said Barnabas. "Nevertheless I mean to begin ——"

"But — how, sir?"

"That is for you to decide, Peterby."

Here Peterby took himself by the chin again, and looked at Barnabas with thoughtful eyes and gloomy brow.

"Sir," said he, "the World of Fashion is a trivial world, where all must appear trivial; it is a world of shams and insincerity, and very jealously guarded."

"So I have heard," nodded Barnabas.

"To gain admission you must, first of all, have money."

"Yes," said Barnabas.

"Birth — if possible."

"Hum," said Barnabas.

"Wit and looks may be helpful. But all these are utterly useless unless you have what I may call the magic key."

"And what is that?"

"Notoriety, sir."

"For what?"

"For anything that will serve to lift you out of the ruck, to set you above the throng. Lord Alvanly managed it with apricot tarts; Lord Petersham with snuff-boxes; Mr. Mackinnon by his agility in climbing round drawing-rooms on the furniture; Jockey of Norfolk by consuming a vast number of beefsteaks, one after the other; Sir George Cassilis, who was neither rich nor handsome nor witty, by being insolent; Sir George Skeffington by inventing a new colour and writing bad plays; and I could name you many others beside ——"

"Why, then, Peterby, what of Sir Mortimer Carnaby?"

"He managed it by going into the ring with Jack Fearby, the Young Ruffian, and beating him in twenty-odd rounds, for one thing, and by winning a cross-country race."

"Ha!" exclaimed Barnabas, "a race!"

"But I fear, sir," continued Peterby, "that in making him your enemy you have damned your chances at the very outset — as I told you."

"A race!" said Barnabas again.

"And therefore," added Peterby, leaning nearer in his earnestness, "since you honour me by asking my advice, I would strive with all my power to dissuade you."

"John Peterby — why?"

"Because, sir — because you — you" — Peterby rose, and stood with bent head and hands outstretched — "because you gave a miserable wretch another chance to live; and therefore I would not see you crushed and humiliated. Ah, sir! I know this London; I know those who make up the Fashionable World. Sir, it is a heartless world, cruel and shallow, where inexperience is made a mock of; generosity laughed to scorn; where men seldom stop to quarrel, but where death is frequent none the less; and, sir, I could not bear — I — I wouldn't have you cut off thus!" Peterby stopped suddenly, and his head sank lower; but, as he stood, Barnabas rose and, coming to him, took his hand into his own firm clasp.

"Thank you, John Peterby," said he. "You may be the best valet in the world — I hope you are; but I know that you are a man, and, as a man, I tell you that I have decided upon going on with the adventure."

"Then I can not hope to dissuade you, sir?"

"No, John. It was for this I came to London, and I begin — at once."

"Very good, sir."

"Consequently you have a busy day before you; you see, I shall require, first of all, clothes, John; then — well, I suppose a house to live in ——"

"A — house, sir?"

"In a fashionable quarter, and furnished, if possible."

"A lodging, St. James Street way, is less expensive, sir, and more usual."

"Good!" said Barnabas. "To buy a house will be more original. Then there must be servants, horses, vehicles — but you will understand."

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, then, John, go and get 'em."

"Sir?" exclaimed Peterby.

"Go now, John," said Barnabas, pulling out his purse, "this very moment."

"But," stammered Peterby, "but, sir, you will ——"

"I shall stay here; I don't intend to stir out until you have me dressed as I should be."

"But you — don't mean to — to entrust — everything — to — me?"

"Of course, John."

"But, sir ——"

"I have every confidence in your judgment, you see. Here is money; you will want more, of course, but this will do to go on with."

As one in a dream, Peterby took up the money, counted it, buttoned it into his pocket, and crossed to the door; but there he paused and turned.

"Sir," said he slowly, "I'll bring you a man who, though he is little known as yet, will be famous some day, for he is what I may term an artist in cloth. And, sir,"— here Peterby's voice grew uncertain,—"you shall find me — worthy of your trust." Then he opened the door, went out, and closed it softly behind him.

But as for Barnabas, he sat with his gaze fixed on the ceiling again, lost in reverie, and very silent. After a while he spoke his thoughts aloud: "A race!" said he.

## CHAPTER XXV

### *How Barnabas Bought an Unrideable Horse — and Rode It*

THE coffee-room at the George is a longish, narrowish, dullish chamber, with a row of windows that look out upon the yard; and here Barnabas found a waiter, a lonely wight who struck him as being very like the room itself, in that he also was long and narrow and dull. As Barnabas entered, he flicked an imaginary crumb from the table-cloth with his napkin, and bowed.

"Dinner, sir?" he enquired in a dullish voice, and with his head set engagingly to one side, while his sharp eyes surveyed Barnabas from boots to waistcoat, from waistcoat to neck-cloth, and stayed there, while he drew out his own shirt-frill with caressing fingers, and coughed disapprobation into his napkin. "Did you say dinner, sir?" he enquired again.

"Thank you, no," answered Barnabas.

"Perhaps cheese an' a biscuit might be nearer your mark, and, say, a half of porter?"

"I've only just had breakfast," said Barnabas, aware of the waiter's scrutiny.

"Ah!" sighed the waiter, still caressing his shirt-frill. "You're Number Four, I think — night coach?"

"Yes."

"From the country, of course, sir?"

"Yes, from the country," said Barnabas, beginning to frown a little. "You are evidently a very observant man!"

"Well," answered the waiter, with his gaze still rivetted upon the neck-cloth — "well, there ain't much as I miss, sir."

"Why, then," said Barnabas, "you may perhaps have noticed a door behind you?"

The waiter stared from the neck-cloth to the door and back again, and scratched his chin dubiously.

"Door, sir — yessir!"

"Then suppose you go out of that door, and bring me pens and ink and paper?"

"Yessir!"

"Also the latest newspapers."

"Yessir — certainly, sir"; and he started off upon his errand. Hereupon, as soon as he was alone, Barnabas must needs glance down at that offending neck-cloth, and his frown grew the blacker.

"Now, I wonder how long Peterby will be?" he said to himself. But here came the creak of the waiter's boots.

"A bottle of ink, sir; pens and writing-paper, sir, and the *Gazette*."

"Thank you," said Barnabas, very conscious of his neck-cloth still.

"And now, sir,"— here the waiter coughed into his napkin again,—"now, what will you drink, sir? Shall we say port or shall we make it sherry?"

"Neither," said Barnabas.

"Why, then, we 'ave some rare old Burgundy,

sir —'ighly esteemed by connysoors and — other gentlemen."

"No, thank you."

"On the other 'and, to suit 'umbler tastes, we 'ave"— here the waiter closed his eyes, sighed, and shook his head — "ale, sir, likewise beer — small and otherwise."

"Nothing, thank you," said Barnabas; "and you will observe the door is still where it was."

"Door, sir — yessir — oh, certainly, sir!" said he, and stalked out of the room.

Then Barnabas set a sheet of paper before him, selected a pen, and began to write:

GEORGE INN, BOROUGH.
June 2, 18—.

TO VISCOUNT DEVENDEN.

*My dear Dick:*

I did not think to be asking favours of you so soon, but [here a blot]

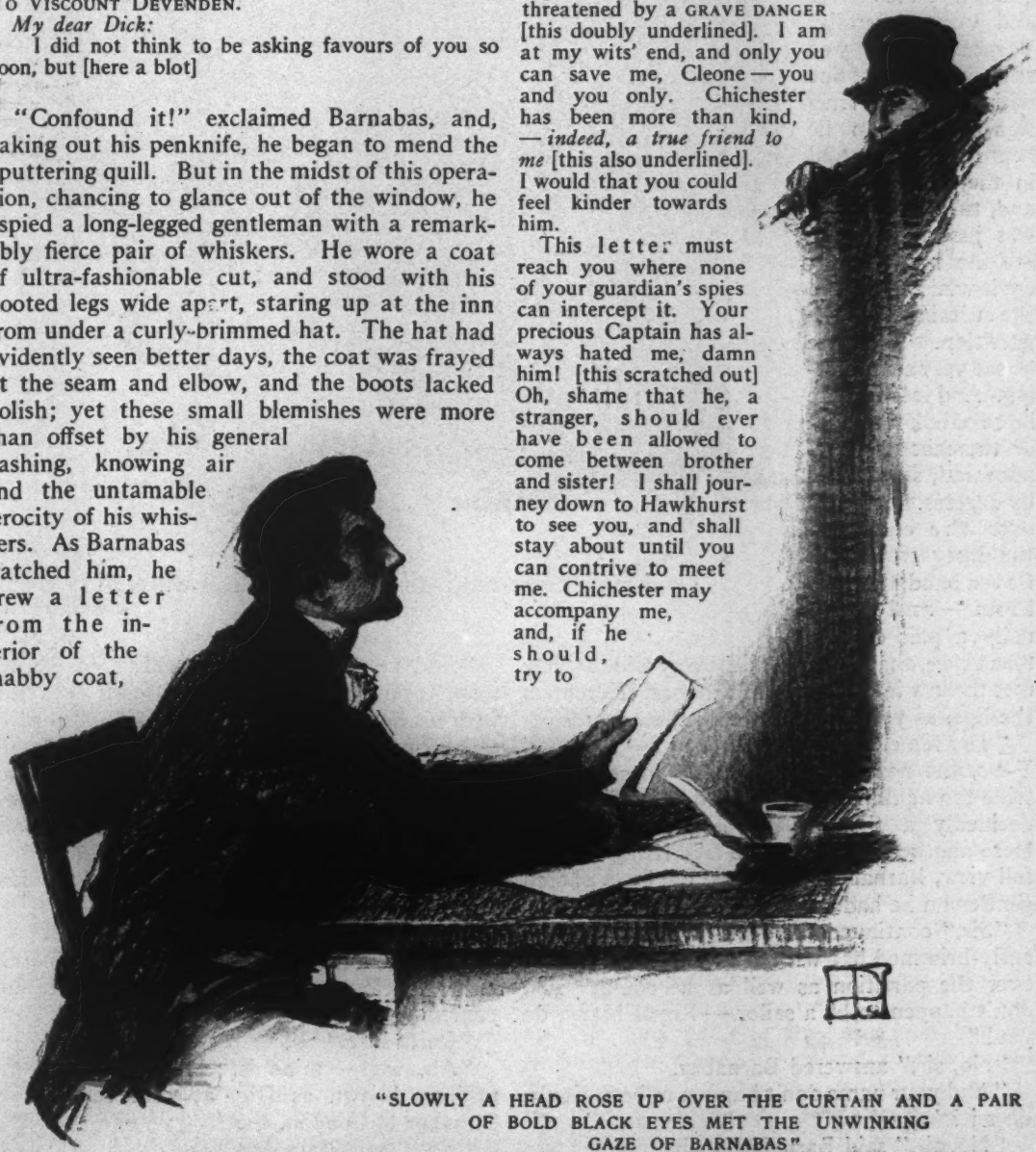
"Confound it!" exclaimed Barnabas, and, taking out his penknife, he began to mend the sputtering quill. But in the midst of this operation, chancing to glance out of the window, he espied a long-legged gentleman with a remarkably fierce pair of whiskers. He wore a coat of ultra-fashionable cut, and stood with his booted legs wide apart, staring up at the inn from under a curly-brimmed hat. The hat had evidently seen better days, the coat was frayed at the seam and elbow, and the boots lacked polish; yet these small blemishes were more than offset by his general dashing, knowing air and the untamable ferocity of his whiskers. As Barnabas watched him, he drew a letter from the interior of the shabby coat, unfolded it with a prodigious flourish, and began to con it over. Now, all at once Barnabas dropped knife and pen, and thrust a hand into his own breast and took thence a letter also, at sight of which he straightway forgot the bewhiskered gentleman, for what he read was this:

*Dearest and Best of Sisters:*

Never in all this world was there such an unfortunate, luckless dog as I. Were it not for your unfailing love, I should have made an end of it all before now.

I write this letter to beg and implore you to grant me another interview, anywhere and at any time you may name. Of course you will think it is more money I want; so I do — I'm always in need of it, and begin to fear I always shall be. But my reasons for wishing this meeting are much more than this — indeed, *most urgent!* [this underlined] I am threatened by a GRAVE DANGER [this doubly underlined]. I am at my wits' end, and only you can save me, Cleone — you and you only. Chichester has been more than kind, — *indeed, a true friend to me* [this also underlined]. I would that you could feel kinder towards him.

This letter must reach you where none of your guardian's spies can intercept it. Your precious Captain has always hated me, damn him! [this scratched out] Oh, shame that he, a stranger, should ever have been allowed to come between brother and sister! I shall journey down to Hawkhurst to see you, and shall stay about until you can contrive to meet me. Chichester may accompany me, and, if he should, try to

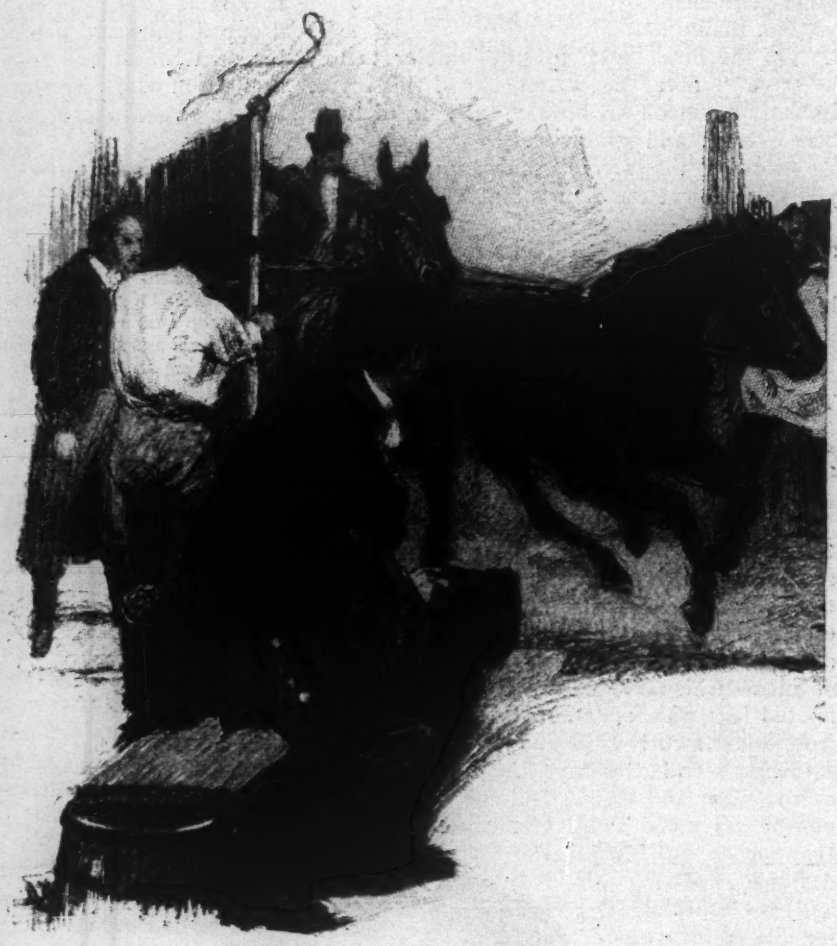


"SLOWLY A HEAD ROSE UP OVER THE CURTAIN AND A PAIR OF BOLD BLACK EYES MET THE UNWINKING GAZE OF BARNABAS"

be kinder to your brother's only remaining friend. How different are our situations! — you surrounded by every luxury, while I — yet Heaven forbid I should forget my manhood and fill this letter with my woes. But if you ever loved your unfortunate brother, do not fail him in this, Cleone.

Your loving,
but desperate
RONALD BARRYMAINE.

Having read this effusion twice over and very carefully, Barnabas was yet staring at the last line with its scrawling signature when he heard a slight sound in the adjacent box, and, turning sharply, was just in time to see the top of a hat ere it vanished behind the curtain above the partition. Therefore he sat very still, waiting. And lo! after the lapse of half a minute or thereabouts it reappeared, slowly and by degrees. It rose up over the curtain — the dusty crown, the frayed band, the curly brim — and eventually a pair of bold black eyes, that grew suddenly very wide as they met the unwinking gaze of Barnabas. Hereupon the lips, as yet unseen, uttered these words:



"WHILE BARNABAS HESITATED, A HIGH, YELLOW-WHEELED CURRICLE CLAIMED THE

"The same, and yet — curse me — the nose! Y-e-s, the nose seems, on closer inspection, a trifle too aquiline, perhaps, and the chin, y-e-s, decidedly a thought too long! And yet!" Here another sigh, and, the face rising up into full view, Barnabas recognized the bewhiskered gentleman he had noticed in the yard.

"Sir," continued the stranger, removing the curly-brimmed hat with a flourish, and bowing over the partition as well as he could, "you don't happen to be a sailor — Royal Navy, do you?"

"No, sir," answered Barnabas.

"And your name don't happen to be Smivvle, does it?"

"No, sir," said Barnabas again.

"And yet," sighed the bewhiskered gentleman, regarding him with half-closed eyes and with his head very much on one side, "in spite of your nose, and in spite of your chin, you are the counterpart, sir, the facsimile — I might say the breathing image of a — ha! — of a nephew of mine, noble youth, handsome as Adonis. Went to sea, sir, years ago — never heard of more; tragic, sir — devilish tragic, on my soul and honour."

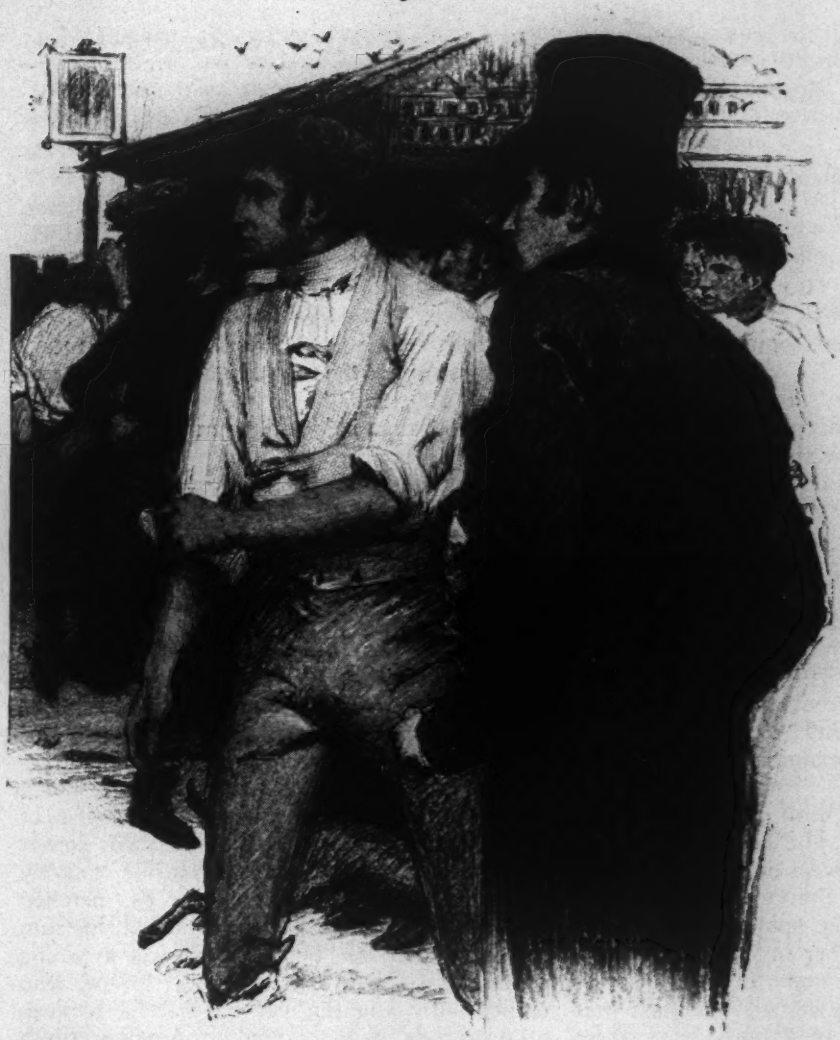
"Very!" said Barnabas. "But ——"

"Saw you from the yard, sir; immediately struck by close resemblance. You're quite sure your name ain't Smivvle, are you?"

"Quite sure."

"Ah, well — mine is. Digby Smivvle, familiarly known as Dig, at your service, sir. Stranger to London, sir?"

"Yes," said Barnabas.



SWUNG SUDDENLY INTO THE YARD. 'IT'S DEVENDEN!' EX-CORINTHIAN"

Here, finding that he still held the open letter in his hand, Barnabas refolded it and thrust it into his pocket, while Mr. Smivvle smilingly caressed his whiskers, and his bold black eyes darted glances here and there — from Barnabas, mending his pen, to the table; from the table to the walls, to the ceiling, and from that altitude they dropped to the table again, and hovered there.

"Sir," said Barnabas, without looking up, "pray excuse the blot; the pen was a bad one; I am making another, as you see."

Mr. Smivvle started and raised his eyes swiftly — stared at unconscious Barnabas, rubbed his nose, felt for his whisker, and, having found it, tugged it viciously.

"Blot, sir!" he exclaimed loudly. "Now, upon my soul and honour, what blot, sir?"

"This," said Barnabas, taking up his unfinished letter to the Viscount. "If you've finished, we may as well destroy it." And forthwith he crumpled it into a ball and tossed it into the empty fireplace.

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Smivvle, louder than before, "'pon my soul, now, if you mean to insinuate ——"

"Well, sir?" enquired Barnabas, still busily trimming his quill. Mr. Smivvle frowned, but, finding Barnabas quite unconscious of it, shook his head, felt for his whisker again, found it, tugged it, and — laughed jovially.

"Sir," said he, "you are a devilish sharp fellow, and a fine fellow. I like your spirit — on my soul and honour I do. And — as for blots, I vow to you I never write a letter myself that I don't smear most damnably. That blot, sir, shall be another bond between us, for I have conceived a great regard for you. The astounding likeness between you and one who — was snatched away in the flower of his youth, draws me, sir, draws me most damnably; for I have a heart, sir, a heart. Why should I disguise it?" Here Mr. Smivvle tapped the third left-hand button of his coat. "Meanwhile, sir, seeing we are both strangers in a strange place, supposing we join forces, and, if you are up for the race, I propose ——"

"The race!" exclaimed Barnabas, looking up.

"Yes, sir; devilish swell affair, with gentlemen to ride and royalty to look on — a race of races. London's agog with it; all the clubs discuss it; coffee-houses ring with it; inns and taverns clamour with it — soul and honour! Betting everywhere. The odds slightly favour Sir Mortimer Carnaby's Clasher. But surely you must have heard of the great steeplechase? Devilish ugly course, they tell me."

"The Viscount spoke of it, I remember," said Barnabas absently.

"The Viscount, sir? Not — Viscount Devenden?"

"Yes."

"Didn't happen to mention my name, did he — Smivvle, sir?"

"No."

"Remarkable — hum!" exclaimed Mr. Smivvle, shaking his head. "But I'm ready to lay you odds that he *did* speak of my friend Barry — I may say my bosom companion — a Mr. Ronald Barrymaine, sir."

"Ronald Barrymaine," repeated Barnabas, trying the new point of his pen upon his thumb-nail, yet conscious of the speaker's keen glance none the less; "no, he did not."

"Astounding!" exclaimed Mr. Smivvle.

"Why so?"

"Because my friend Barrymaine was particularly intimate with his lordship before he fell among the Jews, damn 'em! My friend Barry, sir, was a dasher, by George! a regular red-hot tearer — a go, sir,— a tippy,— a bang-up blood — and would be still if it were not for the Jews — curse 'em!"

"And is Mr. Barrymaine still a friend of yours?"

At this Mr. Smivvle took off his hat again, clapped it to his bosom, and bowed.

"Sir," said he, "for weal or woe, in shadow or shine, the hand of a Smivvle, once given, is given for good!" As he spoke, Mr. Smivvle stretched out the member in question, which, Barnabas observed, was none too clean.

"The hand of a Smivvle, sir," pursued that gentleman, "the hand of a Smivvle is never withdrawn either on account of adversity, plague, poverty, pestilence, or Jews — damn 'em! As for my friend Barrymaine — but perhaps you are acquainted with him, sir?"

"No," answered Barnabas.

"Ah — a noble fellow, sir! Heroic youth! Blood, birth, and breeding to his finger-tips, sir. But he is, above all else, a brother to a — sister, sir! Ah, what a creature! Fair, sir? Fair as the immortal Helena! And then — her heart, sir!"

"Well, what of it?" enquired Barnabas rather sharply.

"Utterly devoted; beats only for my friend ——"

"You mean her brother?"

"I mean her brother — yes, sir — though I have heard a rumour that Sir Mortimer Carnaby ——"

"Pooh!" said Barnabas.

"With pleasure, sir; but the fact remains that it was partly on his account and partly because of — another — that she was dragged away from London ——"

"What other?"

"Well, let us say — H. R. H."

"Sir," enquired Barnabas, frowning, "do you mean — the Prince?"

"Sir," said Mr. Smivvle, with a smiling shake of the head, "I prefer the letters H. R. H. Anyhow, there were many rumours afloat at the time, and her guardian — a regular tarry old sea-dog, by George — drags her away from her brother's side and buries her in the country. But, speaking of the race, sir, do you happen to — know anything?"

"I know that it is to be run on the 10th," said Barnabas abstractedly.

"Oh, very good!" exclaimed Mr. Smivvle. "Ha, ha! Excellent! Knows it is to be run on the 10th — very facetious, curse me! But, joking apart, sir, have you any private knowledge? The Viscount, now, did he happen to tell you anything that ——"

But at this juncture they were interrupted by a sudden tumult in the yard outside — a hubbub of shouts, the ring and stamp of hoofs, and thereafter a solitary voice upraised in oaths and curses. Barnabas sprang to his feet, and, hurrying out into the yard, beheld a powerful black horse that reared and plunged in the grip of two struggling grooms. In an adjacent corner was the late rider, who sat upon a pile of stable sweepings and swore, while near by, perched precariously upon an upturned bucket, his slim legs stretched out before him, was a young exquisite, a Corinthian from top to toe, who rocked with laughter, yet was careful to keep his head rigid, so as to avoid crushing his cravat — a thing of wonder which immediately arrested the attention of Barnabas, because of its prodigious height and the artful arrangement of its voluminous folds.

"Oh, dooce take me," he exclaimed in a faint voice, clapping a hand to his side, "I'll be shot if I ever saw anything neater, no, not even at Sadler's Wells! Captain Slingsby of the Guards in his famous double-somersault! Oh, damme, Sling! I'd give a hundred guineas to see you do it again — I would, dooce take me!"

But Captain Slingsby continued to shake his fist at the great black horse.

"You black devil!" he exclaimed. "You four-legged imp of Satan! So you're up to your tricks again, are you? Well, this is the last chance you shall have to break my neck, b'gad! I'm done with you for a ——"

Here the Captain became extremely fluent as he poured forth a minute description of the animal, and reviled him, through sire and dam, back to the Flood.

Meanwhile, Barnabas turned from raging Two-Legs to superbly wrathful Four-Legs; viewed him from sweeping tail to lofty crest; observed his rolling eye and quivering nostril; took careful heed of the broad chest, slender legs, and powerful sloping haunches, with keen, appraising eyes that were the eyes of knowledge and immediate desire. Now, standing somewhat apart was a broad-shouldered man, a rough-looking customer in threadbare clothes, whose dusty boots spoke of travel. He was an elderly man, for the hair beneath the battered hat was grey, and he leaned wearily upon a stout stick. Very still he stood, and Barnabas noticed that he kept his gaze bent ever upon the horse; nor did he look away even when the Captain began to speak again.

"B'gad!" exclaimed the Captain, "I'll sell the brute to the highest bidder. I'll sell him to any one fool enough to bid. Come, now," cried the Captain, glancing round the yard. "Who'll buy him? B'gad! who'll give ten pounds for an accursed brute that nobody can possibly ride?"

"I will!" said Barnabas.

"Fifteen, sir!" cried the shabby man, on the instant, with his gaze still on the horse.

"Twenty!" said Barnabas, like an echo.

"Twenty-five, sir!" retorted the shabby man.

"Hey?" cried the Captain, staring from one to the other. "What's all this? Begad, I say, stop a bit — wait a minute! Boy, lend me your bucket."

Hereupon, the Corinthian obligingly vacating that article, Captain Slingsby incontinently stood upon it, and from that altitude began to harangue the yard, flourishing his whip after the manner of an auctioneer's hammer.

"Now here you are, gentlemen!" he cried. "I offer you a devilishly ugly, damnably vicious brute, b'gad! I offer you a four-legged demon, an accursed beast that nobody ever can hope to ride — a regular terror, curse me! Killed one groom already; will probably kill another. Now what is your price for this lady's pet? Look him over and bid accordingly."

"Twenty-five pound, sir," said the shabby man.

"Thirty!" said Barnabas.

"Thirty-one, sir."

"Fifty!" said Barnabas.

"Fifty!" cried the Captain, flourishing his whip. "Fifty pounds from the gentleman in the neck-cloth. Fifty's the figure! Any more? Any advance on fifty? What? All done? Won't any one go on another pound for a beast fit only for the knacker's yard? Oh, 'gad, gentlemen, why this reticence? Are you all done?"

"I can't go no higher, sir," said the shabby man, shaking his grey head sadly.

"Then going at fifty — at fifty! Going! Going! — Gone, b'gad! Sold to the knowing cove in the neck-cloth."

Now, at the repetition of this word Barnabas began to frown.

"And, b'gad!" exclaimed the Captain, stepping down from the bucket, "devilish bad bargain he's got, too."

"That, sir, remains to be seen," said Barnabas shortly.

"Why, what do you mean to do with the brute?"

"Ride him."

"Do you, b'gad?"

"I do."

"Lay you ten guineas you don't sit him ten minutes."

"Done!" said Barnabas, buttoning up his coat. But now, glancing round, he saw that the shabby man had turned away and was trudging heavily out of the yard; therefore Barnabas hastened after him and touched him upon the arm.

"I'm sorry you were disappointed," said he.

"Is it about the 'oss you mean, sir?" enquired the shabby man, touching his hat.

"Yes."

"Why, it do come a bit 'ard, like, to ha' lost 'im, sir — arter waiting my chance so long. But fifty guineas be a sight o' money to a chap as be out of a job, though 'e's dirt-cheap at the price. There ain't many 'osses like 'im, sir."

"That was why I should have bought him at ten times the price," said Barnabas.

The man took off his hat and ran his stubby fingers through his grizzled hair, and stared hard at Barnabas.

"Sir," said he, "even at that you couldn't ha' done wrong. Ain't a kind 'oss, never 'aving been understood, d'ye see,— but, take my word for it, 'e's a wonder, that 'oss!"

"You know him, perhaps?"

"Since 'e were foaled, sir. I were stud-groom — but folks think I'm too old for the job, d'ye see, sir."

"Do you think he'd remember you?"

"Aye, that 'e would!"

"Do you suppose — look at him! — do you suppose you could hold him quieter than those hostlers?"

"'Old 'im, sir!" exclaimed the man, throwing back his shoulders. "'Old 'im! Ah, that I could. Try me!"

"I will," said Barnabas; "how would forty shillings a week suit you?"

"Sir?" exclaimed the old groom, staring.

"Since you need a job and I need a groom, I'll have you — if you're willing."

The man's square jaw relaxed, his eyes glistened; then all at once he shook his head and sighed.

"Ah, sir," said he, "ah, young sir, my 'air's grey, an' I'm not so spry as I was; nobody wants a man as old as I be; and, seeing as you've got the 'oss, you ain't got no call to make game o' me, young sir."

Now at this particular moment Captain Slingsby took it into his head to interrupt them, which he did in characteristic fashion.

"Hallo! Hi, there!" he shouted, flourishing his whip.

"But I'm not making game of you," said Barnabas, utterly unconscious of the Captain — at least, his glance never wavered from the eager face of the old groom.

"Hallo, there!" roared the Captain, louder than ever.

"And to prove it," Barnabas continued, "here is a guinea in advance." And he slipped the coin into the old groom's lax hand.

"Oh, b'gad," cried the Captain hoarsely, "don't you hear me, you over there — hi! you in the neck-cloth!"

"Sir," said Barnabas, turning sharply and frowning again at the repetition of the word,— "if you are pleased to allude to me, I would humbly inform you that my name is Beverley."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Captain. "I see. Young Beverley, son of old Beverley — and a devilish good name, too!"

"Sir, I'm vastly relieved to hear you say so," retorted Barnabas, with a profound obeisance. Then, taking out his purse, he beckoned his new groom to approach.

"What is your name?" he enquired, as he counted out a certain sum.

"Gabriel Martin, sir."

"Then, Martin, pray give the fellow his money."

"Sir?"

"I mean the red-faced man in the dirty jacket, Martin," added Barnabas.

The old groom hesitated, and glanced from the Captain's scowling brow to the smiling lips of Barnabas.

"Very good, sir," said he, touching his shabby hat, and, taking the money Barnabas held out, he tendered it to the Captain, who, redder of face than ever, took it, stared from it to Barnabas, and whistled.

"Now, damme!" he exclaimed, "damme if I don't believe the fellow means to be offensive!"

"If so, sir, the desire would seem to be mutual!" returned Barnabas.

"Yes, b'gad, I really believe he means to be offensive," repeated the Captain, nodding as he pocketed the money.

"Of that you are the best judge, sir," Barnabas retorted.

Captain Slingsby whistled again, frowned, and, tossing aside his whip, proceeded to button up his coat.

"Why, then," said he, "we must trouble this offensive person to apologize or — or put 'em up, b'gad!"

But hereupon the young Corinthian — who had been watching them languidly through the glass he carried at the end of a broad riband — stepped forward, though languidly, and laid a white and languid hand upon the Captain's arm.

"No, no, Sling," said he in a die-away voice; "he's a doocid fine 'bit of stuff.' Look at those shoulders! And quick on his pins — remark those legs. No, no, my dear fellow. Remember your knee; you hurt it, you know — fell on it when you were thrown. Must be doocid painful. Must let me take your place. Shall insist! Pleasure's all mine, 'sure you."

"Never, Jerningham!" fumed the Captain. "Not to be thought of, my dear Bob! No, b'gad; he's mine. Why, you heard him! He — he positively called me a — a fellow!"

"So you are, Sling," murmured the Corinthian, surveying Barnabas with an approving eye. "Dev'lish dashing fellow; an out-and-outer with the ribbons — fiddle it with any one, by George, but no good with your mauleys, damme if you are! Besides, there's your knee, you know — don't forget your knee ——"

"Curse my knee!"

"Certainly, dear fellow; but ——"

"My knee's sound enough to teach this countryman manners, b'gad! You heard him say my coat was filthy?"

"So it is, Sling, my boy,— dev'lish dirty! So are your knees — look at 'em. But if you will dismount head over heels into a muck-heap, my dear fellow, what the dooce can you expect?"

As he spoke, the Corinthian took off his hat, which he forced into the Captain's unwilling grasp, drew off his very tight-fitting coat, which he tossed over the Captain's unwilling arm, and, rolling back his snowy shirt-sleeves, turned to Barnabas with shining eyes and smiling lips.

"Sir," said he, "seeing my friend's knee is not quite all it should be, perhaps you will permit me to take his place — pleasure's entirely mine, 'sure you. Shall we have it here, or would you prefer the stables? More comfortable, perhaps — stables?"

Now, while Barnabas hesitated, somewhat taken aback by the unlooked-for turn of events, as luck would have it, there came a diversion. A high, yellow-wheeled curricle swung suddenly into the yard, and its two foam-spattered bays

were pulled up in masterly fashion, but within a yard of the great black horse, which immediately began to rear and plunge again, whereupon the bays began to snort and dance and tremble (like the thoroughbreds they were), and all was uproar and confusion; in the midst of which down from the rumble of the dusty curricle dropped a dusty and remarkably diminutive groom, who, running to the leader's head, sprang up and, grasping the bridle, hung there manfully, rebuking the animal, meanwhile, in a voice astonishingly hoarse and gruff for one of his tender years.

"Dooce take me," exclaimed the Corinthian, feeling for his eye-glass, "it's Devenden!"

"Why, Dicky!" cried the Captain, "where have you sprung from?" And, forgetful of Barnaby, they hurried forward to greet the Viscount, who, having beaten some of the dust from his driving-coat, sprang down from his high seat and shook hands cordially. Then, finding himself unnoticed, Barnabas carefully loosed his neckerchief, and drew out the ends so that they dangled in full view.

"I've been rusticating with my Roman," the Viscount explained, "and found him more Roman than usual — 'gad, I did that! Met Carnaby on the road — raced him for a hundred; ding-dong all the way, wheel and wheel, to Bromley — though he nearly ditched me twice, confound him! Coming down Mason's Hill I gave him my dust; up the rise we drew level again. 'Ease up for the town, Carnaby,' says I. 'Be damned if I do!' says he. So at it we went, full tilt. 'Gad! to see the folk jump. Carnaby drove like a devil. Had the lead to Southend, but, mark you, his whip was going! At Catford we were level again. At Lewisham I took the lead and kept it, and the last I saw of him, he was cursing and lashing away at his cattle like a brute. Carnaby's a devilish bad loser, I've noticed. And here I am. And oh! by the way, he's got a devil of an eye, and a split lip. Says he fell out of his curricle — but looks as though some one had — thrashed him."

"But, my very dear fellow!" exclaimed the Corinthian, "thrash Carnaby? Pooh!"

"Never in the world!" added the Captain.

"Hum!" said the Viscount, feeling a tender part of his ribs thoughtfully. "Ha! But, hallo, Jerningham! — have you been at it, too? Why are you buffed?" And he nodded to the Corinthian's bare arms.

"Oh, dooce take me, I forgot," exclaimed the Marquis, looking about. "Queer cove — doocid touchy; looks as if he might 'fib,' though. Ah,

"DOWN CAME THE HEAVY STICK BETWEEN THE FLATTENED EARS. AND NOW BEGAN A STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE MAN AND THE BRUTE"

there he is! talking to the rough-looking customer over yonder." And he pointed to Barnabas, who stood with his coat thrown open and the objectionable neck-cloth in full evidence. The Viscount looked, started, uttered a view-hallo, and, striding forward, caught Barnabas by the hand.

"Why, Bev, my dear fellow, this is lucky!" he exclaimed.

Now, Barnabas was quick to catch the glad ring in the Viscount's voice, and to notice that the neck-cloth was entirely lost upon him; therefore he smiled as he returned the Viscount's hearty grip.

"When did you get here? What are you doing? And what the deuce is the trouble between you and Jerningham?" enquired the Viscount, all in a breath. But, before Barnabas could answer, the great black horse, tired of comparative inaction, began again to snort and rear and jerk his proud head viciously, whereupon the two hostlers fell to swearing, and the Viscount's bays at the other end of the yard to capering, and the Viscount's small groom to anathematising, all in a moment.

"Slingsby!" cried his lordship, "look to that black demon of yours!"

"He is no concern of mine, Devenden," replied the Captain airily. "Sold him, b'gad."

"And I bought him," added Barnabas.

"You did?" the Viscount exclaimed. "In heaven's name, what for?"

"To ride."

"Eh? My dear fellow!"

"I should like to try him for the race on the 10th, if it could be managed, Dick."

"The race!" exclaimed the Viscount, staring.

"I've been wondering if you could — get me entered for it," Barnabas went on, rather diffidently. "I'd give anything for the chance."

"What — with that brute! My dear fellow, are you mad?"

"No, Dick."

"But he's unmanageable, Bev. He's full of vice — a killer! Look at him now!"

And, indeed, at this moment, as if to bear out this character, up went the great black head again, eyes rolling, teeth gleaming, and ears laid back.

"I tell you, Bev, no one could ride that devil!" the Viscount repeated.

"But," said Barnabas, "I've bet your friend Captain Slingsby that I could."

"It would be madness!" exclaimed the Viscount. "Ha! look out! There — I told you so!" For in that moment the powerful animal reared suddenly, broke from the grip of one hostler, and, swinging the other aside, stood free, and all was confusion. With a warning shout, the old groom sprang to his head; but Barnabas was beside him, and caught the hanging reins, and swung himself into the saddle.

"I've got him, sir," cried Martin; "find yer stirrups!"

"Your stick," said Barnabas — "quick, man! Now let go!"

For a moment the horse stood rigid, then reared again, up and up, his teeth bared, his fore feet lashing; but down came the heavy stick between the flattened ears — once, twice — and brought him to earth again.

And now began a struggle between the man and the brute — each young, each indomitable, for neither had as yet been mastered, and therefore each was alike disdainful of the other. The head of the horse was high and proud; his round hoofs spurned the earth beneath; a fire was in his eye, rage in his heart — rage and scorn of this presumptuous Two-Legs who sought to pit his puny strength against his own quivering, four-legged might. Therefore he mocked Two-Legs, scorned and contemned him, laughed ha! ha! (like his long-dead ancestor among the Psalmist's trumpets) and gathered himself together — eager for the battle.

But the eyes of Barnabas were wide and bright; his lips were curved, his jaw salient, his knees gripped tight, and his grasp was strong and sure upon the reins.

And now Four-Legs, having voiced his defiance, tossed his crest on high, then — plunged giddily forward, was checked amid a whirlwind of lashing hoofs, rose on his hind legs higher and higher, winging giddily round and round, felt a stunning blow, staggered, and, dropping on all fours, stove in the stable door with a fling of his hind hoofs. But the eyes of Barnabas were glowing, his lips still curved, and his grip upon the reins was more masterful. And, feeling all this, Four-Legs, foaming with rage, his nostrils flaring, turned upon his foe with snapping teeth, found him out of reach, and so sought to play off an old trick that had served him more than once; he would smash his rider's leg against a post or wall, or brush him off altogether and get rid of him that way. But lo! even as he leapt in fulfilment of this manoeuvre, his head was wrenched round further and further, until he must, perforce, stop — until he was glaring up into the face above, the face of his bitter foe, with its smiling mouth, its glowing eyes, its serene brow.

"Time's up!" cried the Captain suddenly. "B'gad, sir, you win the bet!"

But Barnabas scarcely heard.

"You've done it — you win! Eleven and a half minutes, b'gad!" roared the Captain again.

"Don't you hear, sir? Come off, before he breaks your neck!"

But Barnabas only shook his head, and, dropping the stick, leaned over and laid his hand upon that proud, defiant crest, a hand grown suddenly gentle, and drew it down caressingly from ear to quivering nostril once and twice, and spoke words in a soft tone, and so loosed the cruel grip upon the rein, and sat back — waiting. But Four-Legs had become thoughtful. True, he still tossed his head and pawed an impatient hoof, but that was merely for the sake of appearances. Four-Legs was thoughtful. No one had ever touched him so before; indeed, blows had latterly been his portion; but this Two-Legs was different from his kind. Besides, he had a pleasing voice — a voice to soothe ragged nerves. There it was again! And then, surely, the touch of this hand awoke dim memories, reminded him of far-off times when two-legged creatures had feared him less — and there was the hand again. After all, things might be worse. The hand that could be so gentle could be strong also — his mouth was sore yet! and a strong man, strong-handed and gentle of voice, was better than — oh, well!

Whether of all this or any part of it the great black horse was really thinking, who shall say? Howbeit Barnabas presently turned in his saddle and beckoned the old groom to his stirrup.

"He'll be quiet now, I think," said he.

"Ah, that he will, sir. You've learned the trick o' voice an' hand. It ain't many as has it — must be born in a man, I reckon. An' 'tis that as does more nor all your whips an' spurs an' curb-bits, sir. 'E'll be a babe wi' you arter this, sir, an' I'm thinkin' as you won't be wantin' me now, maybe? I ain't young enough, nor smart enough, d'ye see.

Barnabas dismounted and gave the reins into the old groom's eager hands.

"I sha'n't be wanting him for — probably three or four days, Gabriel. Until then look after him. Exercise him regularly, for I'm hoping to do great things with him — soon, Gabriel, perhaps." And so Barnabas smiled, and, as Martin led the horse to the stables, turned to find the young Corinthian at his elbow. He had resumed hat and coat, and now regarded Barnabas as smiling and imperturbable as ever.

"Sir," said he, "I congratulate you heartily. Sir, any friend of Viscount Devenden is also mine, I trust; and I know your name, and — hem! I swear Slingsby does. Beverley, I think — hem! — son of old Beverley; and a dev'lish good name, too! Eh, Sling, my boy?"

Hereupon the Captain limped forward, if possible redder of face than ever, very much like a large school-boy in fault.

"Sir," he began, "b'gad," — here he paused to clear his throat loudly once or twice,— "a devil incarnate! Fourteen minutes and a half, by my watch, and devil a spur! I'd have lent you my boots had there been time — I would, b'gad! As it is, if you've any desire to shake hands with a — ha! — with a fellow — hum! — in a dirty coat — why, here's mine, b'gad!"

"Captain the honourable Marmaduke Slingsby — Mr. Beverley. The Marquis of Jerningham — Mr. Beverley. And now," said the Viscount, as Barnabas shook hands, "now tell 'em why you bought the horse, Bev."

"I was hoping, sirs," said Barnabas, rather diffidently, "that I might perhaps have the honour of riding in the steeplechase on the 10th. Hereupon the Captain struck his riding-boot a resounding blow with his whip, and whistled; while the Marquis dangled his eye-glass by its riband, viewing it with eyes of mild surprise, and the Viscount glanced from one to the other with an enigmatical smile upon his lips.

"That would rest with Carnaby to decide, of course," said the Captain at last.

"Why so?" enquired Barnabas.

"Because — well, because he — is Carnaby, I suppose," the Captain answered.

"Though Jerningham has the casting vote," added the Viscount.

"True," said the Marquis, rearranging a fold of his cravat with a self-conscious air; "but, as Sling says, Carnaby is — Carnaby!"

"Sirs," began Barnabas very earnestly, "believe me, I would spare no expense ——"

"Expense, sir?" repeated the Marquis, lifting a languid eyebrow. "Of course it is no question of 'expense'!"

Here the Viscount looked uncomfortable all at once, and Barnabas grew suddenly hot.

"I mean," he stammered, "I mean that my being entered so late in the day, the fees might be made proportionately heavier. Double them, if need be; I should none the less be — be inestimably indebted to you; indeed, I — I can not tell you — " Now, as Barnabas broke off, the Marquis smiled and reached out his hand — a languid-seeming hand, slim and delicate, yet by no means languid of grip.

"My dear Beverley," said he, "I like your earnestness. A race — especially this one — is a doocid serious thing; for some of us, perhaps, even more serious than we bargain for. It's going to be a punishing race from start to finish — a test of endurance for horse and man, over the worst imaginable country. It originated in a match between Devenden on his Moonraker

and myself on Clinker; but Sling, here, was hot to match his Rascal, and Carnaby fancied his Clasher, and, begad, applications came so fast that we had a field in no time."

"Good fellows and sportsmen all!" nodded the Captain. "Gentlemen riders; no tag-rag — gamest of the game, sir."

"Now, as to yourself, my dear Beverley," continued the Marquis authoritatively, "you're doocid late, y'know, but then ——"

"He can ride!" said the Viscount.

"And he's game!" nodded the Captain.

"And therefore," added the Marquis, "we'll see what can be done about it."

"And, b'gad, here's wishing you luck!" said the Captain. At this moment Peterby entered the yard, deep in converse with a slim, gentlemanlike person whose noble cravat immediately attracted the attention of the Marquis.

"By the way," pursued the Captain, "we three are dining together at my club. May I have a cover laid for you, Mr. Beverley?"

"Sir," answered Barnabas, "I thank you; but, owing to — circumstances,"— here he cast a downward glance at his neckerchief,— "I am unable to accept. But perhaps you will all three of you favour me to dinner at my house — say in three days' time?"

The invitation was no sooner given than accepted.

"But," said the Viscount, "I didn't know you had a place here in town, Bev. Where is it?"

"Why — indeed, now that you come to mention it, I haven't the least idea; but perhaps my man can tell me."

"Eh — what?" exclaimed the Captain. "Oh, b'gad, he's smoking us!"

"Peterby!"

"Sir?" And, having saluted the company, Peterby stood at respectful attention.

"I shall be giving a small dinner in three days' time."

"Certainly, sir."

"At my house, Peterby — consequently I desire to know its location. Where do I live now, Peterby?"

"Number 15 St. James Square, sir."

"Thank you, Peterby."

"An invaluable fellow, that of yours," laughed the Marquis, as Peterby bowed and turned away.

"Indeed, I begin to think he is, my lord," answered Barnabas; "and I shall expect you all at six o'clock on Friday next."

So, having shaken hands again, Captain Slingsby took the arm of the Marquis and limped off.

Now, when they were alone, the Viscount gazed at Barnabas, chin in hand and with twinkling eyes.

"My dear Bev," said he, "you can hang me if I know what to make of you. Egad! You're the most incomprehensible fellow alive; you are, upon my soul. If I may ask, what the deuce did it all mean — about this house of yours?"

"Simply that until this moment I wasn't sure if I had one yet."

"But — your fellow ——"

"Yes; I sent him out this morning to buy me one."

"To buy you — a house?"

"Yes; also horses and carriages and many other things — chief among them, a tailor."

The Viscount gasped.

"But, my dear fellow, to leave all that to your servant! Oh, 'gad!"

"But, as the Marquis remarked, Peterby is an inestimable fellow."

The Viscount eyed Barnabas with brows wrinkled in perplexity; then all at once his expression changed.

"By the way," said he, "talking of Carnaby — he's got the most beautiful eye you ever saw!"

"Oh!" said Barnabas, beginning to tuck in the ends of his neckerchief.

"And a devil of a split lip!"

"Oh?" said Barnabas again.

"And his coat had been nearly ripped off him; I saw it under his cape!"

"Ah?" said Barnabas, still busy with his neck-cloth.

"And, naturally enough," pursued the Viscount, "I've been trying to imagine — yes, Bev, I've been racking my brain most damnably, wondering why — you did it?"

"It was — in the wood," said Barnabas.

"So — it *was* you, then?"

"Yes, Dick."

"But — he didn't even mark you?"

"He lost his temper, Dick."

"You thrashed — Carnaby! 'Gad, Bev, there isn't a milling cove in England could have done it."

"Yes, there are two — Natty Bell and Glorious John."

"And I'll warrant he deserved it, Bev."

"I think so," said Barnabas; "it was — in the wood, Dick."

"The wood? Ah! do you mean where you ——"

"Where I found her — lying unconscious."

"Unconscious! — and with him beside her! My God, man!" cried the Viscount, with a vicious snap of his teeth, "why didn't you kill him?"

"Because I was beside her — first, Dick."

"Damn him!" exclaimed the Viscount bitterly.

"But he is your friend, Dick!"

"Was, Bev, was! We'll make it in the past tense hereafter."

"Then you agree with your father, after all?"

"I do, Bev. My father is a cursed long-sighted, devilish observant man! I'll back him against anybody — though he is such a Roman. But oh, the devil!" exclaimed the Viscount suddenly. "You can never ride in the race after this."

"Why not?"

"Because you'll meet Carnaby — and that mustn't happen."

"Why not?"

"Because he'll shoot you."

"You mean he'd challenge me? Hum," said Barnabas, "that is awkward; but I can't give up the race."

"Then what shall you do?"

"Risk it, Dick."

But now Mr. Smivvle, who from an adjoining corner had been an interested spectator thus far, emerged, and, flourishing off the curly-brimmed hat, bowed profoundly and addressed himself to the Viscount.

"I believe," said he, smiling affably, "that I have the pleasure to behold Viscount Devenden?"

"The same, sir," rejoined the Viscount, bowing stiffly.

"You don't remember me, perhaps, my lord?"

The Viscount regarded the speaker stonily, and shook his head.

"No, I don't, sir."

Mr. Smivvle drew himself up and made the most of his whiskers.

"My lord, my name is Smivvle — Digby Smivvle, at your service; though perhaps you don't remember my name, either?"

The Viscount took out his driving-gloves and began to put them on.

"No, I don't, sir!" he answered drily.

Mr. Smivvle felt for his whisker, found it, and smiled.

"Quite so, my lord; I am but one of the concourse — the multitude — the — ah, the herd — though, mark me, my lord, a Smivvle, sir, a Smivvle, every inch of me— while you are the owner of Moonraker, and Moonraker's the word just now, I hear. But, sir, I have a friend ——"

"Indeed, sir!" said the Viscount, in a tone of faint surprise, and, beckoning a passing hostler, ordered out his curricle.

"As I say," repeated Mr. Smivvle, beginning to search for his whisker again, "I have a friend, my lord ——"

"Congratulate you," murmured the Viscount, pulling at his glove.

"A friend who has frequently spoken of your lordship ——"

"Very kind of him!" murmured the Viscount.

"And though, my lord, though my name is not familiar, I think you will remember his. The name of my friend is" — here Mr. Smivvle, having at length discovered his whisker, gave it a fierce twirl — "Ronald Barrymaine."

The Viscount's smooth brow remained unclouded; only the glove tore in his fingers; so he smiled, shook his head, and, drawing it off, tossed it away.

"Hum?" said he. "I seem to have heard some such name — somewhere or other. Ha! there's my Imp at last, as tight and smart as they make 'em, eh, Bev? Well, good-by, my dear fellow; I sha'n't forget Friday next."

So saying, the Viscount shook hands, climbed into his curricle, and, with a flourish of his whip, was off and away in a moment.

"A fine young fellow, that!" exclaimed Mr. Smivvle. "Yes, sir, regular out-and-outer, a bang-up!— by heaven, a blood, sir! a tippy! a go! a regular dash! High, sir, like my friend Barrymaine — indeed, you may have remarked a similarity between 'em, sir?"

"You forget, I have never met your friend," said Barnabas.

"Ah, to be sure. A great pity! You'd like him, for Barrymaine is a cursed fine fellow in spite of the Jews, damn 'em! Yes, you ought to know my friend, sir."

"I should be glad to," said Barnabas.

"Would you, though — would you indeed, sir? Nothing simpler. Call a chaise! Stay, though; poor Barry's not himself to-day — under a cloud, sir. Youthful prodigalities are apt to bring worries in their train — chiefly in the shape of Jews, sir — and devilish bad shapes, too! Better wait a day — say to-morrow, or Thursday — or even Friday would do."

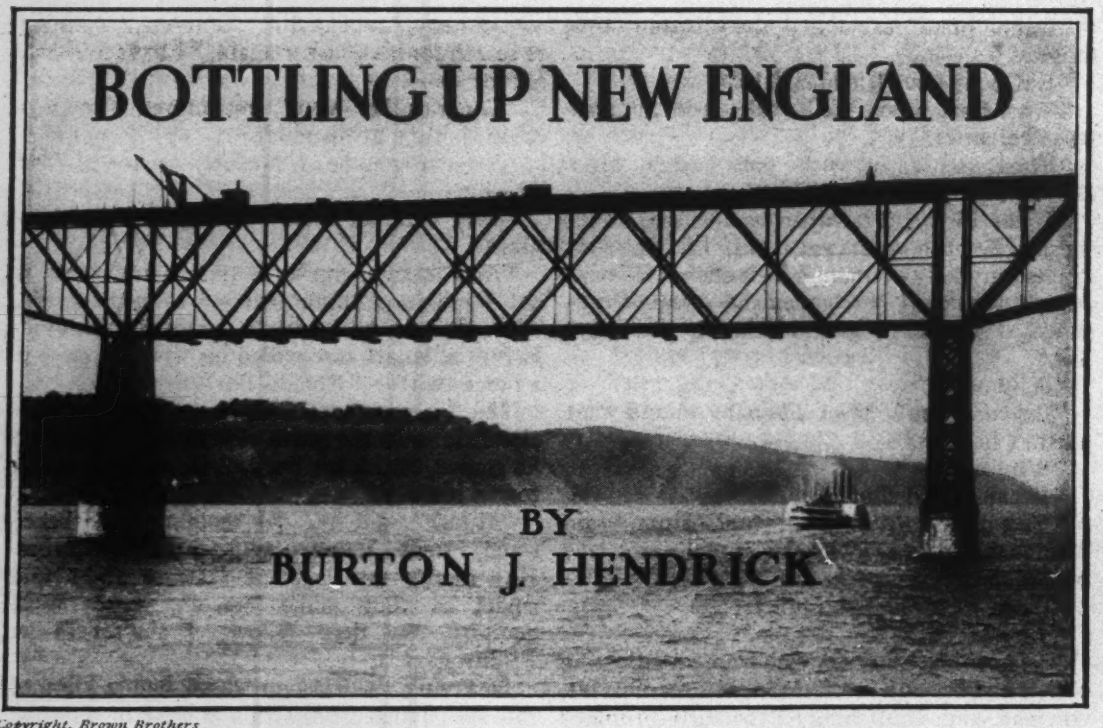
"Let it be Saturday," said Barnabas.

"Saturday, by all means, sir; I'll give myself the pleasure of calling upon you."

"St. James Square," said Barnabas; "number 15." As he turned to follow Peterby into the inn, Barnabas must needs pause to glance toward the spot where lay the Viscount's torn glove.

TO BE CONTINUED

# BOTTLING UP NEW ENGLAND



BY
BURTON J. HENDRICK

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THE GREAT POUGHKEEPSIE BRIDGE, THE KEY TO NEW ENGLAND, WHICH MELLEN CAPTURED IN HIS STRUGGLE WITH THE NEW YORK CENTRAL

MR. CHARLES SANGER MELLEN, the president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, possesses many traits of mind and character that Americans look for in their business leaders. He is bold, aggressive, masterful, and courageous. He talks well and pointedly, and seeks rather than dodges opposition. His more than six feet of stature, his lofty bald head, his sharp blue eyes, his large, erect frame, the swinging, confident gait with which he walks, the unostentation of his manners and his accessibility—all these qualities make him a commanding and, to a considerable extent, an attractive figure. His personal record likewise includes all those episodes of humble origin, absence of early opportunities, and struggle for success that furnish biographical material of the most popular kind. Mr. Mellen started life upon a high stool in an obscure department of a still more obscure New England railroad, and in less than twenty years he had clearly shown himself to be the most dominant railroad leader in New England.

His career represented a continuous triumph, not only against adverse circumstances, but against himself. His sharp and vivid speech, his habit of walking over other people in his inexorable progress toward his goal, his unwearied day-and-night absorption in work, his abundant egotism, which makes him intolerant of public opinion and of any kind of restraint — these are not the qualities that conduce to personal popularity. No; opportunities have come to Mellen only because he possessed the abilities that commanded them. Railroad capitalists have everywhere pressed him into service, not because they loved him, but because they needed him. As the commanding mind, twenty years ago, in the New York and New England Railroad, he made that poverty-stricken property a serious rival to the old established New Haven. "There's a man on the New England named Mellen," Charles P. Clark, the New Haven's president, informed his directors. "If we don't get Mellen, the New England will get us."

### *Morgan, "One of the Folks"*

Largely as a matter of self-protection, therefore, Mr. Mellen, in 1893, became vice-president of the New Haven road. The position proved an irksome one. There was little in this old-fashioned property and its old-fashioned management to inspire such a restless and ambitious spirit. For many years the "consolidated railroad" had typified the conservatism, the sobriety, and the thrift of New England. Its

heavy earnings almost made the people overlook its rotting wooden bridges, its filthy stations, its dilapidated road-bed and equipment, and ignore the fact that it was a debasing influence in Connecticut's civic life. The annual shareholders' meetings were rather curious proceedings. Old ladies in their best black silk dresses attended; the road transported them gratis to New Haven — a stock certificate, exhibited to the conductor of any train, served as a free pass; and there were usually delegations of farmers who loudly protested against running milk-trains on Sunday. These stockholders cared little for expansion, for "communities of interest," or for modern equipment — about twenty years ago the roof burned off the station in New Haven, and has never been rebuilt.

In their eyes, there was only one unpardonable railroad sin, and that was the reduction of dividends. The one anxiety was that Wall Street would get possession of the property. This danger was an ever-present one. J. P. Morgan was a regular attendant at the New Haven meetings, and Morgan had a sentimental as well as a heavy practical interest in the New Haven road. In a New Haven meeting Morgan was at home; he was "one of the folks." Was he not himself a native of Hartford, Connecticut? Had he not had an intimate acquaintance with the property as a child? Nor has he ever lost his fondness for the New Haven; of all the many and larger properties which Morgan controls the New Haven road has always been his "pet."

### *Mellen, Morgan's Man*

This mighty capitalist, Morgan, seated at the New Haven's meetings among the miscellaneous gathering of black-bonneted ladies and Connecticut farmers, certainly contrasted the new and the old in American finance and railroaddom. He was about the only person in the New Haven's management who even slightly interested Mellen. With his daily entourage, indeed, Mellen was decidedly out of key. His nervous spirit constantly demanded great and important things to do; and here he was held down by an unimaginative routine and the jealousy of weaker men above him. The inevitable resulted: he became irritable, dissatisfied, continually on bad terms with his associates. His one consolation was his close association with Morgan. There was every reason why these two men should admire each other; both were dominant, arrogant, and cynically contemptuous of restraint. A few years after Mellen went to the New Haven road, Morgan began gathering together the railroad mileage of the Northwestern and Eastern States. He needed able pro-consuls in building up this concentrated railroad empire — men like Mellen, sympathetically in tune with his own ideals.

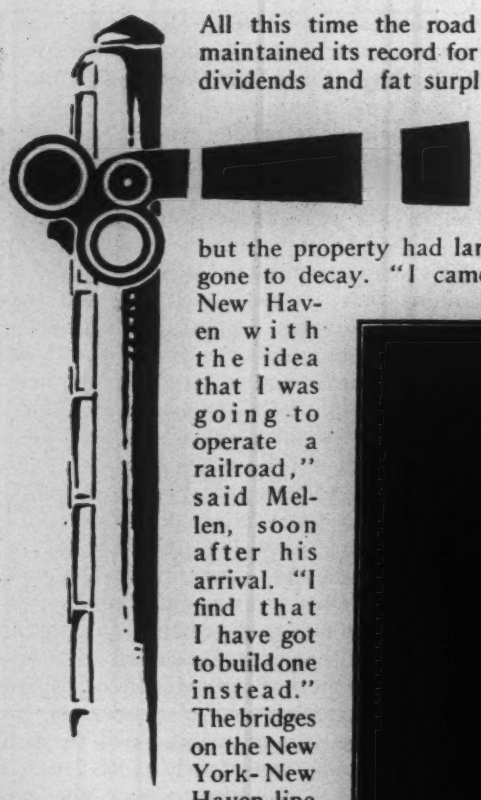
One day Mellen's telephone rang.

"Mr. Mellen," came from the other end of the wire, "this is Mr. Morgan. Will you go to St. Paul for me and leave the details in my hands?"

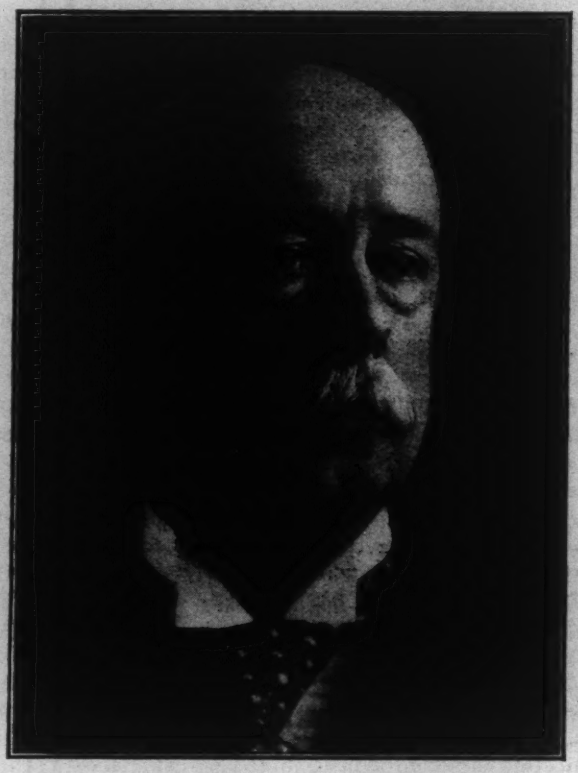
Mellen's attitude toward Morgan is about the same as that of Ignatius Loyola and the Jesuits toward the Pope. "Saint Ignatius said," writes one of his biographers, "that if the Holy Father were to order him to set sail in the first bark which he might find, and to abandon himself to the sea without a mast, without sails, without oars or rudder, he would obey, not only with alacrity, but without anxiety or repugnance and even with a great internal satisfaction." That nearly describes Mellen's enthusiasm for Morgan. Immediately after this telephone conversation, Mellen went to St. Paul, hardly knowing what he was to do when he got there. For seven years, however, he served as president of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Here again Mellen quarreled with his associates, including this time several members of the Hill family. As the man who largely reconstructed the property and as the operator who piled up enormous earnings, Mellen made a dazzling success. In the larger matters of finance and expansion, however, he had little to do. One has only to read his testimony in the Peter Power case to appreciate the extent to which he was obscured. Those were great days on the Northern Pacific; Mellen witnessed such stirring episodes as the purchase of the Burlington, the struggle with Harriman for control, the Northern Pacific corner, and the organization of the Northern Securities Company. Although president of the Northern Pacific, Mellen apparently played little part in these events: he testified that he had first learned of all these happenings "through the newspapers."

### *Mellen Gets His Opportunity*

It was a half-starved man, therefore, who, in 1903, went back to the New Haven road, this time as president. Mellen was fifty-two years old, and now, for the first time, he had his taste of power on a large scale. His elevation meant the changed situation which Connecticut had dreaded for so many years — Wall Street control of the New Haven; for now Morgan added his pet New Haven to his already extensive chain of railroads. The time had come, indeed, when a vigorous hand was needed. A policy of cheese-paring had prevailed for several decades.



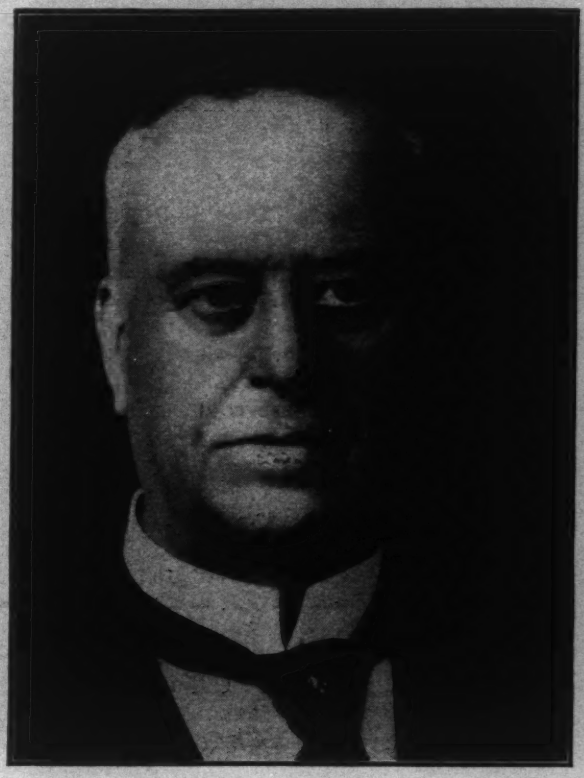
All this time the road had maintained its record for high dividends and fat surpluses, but the property had largely gone to decay. "I came to New Haven with the idea that I was going to operate a railroad," said Mellen, soon after his arrival. "I find that I have got to build one instead." The bridges on the New York-New Haven line could not bear the weight of modern locomotives, and on all divisions the road did not have sufficient trackage and equipment to handle the proffered traffic. In other respects the stockholders were living in a fools' paradise. They thought that they had the traffic field of New England under their thumb; that the existing situation would last forever. As a matter of fact, their position was a highly precarious one. Hostile interests were rising everywhere to dispute the New England traffic field, one of the richest in the world. Successful inroads had already been made upon the New Haven's passenger business. New England is thickly settled; towns and moderately sized cities shoot by one almost as frequently as telegraph-poles. Local passenger traffic, therefore, contributes about one half to the New Haven earnings. By the time Mr. Mellen arrived, however, these communities had been closely knit together by trolley lines, which were daily drawing away thousands of passengers from the steam roads. Certain capitalists from Philadelphia had secured franchises all over these States, had bought and built new roads, installed the most modern equipment, enormously watered their stock, and energetically gone after the New Haven's business. They had paralleled the New Haven in all possible directions, and, as a result, the most densely settled sections of New England had something for which they had vainly prayed for years — real competition in passenger traffic. It was an excellent thing for the people, but promised to have an unfavorable effect upon the New Haven's earnings.



CHARLES SANGER MELLEN
THE MAN WHO HAS CREATED AMERICA'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION MONOPOLY

As far as its freight traffic was concerned, the New Haven system was everywhere exposed. Here, also, the situation was one of intensive cultivation. The cotton mills and the miscellaneous factories pile up gigantic heaps of freight, and make the six New England States one enormous freight-yard. The business of the railroads is to collect this traffic and assemble it at convenient points for general shipment by way of the great trunk lines. Mellen's predecessor, C. P. Clark, had already pretty well monopolized the transportation business of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and southern Massachusetts; but in all the rest of New England the liveliest competition prevailed. There were several natural entrances into New England, or "gateways"— places through which "outsiders" could readily slip in and lay violent hands upon these freight accumulations. The ante-Mellen management had left these important points exposed, or had permitted other unfriendly interests to gain possession. An

especially important and neglected point was Poughkeepsie, which, with its great iron bridge, controlled by the Central New England Railroad, might at any time serve as the basis for a new railroad system into the heart of New England. Farther north the New York Central had seized the Boston and Albany and secured a direct entrance into the greatest New England factory centers and the port of Boston. Everywhere competing steamboat lines were taking freight business away from the steam roads. In other words, central and northern New England enjoyed as large a measure of competition ten years ago as any transportation field in the country.



LUCIUS TUTTLE
EX-PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON AND MAINE, WHOM MR. MELLEN FIRST ABSORBED AND AFTERWARD DISCARDED

It was a competition securely protected by law. No transportation chieftain, as long as he obeyed the State and federal laws, could ever secure anything approaching a monopoly. A statute in Massachusetts prohibited railroad companies from acquiring, directly or indirectly, without the consent of the legislature, stock in other railroad corporations. This law, which was absolutely specific and generally known and understood, had represented for a generation Massachusetts' attitude toward railroad monopoly. It did not merely prohibit a railroad from owning such stock; it prohibited it from even purchasing it, without first obtaining the consent of the legislature. This law would clearly prevent a steam railroad from acquiring the Massachusetts trolleys as well as other steam lines. The Sherman anti-trust law likewise clearly protected New England against the purchase of the steamboat lines by competing railroads. And so New England, which thoroughly believed in competition in transportation, regarded Mellen's arrival with little alarm.

For these same forces and these same laws Mellen constitutionally had the utmost contempt. No railroad man of the present time has so publicly and so caustically declared his hostility toward the new ideas in corporation control. In his mind, the people who demand these reforms are merely "agitators," "demagogues," and "politicians"; he even once denounced publicly as "blackmailers" certain Massachusetts people who were opposing his plans for the Boston and Maine. At one time he described the Interstate Commerce Commission as a "blunder" and Governor Hughes' Public Service Commission in New York as "an amateur's experiment." He has publicly stigmatized the Hepburn rate bill as "a most pernicious piece of legislation." In a speech opposing the establishment of a Public Utilities Commission in Connecticut and pleading for a Commerce Court instead, Mellen made clear his attitude on the whole subject of regulation. Such essential matters as rates, service, and capitalization, he said, should be left exclusively in the hands of the railroads themselves. "Watered stock" should be tolerated when useful as an "inducement" to investors. The State should not investigate accidents. On other

questions, such as the relations of corporations to labor unions, Mellen holds views similarly out of harmony with the most enlightened thought of the day. "They have accomplished much good," he says, "but they are nevertheless not an unmixed blessing to the laboring man. . . . When I say unions do much good, I mean they help the lame, the halt, and the weary at the expense of the really competent." Mellen not only holds these "reactionary" principles, but expresses them on all occasions with a singular tactlessness and pungency. A few years ago he made the meeting of the Connecticut National Grange the occasion for a lengthy diatribe against his favorite "demagogues" and "agitators"— a speech so violent and abusive that his audience, at its conclusion, repudiated its sentiments by a rising vote.

Mellen's most striking characteristic, indeed, is his disregard of public opinion. He serves his corporation loyally — does little except work. He has a fine country place in the Berkshires, and is interested in breeding stock; at his New Haven house, likewise, he makes a good deal of his books, pictures, and rugs. His one absorbing enthusiasm, however, is railroading. He spends little time at clubs and has few personal intimates. Perhaps his closest companion is a certain "Diamond Jim" Brady, a dealer in railroad supplies, distinguished particularly for the extravagance and splendor of his appearance.

### *Mellen Buys the Trolleys — at an Enormous Cost*

It may readily be imagined what happened when an able and ambitious man, holding sentiments of this kind, came face to face with a transportation situation such as that which existed in New England. On one hand was a competitive railroad field, everywhere inviting obvious monopoly; on the other a public strongly and traditionally opposed to monopoly and safely protected against it by apparently impregnable laws. Mellen first proceeded to put an end to the "intolerable" trolley situation. In seizing nearly all of the trolley lines in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and western Massachusetts, he paid little attention to expense. Wherever he saw a trolley line he proceeded to lay hands upon it. The prices demanded by the speculative adventurers who had "reorganized" the properties did not frighten Mellen for a moment. The United Gas Company of Philadelphia had spent about $9,000,000 in purchasing and equipping the trolley lines of the Connecticut Railway and Lighting Company, and had recapitalized them to the tune of nearly $30,000,000. In other words, these roads contained at a moderate estimate, $20,000,000 of watered stock. Mellen leased this corporation at four per cent upon this inflated capitalization. The same crowd had corralled nearly all of the trolley lines in Rhode Island, and capitalized them at $9,600,000. Mellen purchased the same property for $24,000,000. Prices like this necessarily meant embarrassment for the New Haven road, which had to assume all the burdens, and high prices and inefficient service for the traveling public. In Mellen's view-point, however, the proceeding justified itself; it took the whole trolley business of two States out of the hands of possible competitors, and anchored it, for all time, in the possession of the New Haven road.

### *Mellen Defies the Massachusetts Laws*

Rhode Island and Connecticut had no laws that prohibited things of this kind, and in both States the public conscience had been dead for a generation. When Mellen tried to repeat his exploits in Massachusetts, however, his difficulties began. About 1905 the Boston and Maine Railroad had asked the legislature's permission to purchase competing and "feeding" trolley lines. Mellen and the New Haven appeared in fervid protest, and on this occasion Mellen and his old associate in the New Haven office, Lucius Tuttle, now president of the Boston and Maine, came into conflict. Mellen won; the legislature declined to grant the application. And now Mellen, having blocked the Boston and Maine in its plans for buying up trolley lines, went industriously to work and proceeded to buy them up himself! Unlike his rival, Lucius Tuttle, Mellen did not take the trouble to ask the consent of the Great and General Court, as the law required; he simply went ahead and bought his roads. He managed the thing so quietly and skilfully that he had acquired nearly five hundred miles of trolley lines before the Massachusetts public learned anything about it. Naturally, there was a popular "uprising" when the facts became definitely known. The legislature had explicitly declared that no steam railroads in Massachusetts should acquire trolley lines; and yet, before the ink was fairly dry on this prohibition, the defiant New Haven road had done the forbidden thing. Governor Guild sent a denunciatory message to the legislature, demanding immediate action against the New Haven Company, and the situation became so warm that Mellen threw up his hands and asked for a truce. Perhaps, he said, after all, he had gone too far; but he had not intended to offend; he was prepared to obey the laws. Why not test the validity of his acts in friendly litigation? If Massachusetts would settle the

matter this way, Mellen promised to be good; in a formal letter to the legislature he agreed, in case the dispute were submitted to the courts, to buy no more trolleys and to build no new ones, during the pendency of the litigation. Massachusetts agreed, and the legislature adjourned. Mellen immediately began buying more trolley lines!

High-handed as this transaction seemed, it was really trifling compared with the sensation that followed immediately on its heels.

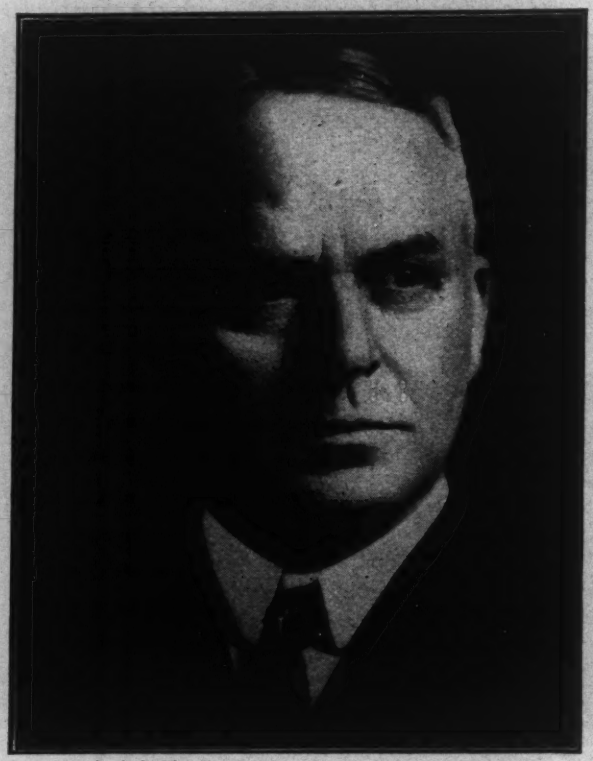
CHARLES M. HAYS
THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT OF THE ENGLISH-OWNED GRAND TRUNK. HE WAS THE ONE RAILROAD MAN WHO PROVED MORE THAN A MATCH FOR MELLEN. PRESIDENT HAYS LOST HIS LIFE ON THE "TITANIC"

It had long been a settled conviction with Boston that the independent ownership of the Boston and Maine was essential to its own preservation as a great traffic center and port. Once let the New Haven or one of the great trunk lines get the Boston and Maine, its railroad experts argued, and the New England business would take the shortest and quickest route to New York — which would not be by way of Boston. Massachusetts also disliked the New Haven road as a "foreign" corporation with marked Wall Street affiliations. "Slowly, surely, the control of our own railroads," said Governor Guild in a message, "the control of the passage to market of every Massachusetts product, is passing from our hands to those of aliens."

Rumors occasionally cropped out that Mr. Mellen's New Haven railroad was secretly acquiring a controlling interest in the Boston and Maine. This property, next to the New Haven, was the largest factor in the New England railroad situation. The New Haven road practically monopolized railway traffic in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and southern Massachusetts; the Boston and Maine controlled northern Massachusetts, large sections of Vermont, and nearly the whole of New Hampshire and Maine. In spite of its backwardness in service and its many political sins, Massachusetts was devoted to this road. Like Touchstone's wife, it may have been an ill-favored thing, but it was its own.

Moreover, Mellen was again breaking the law and violating his promise. The same statute that forbade the acquisition of trolleys also prohibited the purchase of steam roads. Mellen, as already said, had solemnly agreed in writing to abstain from further acquisition until the courts had definitely passed upon the legal points involved; and, while this litigation was still pending, he had not only bought up new trolley lines, but had scooped in the New Haven's greatest rival. In course of time the Massachusetts Supreme Court decided this case

— unanimously against the New Haven railroad. But Mellen paid no more attention to the Supreme Court than he had to the existing law and the legislature. He transferred the Massachusetts trolleys to a dummy corporation known as the New England Security and Investment Company — the virtual ownership of which by the New Haven road is scarcely concealed. This violates the law as clearly as did the original purchase, inasmuch as the statute forbids such holdings, "either directly or indirectly." Similarly, Mellen "sold" his entire holdings in the Boston and Maine to one John L. Billard, of Meriden, Connecticut. Mr. Billard was a prosperous lumber merchant and a bank director, well and favorably known in his own town. But no one had hitherto suspected that he had $10,000,000 of ready cash to invest in railroad stock, or that he aspired to assume the management of so complicated a financial problem as that presented by the Boston and Maine. Mr. Mellen, however, declared that this transaction represented a real sale.



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WILLIAM C. BROWN
PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL. ONCE MELLEN'S FOE, HE IS NOW HIS CHIEF ALLY

"The New Haven road," he said in an official statement, "has sold its Boston and Maine stock absolutely, without any further agreement, expressed or implied. Delivery of the stock has been made, and the proceeds of the sale are now in the New Haven's treasury."

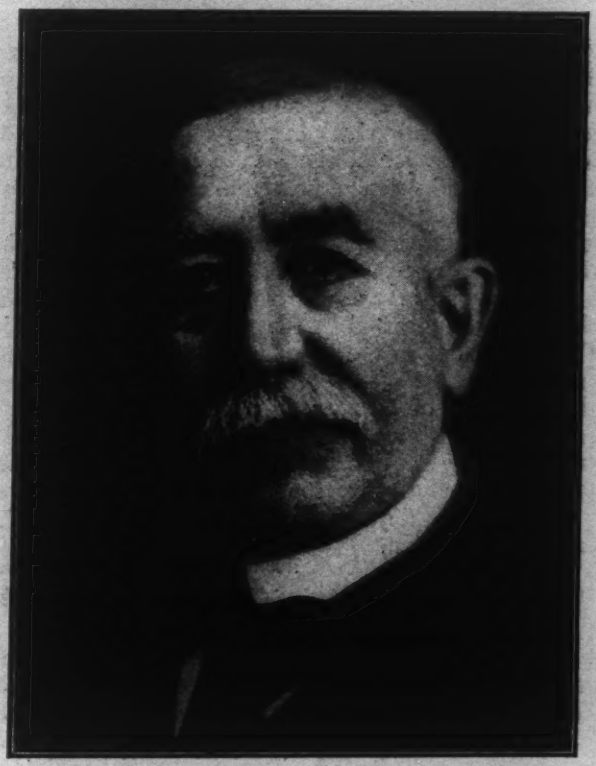
Mr. Mellen's explanation of his behavior in the Boston and Maine matter was that he had to buy the road in self-defense — that other interests, notably the New York Central, were angling for it. That, however, did not improve his case much with the Massachusetts public. Massachusetts and Mr. Mellen wrangled for more than two years over the Boston and Maine. Mellen kept the legislature, the courts, the press, and a variety of citizens and business associations, Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, and anti-merger leagues in a continual ferment. Finally, one day, Mellen appeared in the office of Governor Draper and delivered what was essentially an "ultimatum."

"You must let the New Haven Company take the Boston and Maine, or it will be worse for Massachusetts," said Mellen, in effect — though not necessarily in these very words.

A bill was pending in the legislature incorporating the Boston Holding Company, through which the New Haven Company proposed to control the Boston and Maine stock. "Your legislature must pass that bill," continued Mellen. "If it doesn't do so, the Boston and Maine stock will remain in Connecticut, and the New Haven Company will control the company from there."

A certain element in the legislature, under

the leadership of Mr. Norman White, fought this compromise, but unsuccessfully. Mellen held forth hopes that he would do remarkable things with the Boston and Maine Railroad if the legislature passed this bill: he would transform the antiquated property into a modern railroad, lay new tracks, build new bridges, buy new cars and locomotives, perhaps electrify the entrances into Boston and build a sadly needed tunnel connecting the North and the South stations. As a result of this mingled pressure and persuasion, the legislature passed the Boston Holding Bill, and Mellen added Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine to the railroad map of the New Haven road. Mellen displaced his old associate, Lucius Tuttle, from the presidency, and took the place himself.



JOHN L. BILLARD
THE CONNECTICUT LUMBER MERCHANT TO WHOM MELLEN "SOLD" THE NEW HAVEN'S STOCK IN THE BOSTON AND MAINE

### *Mellen "Goes After" the New York Central*

Mellen's work has been largely aggressive, representing a fight for a monopoly; it has also been defensive — a determined attempt to keep the New Haven independent and prevent its absorption or strangulation by one of the great trunk lines. In his difficulties with the New York Central, both considerations have inspired him. Whatever one may think of Mellen, he certainly has the redeeming quality of courage; he attacks a railroad giant as readily as a railroad pygmy. Most men in his position would have hesitated before "going after" such a colossus as the New York Central, but not Mellen. The Vanderbilts, in getting the Boston and Albany, had entered New England and were constantly threatening the New Haven's business and almost its very life. Under ordinary circumstances the New Haven and the Vanderbilt lines should have been friends. Mr. Morgan practically controlled both properties, and was the most conspicuous director on both boards. For more than half a century the New Haven had entered its passenger trains at the Grand Central Terminal in New York, and had also brought enormous quantities of freight for exchange with the Central at the same point. These considerations, however, did not influence Mellen. He joined hands with the Central's greatest rival, the Pennsylvania, in building the New York Connecting Railway, a road entering New York by means of a new bridge over the islands of Long Island Sound into Long Island City and thence by the new East River tunnels into the Pennsylvania's new Seventh Avenue station. He purchased the Central New England Railroad, which controlled the great bridge over the Hudson at Poughkeepsie. "Instead of sending my through

Western freight by way of New York and Albany," Mellen informed his directors, "I can divert enormous quantities through the Poughkeepsie Bridge." Here again he struck at the New York Central — for the New Haven's most accessible connections, west of Poughkeepsie, would not necessarily be the Vanderbilt lines. All this time, however, Mellen was planning a far bolder stroke. One day he dropped in at the office of Jacob H. Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. Mr. Schiff, as Morgan's great railroad and banking rival, and the banker and close ally of the Pennsylvania, was not averse to pouring a little oil upon the Mellen-Vanderbilt fire. Mr. Schiff informed Mellen that a half interest in the Ontario and Western was for sale, and suggested that the New Haven purchase it. And so the Vanderbilts learned, one morning, that Mellen had extended his operations outside of New England; that, precisely as they, in getting the Boston and Albany, had entered the New Haven's preserves, so had the New Haven, in capturing the Ontario and Western, secured a road that competed in New York State with their own.

### *Mellen Sweeps All His Rivals from the Sea*

Having secured a new entrance into New York City, closed the Poughkeepsie Bridge to any but the New Haven's trains, virtually eliminated the New York Central as a serious competitor in New England, suppressed all the trolley lines, and captured the extensive trackage of the Boston and Maine, Mellen now transferred his activities to the sea. There is no kind of competition that the railroads fear more than competition by water. It is a transportation axiom that wherever we find water routes we always find low freight rates. New England, with its long coast-line from eastern Maine to New York City, furnishes especial advantages of this kind. Its ports are perhaps the most famous in American history and legend. Since 1800 the federal government has recognized, by generous appropriations for harbor improvements, the wisdom of encouraging this coastwise traffic. As a consequence, a large freight business in and out of New England had developed in a dozen New England harbors. Up to the time when the New Haven began purchasing steamboat lines,— and this long antedated Mellen's presidency,— there were ten independent steamboat lines from New York City to the large traffic centers in New England. These boats reached Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, New London, Norwich, Providence, Fall River, New Bedford, Boston, Portland, and several other ports in Maine. The Merchants and Miners Transportation Company had regular boats from Norfolk, Newport News, Baltimore, and Philadelphia into Boston and Providence. All these lines were daily and successfully competing with the New Haven road, and exercised a healthy and restraining influence in keeping down rates.

The New Haven railroad at the present moment owns all these steamboat lines. It had begun their acquisition before Mellen arrived, and he has successfully completed the work. He swept the sea with a clean broom; when he had finished there was not a line leaving or entering a New England port that he did not control.

He showed the same reckless extravagance in purchasing his steamboats as in purchasing his trolleys. It was no time for driving bargains — it was a time for tempting away the owners with absurd prices that they could not afford to reject. Before he had finished these steamboat operations Mellen had expended not far from $17,000,000 ready money, all borrowed at comparatively high rates.

### *Mellen Buys Two Expensive Lines into New York*

Meanwhile Mellen had to shut off competition into New York. Two separate groups had acquired franchises and nearly completed the financial details for two new lines from points in Westchester County into New York City. The fact that these new roads, the New York, Westchester, and Boston, and the New York and Port Chester, threatened the New Haven's suburban traffic was the least considerable danger. At any time they might be used as entrances into New York by new through railroads from New England. Courageous and even reckless as Mellen seems to be at times, he shrank before the appalling prospect of buying and finishing these roads. In certain sections the mere right of way would cost $1,000,000 a mile. And there was hardly any chance of making them productive for many years.

Mellen flatly refused to take the responsibility.

"Buy the road," ordered Morgan. "It's going to cost money — but unfriendly interests must not get hold of these new entrances into New York."

Up to date the New Haven road has spent $30,000,000 on this new suburban line. Mellen recently said on the witness-stand that it would ultimately cost $40,000,000.

Only a single railroad power in New England now promised to interfere with Mellen's plans. This was an "alien" in the real sense of the

word — the Grand Trunk Railroad. Its president was a particularly capable and aggressive American, Charles M. Hays. A man of large frame and large brain, born in Illinois and educated on several Western railroads, Mr. Hays had precisely that energy, that keenness, that intimate knowledge of American railroad men and methods, that made him particularly useful to his English employers in this crisis. In President Hays, therefore, Mellen found a worthy adversary. At the present time the Grand Trunk is extending its main line to the Pacific coast in Canada; when it is finished it will compete vigorously with the Canadian Pacific for the enormous grain business of Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and British Columbia. As nearly all this grain is exported to Europe, access to a great Atlantic port is an absolute necessity. The inevitable eastern port of Canada is not Montreal, for this is frozen up five or six months in the year, but Boston. By linking up the Vermont Central, which it owns, with the Boston and Maine, the Grand Trunk had for many years secured access to this port. As long as the Grand Trunk Railroad kept on friendly terms with the Boston and Maine this arrangement was as satisfactory as would have been an independent line of its own from Montreal to Boston.

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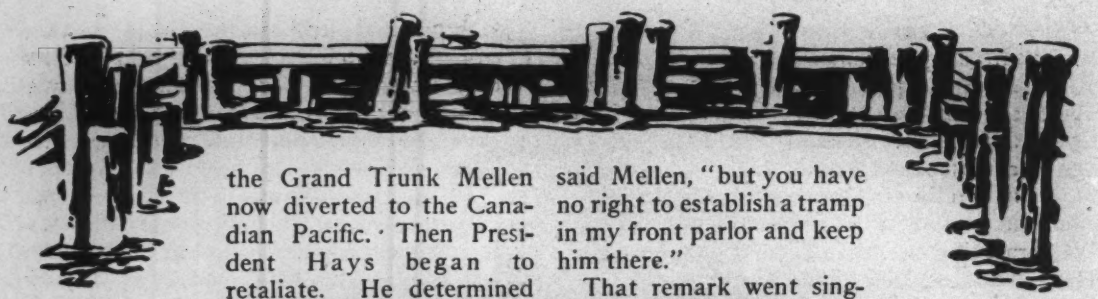
"DIAMOND JIM" BRADY
MELLEN'S CLOSEST PERSONAL INTIMATE

When Mellen got the Boston and Maine, however, the situation changed in a twinkling. The Vermont Central was practically the only strip of railroad in New England that Mellen did not control. The Grand Trunk was especially obnoxious because it was a "differential" line; that is, owing to the slowness of its service, it was permitted to charge a rate lower than other roads. "Differentials" are extremely popular with shippers, not only because they give cheaper transportation, but because they protect them against exploitation by other lines. Mellen's comprehensive monopoly, therefore, necessarily implied the throttling of this Canadian road. He attempted to make it a "standard" road — that is, he tried to force it to drop its "differential" and adopt the prevailing rates. In this he failed. He offered to buy the Vermont Central; but President Hays naturally declined to eliminate himself from New England.

The New Haven even had introduced in the Vermont legislature a bill which, if passed, would have permitted it to take a part of the Vermont Central's line by condemnation proceedings! Audacity and coolness in a railroad man never went further than this.

This proposition, however, failed, and Mellen had recourse to other things. Business that the Boston and Maine had hitherto turned over to



the Grand Trunk Mellen now diverted to the Canadian Pacific. Then President Hays began to retaliate. He determined to get access not only to Boston, but to other great New England towns which had been for many years the exclusive province of the New Haven — Providence, Worcester, Springfield. He planned to bring to Boston thousands of cars filled with Canadian grain; why not return them filled with the manufactured products of New England? By building a few spurs from his Central Vermont, a line which, rambling from the Canadian border to New London, virtually bisected New England, Mr. Hays would place his road independently in touch with these manufacturing centers. Everywhere, of course, Mellen threw obstructions in his way. When the Grand Trunk began making preparations to build into Providence, Mellen immediately moved upon that town. He came "like a Crusader donning his sword to go on toward Jerusalem," as one of his admirers phrased it. It was a hard fight for Mellen, because he had to make it single-handed — against an overwhelming public sentiment. In the arguments before the little group of Rhode Island legislators he lost his temper.

"You may take my property if you will," said Mellen, "but you have no right to establish a tramp in my front parlor and keep him there."

That remark went singing over the telegraph wires to the president of the Grand Trunk. Hays turned in his chair and said:

"We will go down into New England, if we never lay another mile of rail." And to-day contracts are being prepared for the construction of the Southern New England — as the Grand Trunk's new extensions are to be called — from the Vermont Central's main line, a few miles south of Palmer, Massachusetts into Providence. That, of itself, has been no easy matter. Everywhere Mellen has thrown obstacles in its way, but unsuccessfully.

GOVERNOR FOSS OF MASSACHUSETTS
A BITTER CRITIC OF THE NEW HAVEN MANAGEMENT.
HE DECLARES THAT THE SERVICE IN THE
BOSTON AND MAINE HAS
"BROKEN DOWN"

Mellen finally saw that he had definitely lost Providence; there was, however, a bigger stake, and that was Boston. A new railroad entrance into Boston is an appalling proposition, from both a financial and an engineering standpoint. But there was one way in which the Grand Trunk could get in without asking Mellen's leave or without building an expensive line of its own. At a small town named Palmer a possible connection could be made between the Vermont Central and the New York Central's Boston and Albany. Mellen trembled at the thought

that Hays and William C. Brown, president of the New York Central, might quietly get together and combine against himself. Mellen, when there is an advantage at stake, has no false pride, and railroad strategy now clearly indicated that he should make his peace with the New York Central. In a few days, therefore, Mellen, William C. Brown, and William H. Newman, chairman of the Central's board, had their heads closely together. Mellen was not all suavity — he still covertly made use of threats. He pointed out to Brown and Newman what evil deeds he could do with that same Ontario and Western, were he wickedly inclined. For example, the Delaware and Hudson had just offered him $15,000,000 for its stock, a profit of nearly $2,000,000. If this railroad once got the Ontario and Western it would have an entrance into New York over the New York Central's own tracks! "But, of course," said Mellen, "I wouldn't sell to the Delaware and Hudson — that would be an act of hostility to my good friend the Central. Really, I would sell the Ontario and Western to you for one dollar rather than to the Delaware and Hudson for $15,000,000. That is, if —" Again, the New Haven could play the Grand Trunk game quite as successfully as could the New York Central. If Mr. Brown felt so inclined, let him give Mr. Hays his hoped-for access to Boston over the rails of the Boston and Albany; how would he like to have Mr. Mellen give the Grand Trunk access to New York over the rails of the Ontario and Western?

EX-GOVERNOR GUILD
NOW AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA. HE LED THE FIGHT IN MASSACHUSETTS AGAINST THE MELLEN ABSORPTION OF THE BOSTON AND MAINE, AND ATTACKED THE NEW HAVEN AS AN "ALIEN"

It was about as pretty a game in railroad strategy as was ever played. No one has ever reduced the "club" theory of railroad control to so fine an art as has Mr. Mellen. With these fundamental facts as a basis, he had no difficulty in coming to terms with the New York Central. He agreed to sell to the Central the Ontario and Western at cost price — thereby forgoing a profit of nearly $2,000,000 which he could have obtained from the Delaware and Hudson. That took the New Haven definitely out of the New York Central's front yard. Mr. Brown agreed to share his lease of the Boston and Albany with the New Haven road. That was only another way of giving Mr. Mellen control — and shutting the Grand Trunk line out of Boston.

### *Mellen Invades Grand Trunk Territory*

Mellen, however, was not satisfied with this. Having shut Mr. Hays out of Boston, his own

"plantation," he now planned to run the New Haven road into Montreal, the Grand Trunk's main headquarters. A direct line from New York and Boston to Montreal over his own lines — that was certainly an ambitious countermove against this militant Canadian railroad. Mellen accomplished this by taking over another New York Central road, the Rutland. About a year after he had purchased the Rutland, Mellen learned that his transaction was illegal — that he had first to obtain the consent of the Public Service Commission of New York, a detail which, in his delightfully informal fashion, he had overlooked. As was the case with most of his acquisitions, the Rutland was a highly unprofitable property; when he purchased the road, its stock was selling at forty cents on the dollar, but the New Haven road paid par.

The New York Public Service Commission vetoed the sale of the Ontario and Western, and so, at the eleventh hour, the Vanderbilt road lost its chief advantage in the bargain, and Mellen still retained his "club." However, he was permitted to keep the Rutland. But the Grand Trunk war is not yet ended. That corporation is planning to build independently into Boston, and will probably do so, unless it establishes some *modus vivendi* with the New Haven. As President Hays went down with the *Titanic*, however, the Grand Trunk has lost its greatest and most determined fighter.

And so, for the present, Mellen's monopoly, by land and sea, is complete. In New England he has established a Roman peace. And what, after all, does it amount to?

Certain excellent things Mellen has unquestionably done. In improvements on his main and branch New Haven lines he has poured out money by the tens of millions. He has built scores of new iron bridges, laid hundreds of miles of modern rails, widened cuts, straightened curves, leveled grades, erected new stations, electrified the main line for thirty miles outside of New York, and installed thousands of new locomotives and freight and passenger cars. In this construction work Mellen has been quite Harrimanesque and altogether admirable. Herein he distinctly appears to his best advantage. As far as the New Haven's main line is concerned, Mellen has created essentially a new and highly efficient railroad.

### *The Cost of Mellen's Monopoly — About $150,000,000*

Since Mellen took charge, the New Haven's capitalization has increased from $136,000,000 to about $432,000,000. Of that about $150,000,000 probably represents the cost of needed improvements. The remaining $150,000,000 represents the price that Mellen has paid for his monopoly. His stockholders and creditors have gone down in their pockets for $150,000,000 to make Mellen virtually the undisputed Boss of New England. As these securities have been largely marketed in New England itself, this $150,000,000 represents the price that these six conservative States have paid for their own chains.

If we take up these acquisitions one by one, we shall find that nearly all have been not only unprofitable, but serious financial burdens upon the New Haven railroad. One notable exception is the Central New England, which, under Mellen control, has become highly profitable. In nearly all his other acquisitions, however, he has not fared so well. For instance, Mellen purchased $10,900,000 stock in the Boston and Maine railroad, exchanging eight per cent stock in the New Haven. When he took over the Boston and Maine it was paying seven per cent dividends; it is now paying four, and, according to expert opinion, is really earning no more than one or two. Even on the present fictitious showing, therefore, the New Haven railroad is losing four dollars a share for every share of Boston and Maine in its treasury, or about $400,000 a year in all. The trolleys tell an identical story. The railroad editor of the Boston *Transcript*, after a detailed study of the New Haven's subsidiaries, figures that Mr. Mellen is losing $2,000,000 a year on a group of railroads that includes the Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Vermont trolleys, and the Westchester suburban railroad. The same authority figures an annual loss of $421,000 on the investments in previously competing steamboats.

In spite of all this, Mr. Mellen persistently pays the traditional eight per cent dividend on the New Haven. However, the New Haven has not earned it for three out of the last four fiscal years. Sensitive Connecticut gasps as it glances at the annual balance-sheets of its famous railroad and notices that Mr. Mellen coldly acknowledges annual deficits of from $1,500,000 to $2,500,000. Connecticut almost covers its eyes when it learns that the New Haven, which used to borrow all the money it needed at four per cent on long-time bonds, now has to pay higher rates on one-year notes! It sees, with wounded pride, that the New Haven, which in the old days used to spend large sums a year out of earnings on improvements, now makes its maintenance charges very largely out of borrowed money. Worse than all, however, is that for the last seven years Connecticut has had to watch the stock

of its favorite railroad go steadily down; in 1903 it was selling at $250 a share, whereas now it hovers about $135! The explanation, of course, is simplicity itself: the money that formerly went for upkeep and dividends is now diverted to make good deficits upon newly acquired and unprofitable properties. It is the price which the stockholders are paying for their monopoly.

Such are the advantages of monopoly to the New Haven's owners and the investors in its securities. How about the other party to the transaction — the public?

### *Interstate Commerce Commission Blocks Mellen*

When Mellen began these exploitations, he knew that the process would be an expensive one. He unquestionably planned to take it out of the shippers and passengers who used his rails. He would increase freight rates, passenger fares, perhaps curtail service, and even clip his pay-rolls. Everybody who enters the Grand Central Station now pays five or ten cents more than before Mellen came to the New Haven. In furtherance of his plans, Mr. Mellen in 1910 filed a tariff for a general increase in his freight rates. In this act his seven years' policy reached its logical conclusion. But now the governmental agency that Mellen denounced as a "blunder," fortified by the law that he denounced as "a most pernicious piece of legislation," stepped in. Mr. Mellen was not permitted to raise his freight rates. In the Interstate Commerce Commission the New Haven met its first effective check. Never has that body so justified its existence as in the recent transportation history of New England. It is the only thing that stands between six New England States and pitiless railroad exploitation.

In public usefulness, too, this New England monopoly has hardly justified itself. Upon the main line of the New Haven road Mellen has established a fairly standard service. It is the northern section of New England, especially the thickly settled parts of Massachusetts traversed by the Boston and Maine, that suffers chiefly. In a recent official message Governor Foss of Massachusetts declared that the service on the Boston and Maine, under the control of the New Haven, had "broken down." At another time he referred to the present "intolerable conditions," and called upon the legislature for relief. For the last six months a committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, under the direction of Mr. D. O. Ives, has made a detailed investigation. Its conclusion is "that there has been a great deterioration in service which has had a most injurious effect upon traffic." To find anything like the hostility toward railroads that now exists in the sober State of Massachusetts, we should have to go back to Kansas and Texas in their most fiery days. If half of the specifications made against the New Haven's management in Massachusetts are true, it finds its closest parallel in the Gould control of the Missouri Pacific. "The Boston and Maine has been starved for several years," says Governor Foss. The Boston Chamber of Commerce has received a mass of letters from responsible shippers along the lines — all of them alleging a tremendous decline in efficiency since the New Haven took control. According to these complaints, passenger trains that had been running for twenty years have been taken off; thousands of employees have been discharged, leaving the property insufficiently manned; traffic is everywhere delayed, so that shipments that formerly reached destinations in a day or two now frequently take ten days or a couple of weeks; and there has likewise been a general increase in intrastate rates.

What is the remedy? President Roosevelt thought that the remedy was the enforcement of the law. A short time before he left office his Attorney-General, Charles J. Bonaparte, brought suit against the New Haven for violation of the Sherman anti-trust law. President Taft, however, had not been in office a month before his Attorney-General, Mr. Wickersham, withdrew this suit. Inasmuch as Massachusetts acquiesced in the New Haven's holdings in the Boston and Maine and the trolleys, said Mr. Wickersham, there was no reason why the government should not rest satisfied. And there the matter rests. Whatever happens to the Mellen monopoly, however, one thing seems clear. For several years college professors, Wall Street operators, leading railroad experts, and many of our foremost legislators have been saying that railroad monopoly was not only inevitable, but highly desirable. Mellen has gone further than any of his contemporaries in establishing such a monopoly. Up to the present time, however, these expert predictions have not come true. The New Haven monopoly has benefited neither its own stockholders nor the public. As a result of its expansion the New Haven railroad is enormously weakened financially, and New England, at least in its central and northern parts, pays higher prices and gets poorer service than under the old competitive system.

# HIS FIRST-BORN

BY

## ANNIE HOWELLS FRÉCHETTE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

MRS. LAKE sat on her vine-covered porch in the moonlight, listening to the sound of retreating wheels until it died away in the distance. Presently came the long whistle and the roar of an incoming train, then a silence, followed by the shrill signaling whistle and the dull rumble of the departing train as it passed into the forest beyond the town.

When no further sound came, she dropped back from her eager, listening poise, and realized that the decisive step had been taken, that her boy — for he was still a boy to her heart, although he had long ago taken his place among men — had gone forth on the quest which might bring confusion into his life and the other lives united to his.

As she sat in the moonlight with the heavy fragrance of the honeysuckle filling the air, and silence once more settled over the sleeping village, she tried to understand all that

she had learned in the last two days. No complicated problem had come into her life before, even though while still a young woman she had been left a widow with two boys to bring up. They had given her comparatively little trouble, though she had been far from an unthinking mother. She had been their comrade as well as their mother, perhaps all the more their comrade because she had lost the companionship of their father and her interests were undivided. They had always been very close and dear to each other; and when, a few years after his father's death, the younger of her boys had suddenly sickened and died of one of those swift ailments that overtake childhood, she and the remaining boy clung together, and cried in each other's arms, and found comfort in their sorrow through their love and companionship. And after a time they grew happy again, and their lives went peacefully on.

Often she had said to herself that she knew her boy's every thought, that he kept nothing from her. Even when he had gone from her into a home of his own, she did not feel that she had lost him, or that he had given her place in his heart to another. She knew how devotedly he loved his wife and baby boy, but he had found other places for them in his warm heart, and it was sweet to know that they had not made him indifferent to her. He still came to her with an almost boyish confidence in her power to help him through any doubt or need.

And he had come to her now in his sorest perplexity.

Two days before, she had received a letter from him which had revealed him as she had never dreamed him, and had opened before her an unbelievable page in his past.

The letter had begun with but brief preface, and had rushed into its bitter theme as if the writer feared to lose courage if he paused. He wrote: "I will be with you almost as soon as this reaches you, but only for a day.

"The time has come, dear mother, when I must confess something to you, and you will know that it is not easy for me to tell you my shameful story. I can not tell you how gladly I would spare you the pain of listening to it, did I not so sorely need your wise counsel. I feel that you can and will advise me how best I can right a great wrong I have done. I do not ask you to share my burden for selfish relief, but I come to you humbly, for difficulties confront me whichever way I look, and I need your help as I never before needed it.

"You must know the character of my confession before I go to you, for, face to face, I fear I might not have the courage to make it. It has to do with a sin I committed ten years ago — when I was little more than a boy. At first — I can not tell why — it did not seem a sin, or trouble me much. I can not now understand myself as I must have been then. But I realize the sin now, and each day it confronts me more sternly, and each day I feel more strongly that I must atone for it. But how — how?

"You remember, the summer I left college, you and our old doctor thought I had overworked my strength, and I was sent out to the far West, to ride and canoe and hunt, and bring back the health you feared I had lost. Ah, well, I went; and in the wild new country and in the freedom from restraint I ran wild.

"But of course you do remember all this, and how I came back to you brown and sunburned, and strong as a young tree. You were eager to hear about all the wild doings, of my life on the cattle-range, my gallops over the plains, and my stories about the Indians I had made friends with. I told you much, but I did not tell you all. And yet, even now, as I look back at myself with the loathing I do, I can't believe that I hid what I did from any sense of guilt, for, strangely, I did not feel any. That sense only came to me the night after your little godson was christened. If you remember, Marian's rector dined with us that evening. After you and Marian had said good night to us, we sat and smoked, and fell into a serious mood and talked of the serious things of life. He is only a few years older than I, and we have the common meeting-ground of years, if not much else. He spoke of my little boy. He said it must be a strange and solemn feeling that came to a father when he held his first-born in his arms. And he looked at me as if for an answer to his thought.

"I could not give him the one he evidently expected, for I could not truthfully say that any deep feeling had come to me with the little chap. Of course I loved him, and I was surprised at him, and I was afraid I might hurt him if I touched him; but the relief that poor Marian was safely through her suffering was what I really felt. Perhaps because all of the great events of my life have come so in their natural order, I have accepted them as natural and have been unmoved by them.

"I walked with him to the gate when he left, and after we had parted I stood thinking of what he had said, and I wondered if I were really lacking in deep feeling. I admired his gentle, calm estimate of life, and I recalled his serious words; I wondered why such thoughts had come to him instead of to me, and whether I was capable of being a good father to my boy — my 'first-born,' as he had called him in his biblical phraseology.

"Then something strange happened. As I stood thinking this, with the soft wind blowing lightly about me, it seemed as if a voice, which was as much the wind as a voice, came like an echo to the words 'first-born' which had been in my mind. As if from a great distance it spoke in the strange, toneless voice, and said: '*I* am your first-born. Have you been a good father to me?'

"There was a quality in the wind as if it had swept across great, flowery prairies, and that summer ten years ago came suddenly back to me; and I remembered the Indian girl, whom I had scarcely thought of for years.

"I can only think now of her with bitter shame and remorse; but I am sincere in telling you that the evil I did was done 'for lack of thought.' Though I came back to you knowing that a poor little being was coming into the world, I did not realize the wrong I had done; nor did the girl seem to — or to blame me. She had her savage moral code, and I had my code of civilization; but neither saved us from ourselves.

"I do not know what has become of her, or even whether she is living. She went out of my mind almost as completely as she went out of my life. But since that night when the voice, which was not a voice, questioned me, there has been no forgetting.

"Every time I look at my boy, or feel his delicate little hands, or kiss his tender, warm cheek, another child stands beside me and watches me with wistful, jealous eyes. I am haunted by a fatherless child who tries to slip its little brown hand into mine and become a part of my life. No matter how busy my days are, it keeps at my side, and it lies down with me at night.

"And now, dear mother, since I have told you all, can you forgive me so far as to help me?

"I feel that I must go in search of the child. If it is living, and I can find it, I feel that I can in part wipe the stain from my life by claiming it before the world. I *must* do this. Through its ten childish years it may always have felt an alien among its mother's people. It may have feelings it can not understand. It may be neglected, or made to suffer for its different nature. I dare not forget it any longer. Strangely enough, I think of it rather than of the mother as the wronged one. She and I were two wild, irresponsible creatures who wronged each other. But it — the helpless child — may need me. How can I do my duty by it now, with the least harm to others?"

The night that followed the coming of this letter was one of fitful sleep and sudden awakening; of dreams in which the mother and her son were wandering over wind-swept prairies in search of some elusive object which fled before them, now hiding in the tall grass, and now calling to them from the low drifting clouds.

And when morning finally came, she awoke to face the unbelievable situation. The night before she had only suffered. To-day she must think.

Mrs. Lake was not one of those sternly just and righteous women who spring to meet an evil-doer, sure of but the one stony path to point out to him. By nature she loved pleasant rather than stony paths even for the evil-doer to walk in. Throughout her simple, uncomplicated life she had tried to do her duty, but she had met duty in such a gay and bantering spirit that she had never felt quite sure she had not somehow evaded it. Now, for the first time, she longed to be stern. She knew her task would be far easier if, when her boy should come to her, she could say to him:

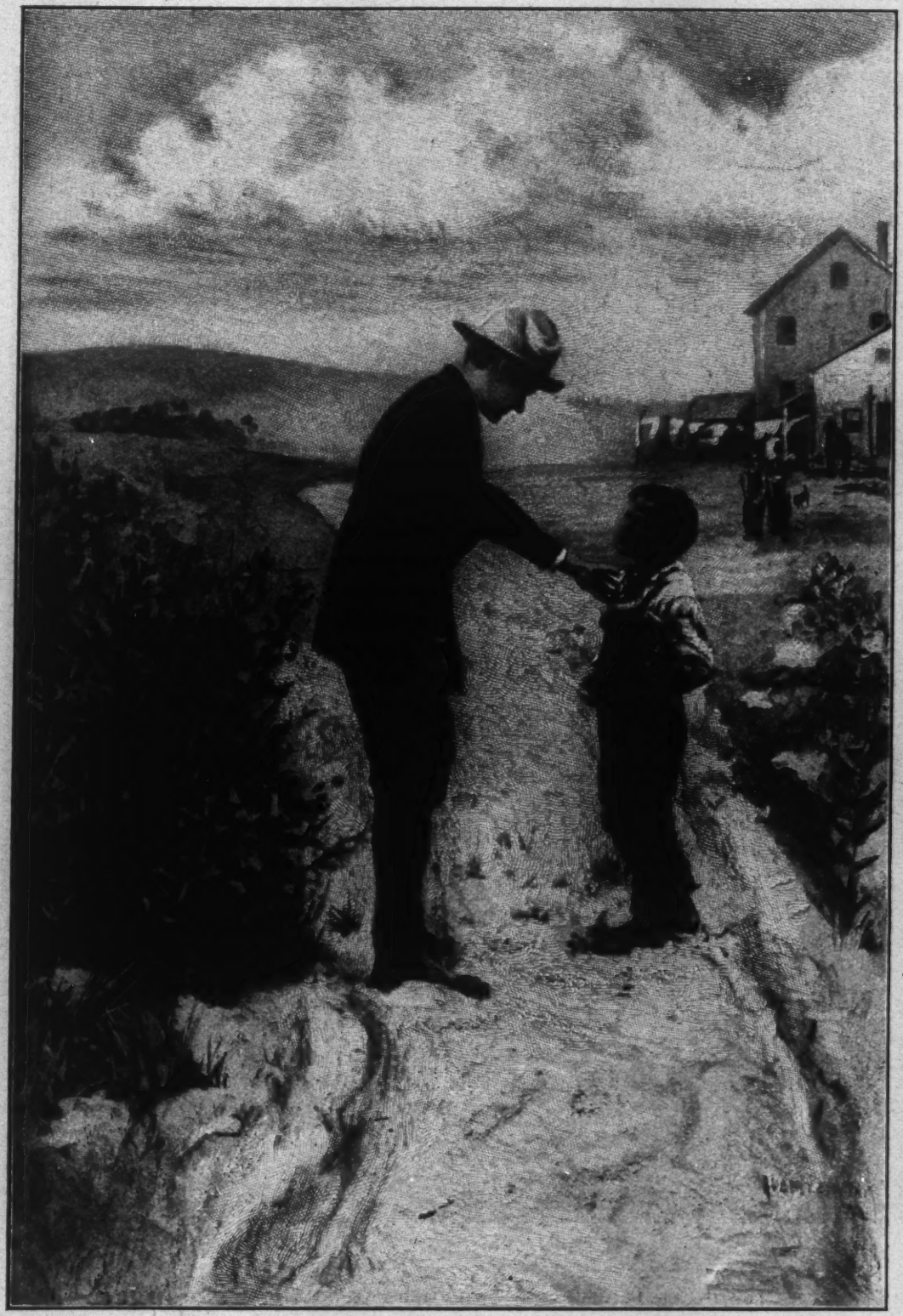
"Why do you come to me to ask what you shall do? You know that a sin is a sin, and one such as you have committed must be atoned for, no matter how bitter the atonement may be."

She tried to realize herself saying something like this to him — to her boy, whom she loved so tenderly, who had come to her now, as he used to come years ago, to ask forgiveness for some boyish fault, and help in curing it.

She paused in her slow dressing to gain such comfort as she might by shifting the blame from him to herself. Wherein had she failed toward him, that on the very threshold of manhood he should have done this evil deed which must shadow his whole life? As she looked ahead and tried to reconcile the doing right with the conditions of his life, she tried to see how she could advise him best to do what they both knew to be right without bringing sorrow and shame to all those who loved him. It was all so difficult, look at it as she would, that she almost rebelled against the righting of the wrong. Why need he go back at all? Why not let the past lie buried? Why pay any heed to the voice that had been so slow to call? Other men had not listened; why should he?

But, as these questions came in their full meaning to her, she felt her face burn with shame. How dared she allow herself to ask them? How dared she think for a moment of failing her boy, when he had come trusting in her strong support?

She felt that she was thinking in a circle, always coming back to the point from which she started. She knew that she would sanction



"THE BOY AND I WERE LEFT ALONE, STARING AT EACH OTHER. . . . THINK OF A FATHER SPEAKING TO HIS TEN-YEAR-OLD SON FOR THE FIRST TIME!"

"I REMEMBER THE INDIAN GIRL. . . . I CAN ONLY THINK OF HER NOW WITH BITTER SHAME AND

REMORSE. . . . SHE AND I WERE TWO WILD, IRRESPONSIBLE CREATURES WHO WRONGED EACH OTHER"

what her son felt he should do, since so clearly his tardy conviction was right; but, at the same time, she knew that the consequences of doing right might be direful to him.

But she had the day before her. Inspiration might come and bring a brighter outlook.

When she went downstairs at last, it was to find that Harriet, the servant who had lived with her the greater part of her married life, had chosen this time of all others to exercise her prerogative of long service to have what she herself would later describe as "one of her disagreeable days." So, instead of being able to give herself up to calm thought, she could only be conscious of her misery as a steady undercurrent flowing beneath a surface of angry ripples stirred by many an adverse breeze. No single duty was shirked by the austere maiden, but everything was done with a cold and injured mien which proclaimed these duties drudgery that ought not to be expected of her. The coming of "Mr. Robert," to whom Harriet felt almost as good a right as his mother, was scarcely commented upon; and, though she prepared the food which she knew he liked best with lofty head and deft hand, into the task went no warmth of heart.

In her mood Mrs. Lake saw a foreshadowing of the world's attitude when his story should be known.

Late in the afternoon, when there was nothing more to do, when the whole house was sweet with summer flowers and the sun came filtering through closed blinds and slowly swaying curtains, Mrs. Lake gave the last touch to the pillows on which her boy's head would rest that night, and then went to her room to put on one of the pretty cool muslins that he liked and never failed to admire her in.

He would be with her in less than an hour. She dreaded his coming, and yet was thankful that the day was so nearly over — the day which, when she awoke to it, she had wondered how she should get through. Perhaps, after all, it was well that Harriet had chosen to be

"THERE WAS NO LEAVE-TAKING BETWEEN THE BOY AND HIS MOTHER. I FANCY THE POOR THING WAS GLAD TO SEE HIM GO. SHE DID NOT KNOW MY NAME, NOR WHERE I WAS TAKING HIM"

disagreeable. She had kept her perturbed, and interrupted her futile plans, which she felt were so unequal to the demands of the occasion. Even now, with the brief time left her, she wasted the precious moments in a whimsical review of the day and Harriet's part in it. Under happier conditions she knew she would have dramatized it all for her own and Robert's amusement when he should come. How he would have laughed! Ah, would she and Robert ever feel the same again, or laugh their light-hearted laugh together?

As she sat before her mirror, combing her hair, she saw reflected from the doorway behind her Harriet's forbidding countenance.

"Mrs. Stone is downstairs, ma'am," she said, without a touch of that sympathy with which she was wont to announce the arrival of that lady.

"Oh, surely not, Harriet. And to-day of all days!"

"It is not *my* fault, ma'am. *I* have never made a habit of keeping her for tea — and getting her wonted to coming."

"You know very well I have only kept her because I am sorry for her." Harriet sniffed. "And to think that Mr. Robert is to be here only one day."

"Quite a short visit," said Harriet coldly. Then, relenting slightly as she detected the nearness to tears in the voice of her mistress, she added: "I told her that you were expecting Mr. Robert, but she didn't take the hint. She said she 'enjoyed meeting people from the outside world.'"

"Then there is no help; she means to stay. Tell her I'll be down soon. Mr. Robert always says she drives him wild."

"I guess she drives *other* people wild, too — people who *don't* feel sorry for her just because she is a useless, lazy thing." And Harriet gloomed herself out of the room.

Mrs. Lake sat with brush in hand, thinking bitterly. Had Harriet and her misery not been enough, without having Mrs. Stone heaped upon her? And Robert — poor Robert! How he would hate to find her awaiting him, when he had come with his heavy heart — longing to be alone with his mother. With the sudden inconsequence that she had always condemned in herself, she realized that she was on the verge of laughter as she pictured him sitting throughout the tea, listening to her sentimental platitudes.

Ah, well, perhaps Mrs. Stone was to be a part of his punishment. At another time she knew how he would have grumbled an aside in her ear at finding their visitor ready to greet him, and then, when she was safely gone, beginning, "By Jove, mother, that woman!" — and then breaking into his hearty laugh. But not to-day. There would be no comedy to-day. It was all tragedy.

She went downstairs at last, when she could find no further excuse for lingering, and greeted her visitor with such cordiality as she could force herself to show.

But, happily for the visitor, she was of that self-centered class which sees little beyond itself, and, as long as she was being gratified, cared little for the feelings of others. If she detected any lack of warmth in her victim, she readily forgave it when Mrs. Lake explained that she had not slept well the night before. She playfully patted the cheek of her hostess, and said that clearly it had been an inspiration of hers to come and bring a gleam of sunshine to cheer her in her dullness.

"And Harriet tells me that our dear Robert is coming. I *must* stay long enough to see the handsome fellow! You know, Robert and I are old sweethearts. Then I'll run away."

"But that will make you late for your tea. If you stay to see Robert, you had better stay to tea."

"How sweet of you! If you really are determined to keep me, I may as well say yes"; and she quickly began to remove her hat and gloves and settle herself in the most comfortable chair in the room.

After listening to a short monologue, Mrs. Lake excused herself and went guiltily to face Harriet with the intimation that a third place would be required at the table, and meekly received the curt reply that the table was set for three.

And then she heard Robert's quick step upon the porch, and she was greeting him in her old loving way.

Through the meal that quickly followed his arrival, Mrs. Stone led the conversation, and Robert rallied his forces with commendable grace, partly because in his gallant heart he could not be rude even to a bore when the bore was a woman, but chiefly because he knew that his mother was suffering, and he longed to save her as far as he might.

After tea they strolled about the garden and gathered a handful of flowers for the unwelcome guest, and Mrs. Lake was asking herself how much longer the infliction would last, when Harriet appeared around the corner of the house, wearing an expression of haughty humility. She wished to know whether Mr. Robert meant to take his mother for a drive during the evening. If not, she would like the horse herself, as she wished to drive out to her sister's. She could take Mrs. Stone home on her way, if she was ready to go?

It was the olive branch which Harriet was holding out to her dearly loved but often disciplined mistress, and, even if she did have the manner of switching her with it, Mrs. Lake sent her a look of gratitude and hastily put the family horse at her disposal. A few minutes later she drove up to the gate with a masterful mien, and sat, stiff and angular, while, with Robert's help, Mrs. Stone airily took her place beside her and was quickly driven away into the gathering shades of evening.

"What a general Harriet is!" exclaimed Robert, with a laugh, which turned into a sigh as he took his mother's hand and they continued their aimless walk about the garden. Silence fell between them, and after a time his mother said:

"I am tired, Robert; let us go and sit down."

On the porch he put her into her chair and took his place on the step at her feet, resting his head against her knee. She stroked his hair gently, and thought of the times, when he was a boy, that they had sat thus, talking fitfully of the things that come and go through the mind of a boy, which are so precious to his mother.

Her heart yearned over him now in his trouble. If only his father had lived!

Presently a tear fell upon the bowed head.

"Mother!"

"We may as well speak of it, Robert. We must face it."

"Oh, mother, you have always been so good to me, and I have repaid you so cruelly!"

"Don't think of me, dear; we must just try to think what is best for you to do."

"Is there any question of that, mother?"

"No — I suppose not; but there are so many to consider."

"Oh, I know — I know!"

"Have you ever thought — remember, I do not say that you should think it — that it might be better to leave things as they are?"

"Yes; I'm ashamed to say I've often thought that — at first. But now — no! Mother dear, don't let us go back to that time, and pretend to ourselves that it would be right for me to keep on doing wrong."

"Oh, I know what would be right for you to do, but I hardly have the courage to have you do it. If it were only you and I; but there is Marian — and — the whole world."

"Only poor Marian. The world will very soon get over it. I'll have to endure a few coarse jokes from some men, and bear cold looks from some women; and from time to time I'll have to make explanations, for I'm going to rob the wretched business of all mystery. I've thought it all out. There are many men who have something to hide, and I've always noticed that the more they try to hide it, the more determined people are to find it out. They get to thinking they have a *right* to know. They haven't, but I'll allow them to know. I will say: 'This is my child. It is my duty to be its father openly.'"

"Perhaps it is dead, Robert."

He laughed bitterly. "That would make it easier for me than I deserve to have it made. If it is not living, then the horrible nightmare will have passed. It will be known only to you and me. Even Marian need not know; that phase of my life ended before I knew of her existence. You don't think it would be wrong for me not to tell her, do you?"

"No, no — it would be wrong to tell her. She might never feel the same toward you."

"Oh, don't say that! For if it is living she will have to know. Tell me, dear mother, do *you* feel differently toward me?"

"Ah, that is different, dear. You can never change in my eyes. And, though I am sorrier than I can ever tell you for what has happened, I am still sorrier for you, and you are just as dear to me as ever. And if the child is living and you have to bring it to Marian, she can forgive you the more easily because she will feel that you need her love and sympathy. She will stand by you and help you, for she is a good woman. And can't you see that it will be easier for her to forgive you if you *need* her than if you went to her and confessed all, and told her that the child was dead, but that you had *intended* to atone for your sin by doing your duty by it? She might only remember the sin and forget that you were willing to make atonement. But if she sees you *making* it day after day — yes, then it would be different."

Before they separated for the night they went over all there was to be done. And the next day they could talk of the present and the future with a calmness they would not have believed possible twenty-four hours earlier. Something of the horror had already passed, through acceptance of the situation. Even the cold, stern justice that they were willing to accord "the child" was already tempered by pity and a faint glow of kindliness.

And so they parted — he to go in search of what he prayed was no longer to be found, and she to sit and wait.

The first letters that came back to her were short and brought only news of the fruitlessness of his search. He had gone over his paths of those early years in vain, before his inquiries brought any promise of ultimate success. All traces of the young Indian girl seemed hopelessly lost. In the shifting life of the West, the

men he had known were widely scattered. Even where the great cattle-ranges had stretched away to the horizon, little towns had sprung up and altered the aspect of the country until it was a new land to him.

He wrote that he was discouraged and would soon turn homeward.

With the reading of each letter his mother's heart grew lighter and more hopeful. Then there came one that, before she drew it nervously from its envelop, she knew would tell her what she dreaded to learn. It bore an unknown postmark — the name of one of those unpainted settlements which are strung along the line of railway.

It was a closely written sheet, every line showing the tense excitement of the writer.

"I have found the child," it began. "And how can I ever forgive myself for not having come years ago to look for him!

"As I write he is sitting close beside me, watching me with the haunting eyes which have been following me for months; and now and again he silently puts out a slim, shapely hand — an Indian's hand — and lays it so lightly on my knee that I hardly feel its touch; and when I look at him a timid, happy smile flits across his face. Except for his hands and tall, slim figure, there is little of the Indian about him.

"I know you will want to know how and where I found him. I had said to myself, when I wrote my last letter to you, that I would give two days more to the search, and if at the end of that time I had come upon no trace of him I would not look further. And just at the end of the second day I found him. I had learned that an Indian girl, answering to the description of the one I was looking for, had married a half-breed eight or nine years ago, and had gone with her husband far from her former home. So I hurried after her.

"At a little railroad town I got a horse, and rode all day across the prairie, and at last came in sight of the settlement where I had been told I would find her. It had the characteristic features of discomfort and thriftlessness I had learned to know. On its outskirts grazed a few sullen-looking ponies, and the usual surly dogs raised their voices at my approach. From a thicket of low bushes half a dozen boys rushed out in pursuit of one who ran ahead. As I watched, they overtook him and renewed the badgering from which he was evidently trying to escape. They all came scurrying toward me, so intent upon their victim that they paid no attention to me until I shouted at them. Then they halted, and the boy they were tormenting stumbled to within a few yards of me, and looked up.

"I knew him instantly.

"His poor little face was distorted with the terror he was trying not to show, and his eyes were half blinded by the tears he was doing his best not to shed. As he lifted his face to me I could think of but one person — my little brother George, who died so long ago. It was the same sensitive, sunburned face, and the same dark brown eyes.

"I jumped off my horse and scattered the young ruffians, who ran whooping off toward the houses, and the boy and I were left alone together, staring at each other. He studied my face as if trying to recall one half remembered. I think he forgot me in trying to remember, for he stretched out his hands slowly and gropingly toward me. But when I tried to take them in mine, he started back timidly and turned to run away. Then I spoke to him.

"Think, mother, of a father speaking to his ten-year-old son for the first time!

"I questioned him as quietly and as carefully as I could, in order not to frighten him; for he seemed like some timid, alert little wild-woods creature. But, between my agitation and his limited understanding of English, I learned little. He finally beckoned me to follow him to the cluster of houses. There were plenty of curious ones waiting us there, for the boys I had put to flight had evidently reported my coming. And among them I had no great difficulty in recognizing the mother of my boy. She had changed greatly from the graceful, vivid girl of those other days, and stood looking at me dully, with two or three beady-eyed children peeping from behind her. When I spoke to her, she said she remembered me, and I at last succeeded in getting her apart from the others. I told her why I had come, and asked her if she was willing to give me the boy. She said she was willing, and went in search of her husband, whom she soon brought back.

"That he was the worst type of that half-breed which comes from a worthless white man who is too lazy or too dishonest to live among his own people, and who sinks below the people of his wife, I saw at a glance. He came lounging toward me, with his shifting, cunning eyes glancing me over to see what he could make out of me. I knew that money would do anything with him, so I cut short his story of the expense and care that the boy had been to him by telling him to name the sum that he and his wife would want in order to renounce all further claim to the child. He tried to pave the way for his demand by telling me what a care the boy had been, how cowardly and lazy he was, and how he had worked for and supported him as if he had been his own, until I lost patience and

hurried him to the end. I paid him unquestioningly what he asked.

"The boy had stood by in meek silence, listening to the character given him, as if too accustomed to it to be moved. And when I finally took his hand to lead him away, he seemed perfectly willing to come with me. There was no tearful leave-taking between him and his mother. I fancy the poor thing was glad to see him go, for there was nothing but relief on her face as she watched him away.

"She did not know my name, nor where or to what I was taking him.

"And now, dear mother, I am bringing him to you. I know you will see little George in him, just as I did, and that you will take him in your arms and cry over him and love him — for George's sake. My heart is full of remorse as I think what he must have endured through these lonely, boyish years — so different from mine, with your love to make them rich and happy. He is a sensitive, gentle creature, and must have suffered keenly from his environment. Poor little fellow! He is just one of the many desolate, bewildered children cast upon the world, who can not understand themselves, or why or whence they have come.

"He is contented and peacefully happy with me, and is more responsive than I had expected him to be to my affectionate advances. I find my heart going out strangely to the shy little fellow as I take him in my arms and press my cheek against his weather-beaten face.

"Once, when I held him so, he drew away from me and laid his hand against my face, and told me it was hot. He did not dream of the shame that made it burn."

# THE FACTORIES

BY

## MARGARET WIDDEMER

I HAVE shut my little sister in from life and light
(For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair),
I have made her restless feet still until the night,
Locked from sweets of summer and from wild spring air:
I who ranged the meadow-lands, free from sun to sun,
Free to sing and pull the buds and watch the far wings fly,
I have bound my sister till her playing-time is done—
Oh, my little sister, was it I?—was it I?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood
(For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's restless spark),
Shut from Love till dusk shall fall, how shall she know good,
How shall she pass scatheless through the sin-lit dark?
I who could be innocent, I who could be gay,
I who could have love and mirth before the light went by,
I have put my sister in her mating-time away—
Sister, my young sister—was it I?—was it I?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast
(For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and lawn),
Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot rest:
How can she know motherhood, whose strength is gone?
I who took no heed of her, starved and labor-worn,
I against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads lie,
Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn—
*God of Life—Creator! It was I! It was I!*

# "CQ"

# IN THE WIRELESS HOUSE

BY

ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

*Preceding instalments.—Micky Fitzgerald, a younger son of the English aristocracy, is in love with the Hon. Evelyn Farquhar and she with him; but her grandfather, the Earl, dismisses Micky, and Micky leaves England and becomes a wireless operator. At the time the story opens, he is wireless man on the "Pavonia," bound for New York. On board the ship are Mrs. Trevelyan, a famous beauty and London society favorite, an Englishman traveling second class under the name of Cloud, and a young couple, also traveling second class, known as William Bennett and Miss Bennett.*

*Micky receives a wireless reporting the murder of the Earl of Roakby and the disappearance of Cosmo Graeme, youngest son of Lord Varricks, who is suspected of the murder. By the description Micky recognizes Cloud as the man. Before he has had time to act on the discovery, he overhears a conversation between Graeme and Mrs. Trevelyan disclosing that Graeme is engaged to the Hon. Evelyn. In a moment of despondency Graeme tries to throw himself overboard; but Micky saves him, and promises Mrs. Trevelyan to suppress the wireless. A second wireless now arrives, reporting an embezzlement from the Royal Bank of Edinburgh (of which Mrs. Trevelyan's husband is a director). The Captain is asked to search his ship for Chilvers, the clerk accused of the embezzlement. Mrs. Trevelyan identifies Bennett as the missing clerk. He is put under arrest, but Micky learns from Miss Bennett (who is really Mrs. Chilvers) that her father, an old employee in Trevelyan's bank, took the money to send his dying wife to Egypt, and that Chilvers has shouldered the blame for his wife's sake.*

*In the meantime, Mrs. Trevelyan is in a bad humor because, through a blunder, she has betrayed Graeme's incognito, and because her husband has wired her that the government is "wise" to her $50,000 pearl necklace, which she intends to smuggle through the customs.*

## XIII

THE next day was as thick as ever, and the *Pavonia* poked her way through the fog toward Fire Island in the company of half a dozen other screaming liners, with whom Micky kept in constant conversation. Indeed, there were so many messages to and from shore that he was busy in the wireless house all the morning and all the afternoon as well, and he had little time to think of either Graeme or Chilvers. A message had come for the Captain congratulating him on his arrest of the latter; but there was nothing further officially about the murder of the Earl of Roakby. Nevertheless, Micky knew that the boat would be searched from keel to crow's-nest before she was half way to her dock from quarantine, and that, if anything were to be done for Graeme, it would have to be done within the next few hours.

Just at dusk a shrill whistle out of the obscurity announced the presence of a tug with the pilot on board, and the engines ceased throbbing while the little one came puffing alongside, and the pilot, in tarpaulins and rubber boots, appeared up the gangway with a huge bundle of papers in his arms. These he tossed to the Captain's steward, and then, dripping, made his way toward the bridge.

The tug snorted and darted away from the side, the bell rang once in the engine-room, and the *Pavonia* surged ahead. Micky, looking out of the window of the wireless house, made a rapid calculation. Those papers would be delivered at once to Captain Ponsonby, who would immediately retire to his room, light a big black cigar, remove his boots, and hold a reading fest. The papers were for the *last fourteen days*. Ponsonby would begin by hunting through them for the accounts of his own exploit. That might take thirty minutes. It was now a quarter after six, and that would make it six-forty-five. Dinner was at seven-thirty, and of course Ponsonby would have to go down, the last night of the trip. He always shaved himself and was a

slow dresser. No, it was unlikely that the Captain would learn of the murder of Roakby before half after eight or nine o'clock. But he certainly *would* discover it then, and begin to suspect that Micky had held back something from him.

The ship was now about half an hour from quarantine, and it was a question whether or not she would come to anchor before the Captain learned that he might add to the luster already surrounding his name by identifying yet another fleeing felon on board his ship. Once at anchor, Graeme must swim for it. Micky had already figured out that that was his only chance. With a life-preserver or an oar pitched from the last life-boat aft, he might, if the tide were favorable, make the Long Island shore. But in the meantime? Suppose Ponsonby stumbled on the Roakby affair the first thing?

The ship's bell struck six times, and the bugler began simultaneously to blow the first call for dinner. Seven o'clock. It still lacked thirty minutes before the ringing notes of "Roast Beef of Old England" would send the passengers in their every-day clothes down into the saloon for their last musty meal at the line's expense.

Micky put out the lights in the wireless house and climbed down the ladder. Graeme's porthole showed a yellow circle through the fog, and he turned the handle of his door and opened it without knocking. Cosmo was sitting on the bunk — writing a letter. His face was ashen. He nodded, finished writing, licked the envelop, and, sealing it, wrote an address. Then he handed it to Micky.

"I say, old chap, mail this for me?" he said. "I mayn't get a chance. This is my last night of freedom, I fancy."

"Freedom — fiddlesticks!" retorted Micky. "I'll have you safe on shore before midnight — if you don't mind swimming in water that's a trifle cold."

Graeme shook his head.

"I don't mind cold water, but they'll have me under arrest before we're within reach of land. By the way, here's thrippence for the stamp."

Micky took the threepenny bit and the letter.

*The Hon. Evelyn Arabella Farqubar,*
*Toppingham Manor,*
*Toppingham,*
*Old Stotesbury, Hants.*

The blood rushed to his freckled face. He had striven to keep this phase of his relation to Graeme in complete abeyance, but now! It would be his last chance. What if it *weren't* his business? Was Graeme the accepted suitor of his Lady of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem or not? He opened his mouth as if in interrogation.

"It's only a penny to England," he said in a queer voice, fumbling awkwardly in his pocket and producing twopence. "You'll need the change when you get ashore."

Graeme laughed in spite of himself, and pocketed the two coppers.

"You're a queer chap," he said. "Somehow, when you are with me I feel as if nothing could happen."

He hesitated.

"Do you mind if I give you my watch? I'd like you to have something of mine. Your taking it would make me feel as if, somehow, you didn't blame me too much for what I'd done."

He unhooked his watch from its guard and laid it in Micky's hand.

"I'll exchange with you," said the Marconi man.

"You're an understanding sort of fellow," continued Graeme. "Maybe we'll meet again. I hope so."

"No," answered Micky; "we sha'n't ever meet again. But sometime, when you're mining out in Vancouver or farming in Manitoba or trading in the Malay Peninsula, you might look at the name engraved inside my old turnip and drop me a line how you are."

"Done!" said Graeme.

Each snapped on the other's timepiece, and Micky laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Now," said he, "put out your light and follow me up the ladder."

Graeme turned the switch and, locking the door of his state-room, placed the key in his pocket. No one was on deck. Indeed, the night had fallen swiftly and black darkness covered their movements. Micky opened the door of the wireless house stealthily and closed it after them.

"In about two hours," said he, in a whisper, "old Ponsonby will wake up to the fact that you are on board. Of course he knows you're Cosmo Graeme; Mrs. Trevelyan's responsible for that. Then he'll probably search the ship. I've got to keep you out of the way until you can swim for it, and that won't be until we're off Fire Island."

Behind the bunk was a narrow closet, totally concealed when the door of the wireless house was open, and amply large enough to contain a human being standing.

"I won't turn on the lights," said Micky; "and, even if any one comes up, there isn't a chance in a hundred of his finding you. You can sit on the bunk, and hide in the closet if we hear anybody on the ladder."

Micky sat down at his desk and put the re-

"'CAPTAIN PONSONBY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO INSULT ME IN THIS WAY!'"

ceivers to his ears. Instantly he found himself in the midst of a babel of sound. Within fifty miles of New York at nine o'clock at night the ocean is as noisy as a department-store. Everybody is working all along the coast from Hatteras to Glace Bay.

There was an unexpected diminution of speed and the engines of the *Pavonia* stopped. Through the mist appeared a row of yellow lights. Beyond could be seen the feeble ray of a searchlight creeping here and there around the zenith.

"Quarantine!" cried Micky. "It's now or never!"

There was a thunder of running chains, a thud, a roar — and the *Pavonia* was still. Suddenly he snatched up the receivers and placed them at his ears. A second or two more, and the blue flashes leaped in showers across his spark gap.

"Do you see those lights?" he whispered in running comment. "Over there to starboard? That's the *Patrie* — French liner — bound for Algiers. Operator is a friend of mine — Gaston Bruyère. She's waiting for the tide to turn and the fog to lift. To-morrow she'll be three hundred miles on her way to Africa. What do you say? Will you try it?"

"How can I get aboard?" asked Graeme.

"Wait a minute!"

Again the crackle of the leaping sparks.

"I've asked Bruyère to lend you a hand, and he says he will. Wants you to swim around to the starboard chains and he'll throw you a line. Are you on?"

"Yes!" replied Graeme.

Micky dropped his receivers and turned to where Graeme was sitting in the dark.

"I've a hunch Africa is the only place for you. This is your chance. You can trust whatever Bruyère says — and you're safe on board the Frenchman. No extradition papers are valid on the high seas. And it must be a great life — fighting the desert and the Arabs!"

"I've thought of it myself — often," answered Graeme. "Yes, I'll take the chance, and thank you for it."

They crept out of the wireless house, climbed down the ladder to the after-deck, and side by side walked silently toward the stern — the stern where a week before they two had struggled so fiercely together in the moonlight. Not more than two hundred feet away, the Frenchman lay with her nose toward the sea, her lights gleaming, the water pouring from her vents. Graeme took off his coat and waistcoat, and held out his hand.

"God bless you!" he whispered.

For the last time Micky turned to ask him a single question — but he did not ask it.

"Good-by," he answered. "Good luck and God bless *you!*"

Graeme lowered himself as far as he could over the stern, and dropped. There was a slight splash. A moment more and Micky could see his head bobbing among the waves as he was carried by the tide toward the Frenchman. Presently he was lost in the darkness.

"Well!" sighed Micky to himself. "That disposes of *one* of them!"

He folded the coat and waistcoat into as small a bundle as possible, and stole back to the wireless house.

## XIV

Micky slowly climbed his ladder, carrying Graeme's clothes on his arm, and wondering what luck the poor devil was having. He felt sure of Bruyère, and the tide was not so very strong. Anyhow, Graeme had been stroke at Oxford and certainly could take care of himself.

He opened the door of his office and stepped inside, drawing it to behind him, and, as he did so, became aware of that same delicate fragrance of violets that he had noticed the week before when he had awakened from sleep and observed Mrs. Trevelyan going down the ladder. But this was stronger.

"Micky!" Lily's voice came from out of the darkness.

"Why, Mrs. Trevelyan!" he stammered. "You here — in the dark?"

"Oh, I don't mind — if you don't," she answered in honeyed tones. "I love seeing the lights and things — and not being seen. Micky," she added, "I've come to say good-by to you. You've made the voyage so much pleasanter than it otherwise would have been!"

"It's been awfully jolly to have you on board," he answered gallantly, a vague uneasiness such as he had felt earlier in their acquaintance again coming over him. "Don't you want me to turn on the lights?"

"Oh, no!" she replied. "Unless it's against the rules to sit in the dark. Oh, Micky! Won't you be sorry to lose me?"

"Why — yes!" he answered truthfully, wondering what was coming next. She certainly was a wonderful creature.

"Micky!" She laid her hand on his arm. "You *do* like me, don't you?"

"Of course I do, Mrs. Trevelyan!" he replied, his voice trembling. He could smell now that curious perfume that exuded from her hair — her neck — like a drowsy odor of Araby. "*Every*body does," he added after a moment.

"Oh, Micky! Shame on you! That's not what I want!" she laughed playfully. "*You* do,

and that's enough! Here, you naughty boy! Give me your hand!"

In the darkness of the wireless house Micky felt her soft, gloved hand slide along his arm to his wrist and clasp his fingers. He knew it was wrong for him to be there. He wanted to run away, but he couldn't. He was fastened to where he sat as by a spell — by a spell which the enchantress was weaving tighter and tighter every moment. The blood had rushed to his face and neck and his pulse was beating a hundred and fifty to the minute.

"Micky dear! You'll come to see me in New York? Say you will! We mustn't lose sight of each other entirely."

"Of course I'll come," he answered weakly, the blood pounding in his ears.

"Come day after to-morrow — at five. We'll have a cup of tea together and talk over old times."

"Very well." He no longer tried to withdraw his hand.

There was a moment's silence. Then:

"Micky! Will you do something for me?"

"Why, certainly!" he answered, wondering what he could do for her.

"Bring this box with you."

She laid the box containing the necklace gently on his knees.

"You will — *won't* you?" she urged, bending toward him.

"Is it — all right?" he asked faintly.

"Why, Micky! Of course it's all right!" she whispered, and took his other hand in her left.

There was a stamp of feet outside, the door was thrown rudely open, and a ship's lantern held high in the hairy fist of a seaman illuminated the wireless house and disclosed Captain Ponsonby glaring at them, white with anger.

"Ex-*cuse* me!" he thundered, with elaborate sarcasm. "I did not know I was interrupting a — *meeting!*"

Lily sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing.

"Captain Ponsonby! What do you mean? You have no right to insult me in this way, a passenger on your ship!"

"Passengers are not allowed in the wireless house — at this hour!" he retorted. "May I offer you an escort to your cabin?"

Mrs. Trevelyan stood before him, speechless with fury. Her lace shawl had fallen upon the floor and her yellow hair had been slightly disarranged. For the first time Micky saw that she had on evening dress, and that her neck, which was quite bare, had blushed as red as her cheeks.

"I — I'll assist Mrs. Trevelyan," interrupted Micky.

"Oh — you will!" roared Captain Ponsonby. "Then *assist* her at once!"

He leaned over and turned on the electric lights. Micky stooped and picked up the filmy lace shawl and handed it to Mrs. Trevelyan. Then he offered her his arm and led her past the Captain and to the top of the ladder.

Lily gave a hollow laugh. "Charming fellow — Ponsonby!" she remarked nervously. "No, don't come down. I can take care of myself. Good night."

The Captain and his attendant were leaving the wireless house as Micky turned back, and he stood aside to let them pass. Ponsonby did not deign to notice his presence, and strode by in haughty silence; but the seaman with the lantern indulged in an expansive grin and a wink that distorted half his face. The glimmering line of lights that marked the Frenchman suddenly seemed to slide forward. She must be getting off. He threw over his mains, wound up his detector, and hurriedly called the *Patrie.*

"Friend arrived safely," flashed back Bruyère.

"Thank God!" muttered Micky, pleased at the sagacious manner in which his fellow operator had veiled his answer.

"Much obliged. Will write Algiers," he answered. "Good luck and GB."

As he removed the receivers something white upon the floor at his feet caught his eye. It was Mrs. Trevelyan's package, which she had overlooked in her embarrassment. Perhaps she had *not* overlooked it. Had he not intimated that he would accede to her request? Had he not, in fact, practically promised to do so? He weighed the package in his hand.

"There's only one thing that can be in *that,*" he remarked judicially, "and that's *pearls!*"

Micky had been correct in his supposition that Mrs. Trevelyan's absent-mindedness had been intentional. She had gone to the wireless house with a well-matured plan which contemplated concealing the package somewhere in Micky's chest of drawers, provided he did not return during her visit, and of communicating her request to him next day under circumstances that would make it seem discourteous on his part to decline. Should he refuse, it was her determination to return to the vessel a day or two later, secure the pearls from him, and take them ashore herself, when the customs inspectors were no longer on duty. She was wrathful at the Captain for his ill-timed interruption and the hippopotamus-like manner in which he had burst upon her rendezvous, and she was furious with herself and everybody else at the series of blunders which had characterized her

"THE GIRL FIXED HER EYES IMPLORINGLY UPON THE BARONET. 'YOU WON'T—YOU *WON'T* PUT JIM IN PRISON?' SHE PLEADED".

crossing. But, having determined upon her course, she made up her mind to fight it out on that line to the best of her ability. She had already filled out and signed a declaration in which no mention of the pearls had been made, and this she now sent to the purser's office by the hands of Fantine before going to bed. Micky had her address — the St. Regis — and she would trust to his honor as a gentleman and a sailor. For a moment all thought of Cosmo had vanished from her mind. Meantime the Captain sedulously searched the ship for Graeme, but without success. Certainly the man must be *somewhere* on board — it was only a question of finding his hiding-place; and it never occurred to the honest Ponsonby that his quarry could at that moment be safely on board a French liner speeding eastward toward Africa, and sound asleep in its wireless house, in a uniform belonging to an operator of the Marconi Company.

## XV

THE *Pavonia* was already under way the next morning when Lily Trevelyan awoke from a nervous and troubled sleep. The fog had cleared and the air sparkled with the brilliancy of autumn. But her discontent and melancholy had not vanished with the mist. Uneasily she wondered if she had not made a mistake in trusting so much to Micky's good nature — wondered if she had not obviously overplayed her hand — had not given herself away. What if he should hand the package back to her as she was leaving the ship?

She sprang out of bed and called for Fantine, but the maid was not there. Where could she have gone? Lily's anxiety increased. Hurriedly she began to dress herself without Fantine's customary assistance. But in the midst of her toilet the door opened, and the maid, dressed for landing, made her appearance.

"Oh, madame!" she cried. "*Quel malheur!* I have overheard the stewardesses talking. This Dorrance is a detective!"

"A what!" cried Lily faintly.

"A detective, madame! In the employ of the government!" answered Fantine, with a white face. "And madame has not declared her pearls?"

"No," answered her mistress. "Why? They were not purchased abroad — you understand?"

"*Oui*, madame," said the maid. "But the stewardess believes them to have been bought in Paris. Oh, madame! Last week they put a lady in prison who did not declare her furs."

Fantine began to wring her hands and walk excitedly up and down the room. Lily turned hot and then cold. Her knees seemed to have lost their strength.

"Nonsense!" she cried, in a tone unconvincing even to herself. "Nonsense!"

"It is true, madame!" wailed Fantine hysterically. "Madame Corwin-Hill was sent to the — *comment l'appelez-vous* — the *sépulcre* ——"

"Tombs" — corrected Lily.

"And another lady hung herself out of a window for shame and disgrace!"

"Stop, you fool!" almost shouted Lily. "Why do you tell me such things?"

But she sank into a chair and ground her nails into her palms. No, it was too late. The declaration was beyond her control — and so were the pearls. She must bluff it through.

As soon as she was dressed, she stepped out upon the deck into the gorgeous sunlight that flooded the harbor. The *Pavonia* was slowly sweeping by the green shores of Bay Ridge. Here and there, other huge liners were moving in the same and the opposite direction. The *Auguste-Victoria*, outward bound, bands playing and decks black with swarms of waving passengers, majestically swung past and gave the *Pavonia* a roar of welcome:

> Fest steht und treu die Wacht,
> Die Wacht am Rhein!

As she stood there at the steamer's side, a tug, whistling shrilly, came darting down channel toward the *Pavonia*. She looked at it idly, then focused her eyes upon the figure standing in the bow. It was her husband, Hubert Trevelyan, immaculately clad, as usual, his iron-grayish hair blowing back over his bald spot — a tall, rather stoop-shouldered figure, with an anxious, melancholy face. Behind him were stationed two other men, and the sunlight flashed and twinkled from time to time as it caught something upon the breast of each. Fear rose in her throat. Who were these men and why were they with Trevelyan? Were they customs inspectors, dogging him in order to prevent possible collusion as to the necklace? Why had he come down the harbor, anyway? Had the declarations already been filed and her deception made known? Or had he merely come to warn her against any attempt at evading the law? But already he had seen her and waved his hat passively. In reply she nodded. That was all — the only recognition between husband and wife separated for four months. The tug cut a wide circle, came up alongside, the companionway was lowered, and Trevelyan made his appearance, followed by the two officers. Lily did not go to meet him. She only turned in his direction as he hurried toward her.

"Hello, Trevelyan!" she remarked in matter-of-fact tones. "Why this excitement?"

He shook hands with her ceremoniously.

"I've come for Chilvers, of course," said he. "I wanted to avoid any publicity at the dock. You received my Marconigram? Why haven't you got on the necklace?"

She choked in spite of herself.

"I — I —" she stammered in a low tone. "I — haven't got it!"

"Haven't got it!" he cried, aghast. "Haven't got it! Why not? Where is it?"

"I haven't declared it," she answered. "Don't be cross with me! I shall manage. A friend of mine on the boat is going to bring it ashore for me."

He looked at her in consternation.

"You must be mad!" he whispered. "The customs people know all about that necklace. It's historic. Its sale was reported next day by cable in New York. You must get it back at once and wear it in."

"I wish I could," she gasped. "But I'm afraid it's too late."

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Why too late?"

"Oh, you wouldn't understand," she answered. "I didn't tell him what it was — but he suspects, do you see? And I really didn't give him a chance to refuse. We're in his hands — at his mercy."

She hurried him to the ladder leading to the wireless house, and the eyes of those on deck followed them curiously — this joyless aristocrat and his butterfly! Behind them walked the central office men.

"You have to go up here," she said. "I left it with the wireless operator."

Sir Hubert preceded her stiffly up the ladder, and waited while she knocked at the door of the wireless house. In a moment it was opened by Micky Fitz.

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Trevelyan!" he exclaimed in his usual cheerful manner. "What can I do for you?"

"I wish to present my husband, Sir Hubert Trevelyan," she answered. Micky held out his hand, but the baronet merely bowed. Then a look half of inspiration, half of mischief, crossed Micky's freckled face.

"Won't you step into my parlor?" he said, politely holding open the door.

They passed in, leaving the officers outside.

Sitting on the bunk, with her handkerchief to her eyes, was the Bennett girl. Mrs. Trevelyan did not recognize her.

"Mr. Fitzpatrick, my husband and I have come to find out if you have the package I left here last night," said Lily formally. She might have been the merest acquaintance. Indeed, from her tone one would have gathered such to be the case.

Micky hesitated, and looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"Yes," echoed Sir Hubert with emphasis. "What I want is my wife's necklace!"

"Necklace?" returned Micky innocently. "Was there a necklace in that package?"

Trevelyan bit his lips and metaphorically kicked himself for a fool.

"Yes — it contained my necklace," said Lily frankly. "I was trying to smuggle it in. I might as well tell you the truth."

Micky nodded.

"Right-o!" he exclaimed, experiencing one of those quick changes of emotion that Lily Trevelyan could always inspire. "But don't you think you were a bit rash?"

Trevelyan scowled.

"We are not here to discuss the wisdom of my wife's course," he remarked coldly. "The only question in which we are interested is whether you intend to return the necklace at once."

It would have been quite impossible for Micky to formulate the vague hope which the juxtaposition of Sir Hubert and the wife of the latter's unfortunate employee had suggested to him. Indeed, he would undoubtedly have then and there produced and turned over to Lily the package, had not the hitherto silent witness behind them created an unexpected diversion by suddenly swaying and toppling over upon the bunk. Micky darted forward; but Lily had taken in the situation and thrown herself upon her knees by the girl's side.

"She's fainted!" she cried. "Hand me that pitcher, Micky!"

In another moment she was gently bathing the girl's forehead, while Micky opened the door and windows.

The girl on the bunk opened her eyes and fixed them imploringly upon the baronet.

"You won't — you *won't* — put Jim in prison?" she pleaded in a weak voice.

"Er — are you speaking to *me?*" inquired Trevelyan, in an embarrassed manner. "Who *is* this young person, may I ask?"

"It's Mrs. Chilvers," said Micky, turning to the representative of the Royal Bank of Edinburgh. "The wife of the man who took that money from your London branch — that is, he didn't take it, but he was willing to assume the blame of it."

Trevelyan and his wife both turned to Micky in astonishment.

"What do you know about it, may I ask?" snapped the baronet, his manner changing abruptly. "That is what *she* says, I assume."

"It's God's own truth!" cried the Chilvers girl. "Every word of it! Father took the money for medicine and doctors and to send mother to Egypt. Without it she'd have died."

"Who *is* your father?" asked Sir Hubert.

"Fergus MacPherson," she replied.

Trevelyan seemed stunned.

"MacPherson! Why, he's been with the bank for over thirty years! It's impossible! He wouldn't betray his trust like that!" he cried angrily. "And *why* should any one else want to shoulder the blame for him?"

"On mother's account," answered the girl. "If father had been arrested, the shock would surely have killed her. So Jim — Chilvers — said it was better for him to pretend *he* was the one. So we ran away, and here we are."

"Oh, Hubert!" groaned Lily, in a rush of sympathy. "Don't arrest him!"

"A fine fool I'd make of myself with the directors if I didn't!" he retorted, the veins in his temples swelling ominously. "I never heard such a cock-and-bull story in my life! Aged father — dying mother — heroic lover! No, no! I'm too old a bird to be caught that way. Why, you've only got this girl's word for it! No man ever *admits* that he's a criminal. If there's any truth in his yarn let the jury acquit him!"

"It's true! I swear every word is true!" moaned the girl. "Are you going to lock him up in prison because he was too kind-hearted to let my mother know what father had done? Oh, Sir Hubert, have some pity! And father had worked for you thirty years,— thirty years,— and the most he was paid — at the very end — was *two hundred and fifty pounds a year!* He *couldn't* support us all and educate me, and have proper care for mother, on that!"

"Trevelyan," interrupted Lily, speaking very steadily and clearly, "let me say a word. I believe this girl. I don't believe her husband is a criminal. All I ask you is not to be hasty in the matter. Save him the humiliation of an arrest and have his story investigated. The directors certainly would not want to punish an innocent man, and they probably wouldn't want to prosecute old Fergus MacPherson under the circumstances."

"But my duty!" returned Trevelyan doggedly. "How about my duty? Are we to let people commit crime without being punished for it?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir Hubert," said Micky quietly. "I believe you were asking for Mrs. Trevelyan's necklace. Here it is — without any strings to it, either."

Trevelyan turned a deep red.

"Hubert," murmured Lily, "do you know whom I thought those officers were coming for? I thought they were going to arrest a woman for attempting to violate the customs laws. She was guilty, too. But it turned out they were after a poor fellow who had committed no crime at all. Can't you do something for him, Trevelyan? Let him go! Let them start life over again somewhere else! Do it for me! I ask you! For me!"

Trevelyan gnawed his mustache and looked nervously out of the window.

"Of course," he stammered, "I have no personal feeling in the matter. On the contrary, I am very much affected by what the young woman tells me. But the writ has been issued and the warrant will have to be served."

"Excuse me," contradicted Micky. "Extradition is simply a courtesy extended by one country to another. If the complainants request it the warrant need not be served. It's up to you!"

Trevelyan started toward the door, but before reaching it he turned.

"In view of all the circumstances, I will take the matter up with our local board before sending Chilvers back to England," he said gruffly. "Meantime I will withhold the warrant and merely keep him under surveillance. But I warn you," — he looked sternly at Mrs. Chilvers,— "that this is only temporary, and that the chances are we shall allow the extradition proceedings to be carried through."

He walked out sententiously.

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Lily. "He thinks he means it — but he doesn't. He's all for law and order and all that sort of thing — theoretically. But he'll cool off. I promise you — I *promise* you that nothing shall happen to Chilvers. You can trust me for that. I'll *make* him see the truth!"

She nodded to the girl and started to join her husband.

"Micky," she added over her shoulder, "don't forget our engagement — to-morrow afternoon at the St. Regis, at five o'clock precisely."

Micky laughed and took off his cap to her.

"I fancy everything is all right, Mrs. Chilvers," he said.

## XVI

THE great ship steamed up the channel, swung round the Battery and into the North River amid a throng of shrieking tugs and ferryboats. Micky sat aloft in his little cage, smoking his pipe and taking in the scenes at the dock with huge enjoyment. He was in no hurry to go ashore. In fact, unless he were fooling with

horses, he'd rather be on a boat, even with nothing to do, than hanging around town, any day in the week.

"Hello, Micky!" said Binks, sticking his head in the door. "'Ere's a pyper in exchange for that *Pink 'Un* you gave me! Goin' ashore?"

"Thanks, old chap!" replied Micky. "No — not just yet."

Binks departed down the ladder, and Micky lazily opened the paper; but he found little in it to excite his interest, since he had heard most of the news through the air the evening before and during the early morning. Sheet after sheet he scanned of murder mysteries, divorce actions, run-overs, and political upheavals, until on the fourteenth page his eye caught a column entitled "Social Gotham," with the sub-heading of "Earl of Toppingham Visits America."

"Humph!" thought Micky. "The old scallywag! What does *he* want to visit America for?" He ran down the column. Toward the bottom appeared the following:

The Right Hon. the Earl of Toppingham, accompanied by his granddaughter, the Hon. Evelyn Arabella Farquhar, is stopping for a few days at the Plaza, preparatory to making a trip over the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver, and thence to Japan and India, where his eldest son is in command of a division of the regular army. The party consists of the Earl, his granddaughter, a secretary, valet and maid. It is the Earl's intention first to visit Niagara before proceeding west. His lordship expresses himself as much pleased with our country, but comments unfavorably upon the rates of cab hire, the prevalence of pictorial advertising, and the character of the Broadway musical shows. The Hon. Evelyn Farquhar is a well-known favorite in London society, and her engagement to Cosmo Graeme, youngest son of Lord Varricks, who disappeared two weeks ago after the Roakby murder, has been announced. It is supposed that the visit of the Earl is upon his granddaughter's account and for the purpose of diverting her mind by a prolonged journey in the Far East.

Micky swung his feet to the floor and sat bolt upright. The alarm-clock before him pointed to ten minutes past twelve. The passengers were all safely down the gang-plank and still engaged in combat with the inspectors. He felt in his pocket for change, grabbed his faded cap from its hook, and ran down the ladder. On the main deck he met Binks.

"Sorry," he said, as he hurried by; "I find I can't go with you this afternoon. Got another engagement."

"Oh, you have, have you?" remarked Binks suspiciously. "Wot's her name?"

"None of your blooming business!" retorted Micky, turning the color of a tomato. Then he escaped down the gang-plank, and, parrying the questions of the guardian at the gate, hurried across to Ninth Avenue.

It was exactly three minutes before one when there entered the Plaza Hotel from the Fifty-ninth Street side a somewhat short, freckle-faced, auburn-haired, and anxious-looking young person in a shabby blue uniform. The sleek youth at the revolving doors looked at him doubtfully.

"Whodoyer*want?*" he shot at him.

But Micky was already at the marble-topped desk, with his eye fixed on the elegant frock-coated figure that lounged behind it. The figure continued to lounge even after Micky had accosted him.

"Earl of Toppingham? Sure, he's staying here. What do you want to see him about?" answered the clerk, eyeing him condescendingly.

Micky clenched his fists. He would have liked to knock the fellow's block off.

"I wish to see Miss Farquhar," he growled, controlling himself.

"Oh, you do? Well, how do you know she'll see *you?*" inquired the clerk, who spoke as if Micky should have applied for admission to the hotel at the kitchen entrance.

"I'll take a chance on it," he muttered. "Give me a blank card — *Lord Algernon.*"

The clerk glared at him, but haughtily indicated a receptacle containing cards.

Micky wrote something upon one of them, carefully inclosed it in an envelop, sealed and addressed it, and delivered it to a hall-boy, together with half a dollar. Then he stared the clerk out of countenance and took a seat in a grove of potted palms. The boy was gone about ten minutes. Then he appeared, looking eagerly in every direction.

"Come right up," he said, nodding hospitably.

Micky stumbled after his guide into a bronze-gilt elevator, and along miles and miles of highly polished hall to a mahogany door. His guide turned a handle that caused the feeble imitation of a decrepit alarm-clock on the inside. The door was opened by Morley, the gray-haired valet of the Earl of Toppingham, who unemotionally took Micky's cap and preceded him to another door, knocked, and left him.

"Come in," said the Hon. Miss Evelyn.

Micky felt the blood rush to his eyes and head. Suppose the Earl should be inside there too? He felt himself choking.

"Don't be a blooming ass!" he muttered, and turned the handle.

It was a big room, furnished severely but expensively, and there was no one there except a young lady standing by the window, in a trim gray walking-suit, her golden — really golden — hair neatly done up under a small but rakish

"EVELYN STOOD QUITE STILL, STARING AT HIM IN WONDER. 'MICKY!' SHE GASPED. 'I THOUGHT YOU MUST BE DEAD!'"

hat. It was not his Lady of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, but another — a glorified, an apotheosized Evelyn; only her eyes and lips were the same. She stood quite still, staring at him in a sort of half wonder, and he approached her speechless.

"Micky!" she gasped. "I thought you must be dead!"

"Is that why you didn't answer my letters?" he asked stiffly.

"But I *did*," she replied tremulously — "all I got. I only received three. And I went on writing to you just the same. Haven't you got them?"

"None," answered Micky, with a lump in his throat. "Oh, Evvy! I haven't had anything but that postal from Cortina!"

"You poor boy!" she exclaimed, coming toward him. He started forward, questioning her with swimming eyes.

"Then you're *not* engaged to Cosmo Graeme?"

"No — of course not!" she cried, with a little laugh that was half a sob. "How could I be, when I'm engaged — to some one else?"

That most sedately correct person, Mr. Jonathan Morley, several times poked his head inside the door to announce that luncheon was ready, and each time discreetly withdrew it. His lordship had gone downtown to attend a midday banquet in his honor given by the Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. Morley did not feel at all at his ease with respect to what he observed in the drawing-room of his master. More especially, however, his conscience began to smite him for having arranged for the abstraction of the letters of the pair inside, who, he observed, were quite oblivious of his existence. The luncheon grew cold — colder — stone-cold. At the end of an hour Mr. Morley regretfully ordered its removal, and retired to his lordship's bed-chamber to lay out the evening clothes of his master.

In the embrasure of the window these two babes in the wood sat in much the same posture that they had occupied in the grove behind the gamekeeper's on that memorable afternoon three years before.

"You must never, never leave me now, Micky dear," whispered the Hon. Evelyn. "I've been so lonely! Grandpa has been utterly unreasonable. Why, he used to instruct me just what I was to say to different people — imagine! And I'm sure he gave it out that I was engaged to Cosmo."

"The old ruffian!" answered Micky, patting the back of her hand. "But, poor old chap, perhaps he was right. I might have become an awful bounder, you know, batting around this way all over the globe. But I'm going to settle down now — and I'm going to find your letters, if I have to visit every Marconi office in the civilized world!"

"But you've enjoyed it, haven't you?" she teased him.

"Enjoyed it! Have you?" he answered.

He drew her to him and kissed the lips that quivered and smiled at the same time.

"Lunch!" she suddenly exclaimed, disengaging herself from his arms. "Why, it's half-past two!"

"Oh, hang the lunch!" answered Micky. "Let's cut it out and go for a drive. We can get tea somewhere."

A moment later the much scandalized Morley saw his mistress depart with her shabby visitor. He shook his head resignedly.

"Hit's no use kickin' against the pricks!" he ruminated sadly, as they entered the elevator. "What is written is written! I wonder what his lordship'll say when he comes back!"

The elegant young man in the office almost lost his balance as he saw the Hon. Evelyn Arabella Farquhar and her escort pass unconcernedly through the hall and enter a hansom, and his excitement was shared in almost equal degree by the six-foot starter on the sidewalk.

"Where to, sir?" asked that stately person, touching his cap respectfully.

"Oh, anywhere!" answered Micky casually. "Anywhere that'll take until about half after six to get back from."

"Very good, sir!" gasped the starter. "*Yonkers!*" said he to the cabby, with a grin behind his gloved hand.

The Hon. the Earl of Toppingham did not return to the hotel until nearly five o'clock. He was somewhat out of temper, as his taxicab had collided with a brewery wagon, and he had been obliged to give his name, occupation, and address to an assiduous policeman, very much to his disgust. He had also essayed to walk from the scene of the disaster, and had lost himself in the neighborhood of the East River.

Morley followed him deprecatingly into his bedroom and coughed suggestively.

"Mr. Michael has turned hup, sir," he said in well-considered tones.

"What!" ejaculated the noble Earl. "Here?"

"Just so, sir!" replied Morley regretfully. "And I should tell your lordship that Miss Farquhar went out with him at 'arf after two, sir, and 'as not yet returned, sir."

The Earl of Toppingham made no reply. Then, with his back to Morley, he said:

"Have you still got all those letters?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Well, give them to me," directed his master. "I may be able to arrange to have them delivered."

Then the Earl of Toppingham, who was really a nice old man according to his lights, went alone into the drawing-room, and, having lit a very cheap and nasty cigar, stood looking out over the waving tree-tops in the park for upward of an hour; and he was still watching the lines of misty lights that circled among the foliage or marched in double columns along its boundaries when the door opened and Evelyn came in.

"Hello, grandpa!" she cried, going over and putting her arms around his neck. "I suppose Morley has told you the whole thing?"

His lordship bent and kissed her flushed cheeks. "My little Evvy!" he whispered. "My little Evvy!"

"Beg pardon, sir!" called the astonished cabby after Micky, as the latter was leaving the steps of the Plaza just as the Hon. Evelyn had entered her apartment on the twenty-fifth floor. "Ain't yer goin' to pay me? This here old hoss is clean played out."

Micky stopped short and thrust his hands into his pockets one after the other.

"How much is it?" he inquired calmly.

"Thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents," answered the cabby.

"Is *that* all?" said Micky. "That's much too cheap. I shouldn't think you could feed the horse on that — apart from yourself. But, you know, I haven't any small change about me."

"Eh!" cried the cabby. "What are you givin' me?"

"Charge it to the Earl of Toppingham!" said Micky, lighting a cigarette.

"Charge nuthin'!" shouted the cabman. "You give me my money!"

"Oh, well," retorted Micky, climbing into the cab, "drive me down to the Cunard Pier!"

He had finished his last cruise! His job with the Marconi Company was over. The leggy little girl with the big dog was his! He was going back to England — dear, rotten old England, as Graeme had called it — to begin a new and very different life, a life of responsibility, he hoped of usefulness, with Evelyn beside him. It had been a strange mix-up, yet it had all come out better than any one could have expected.

The cab rumbled across car-tracks and cobble-stones until it stopped in front of the big pier with its flashing rows of electric lights.

"Wait a minute," said Micky, as he climbed out. "I'll be back in a minute and give you the money."

"No, you don't!" remarked the cabby. "Me an' you will go along together."

"Oh, very well," answered his fare. "Come along. Perhaps sometime you'll want to take a state-room on the boat."

They climbed the stairs to the upper story, passed the watchman, who looked suspiciously at the shabby fellow carrying his whip in his hand, and thence ascended the gang-plank to the *Pavonia*.

"This way, my friend," said Micky, leading him to the purser's office.

The rat-faced purser was hard at work at his accounts, and did not look up at his visitor's approach.

"Hello there, old chap!" called Micky through the grating. "Come over here a minute, like a good fellow; I want to speak to you."

"Wait a minute, Micky," answered the other meditatively, still counting — "and nine is sixty-seven." He wrote it down, and stepped to the window. "What do you want — money?"

"Yes," said Micky, "among other things."

"What are the others?" laughed the purser. "Perhaps they're easier to get."

"Well," replied Micky in his most casual manner, "I want to engage Saloon A 1, and the rooms that go with it, for the return voyage. You call it the 'bridal suite,' don't you?"

The purser looked at him reprovingly.

"What kind of a joke is that?" he asked. "Are you tight?"

"Haven't had a drink since we left Naples," answered Micky. "This is on the level."

The purser eyed him suspiciously.

"Who for?" he inquired.

"Myself," said Micky, with dignity.

"You make me *sick!*" snapped the purser.

"I'm not kidding," answered Micky. "I want to engage it — honor bright."

"Go soak your head!" rapped out the other.

"Are you going to take my order or not?" inquired Micky loftily.

The purser shoved a yellow blank toward him under the grating.

"All right, smarty," he retorted; "sign an application if you want it."

Micky took up the pen, and hesitated a moment as if trying to recollect something he had almost forgotten. Then he filled out the slip carefully, taking a long time about it, and slid it back to the purser. At the bottom, after the words "Signature of applicant," appeared in Micky's labored scrawl the name:

*Michael Fitzpatrick St. Giles Stanley Hamilton, Earl of Roakby, Viscount Chiselhurst, Baron Montagu.*

"You see," he explained semi-apologetically, "that Roakby chap who was shot in England the other day happened to be my uncle. Now, Shylock, old chap," he added patiently, "just give me a month's wages to pay my cabby, will you?"

THE END

WILLIAM JAMES SIDIS, WHO ENTERED HARVARD AT FOURTEEN, AND ASTONISHED ALL HIS INSTRUCTORS BY HIS PROFOUND GRASP OF MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES. AT FIVE HE COULD STATE OFFHAND ON WHAT DAY OF THE WEEK A GIVEN DATE WOULD FALL

# LIGHTNING CALCULATORS

## A STUDY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HARNESSING THE SUBCONSCIOUS

BY

## H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

NOT so very long ago there passed through New York a seven-year-old boy who, although the general public had heard little about him, was an object of considerable scientific curiosity. His name was Miguel Alberto Mantilla, he was the son of a Mexican banker, and he was then on his way to Europe for a pleasure tour with his father. There was nothing about his appearance to suggest that he was in any respect an extraordinary boy. But, as certain scientists had been informed, and as they were eager to verify for themselves, he possessed a singular mental accomplishment, rare not only among children but among full-grown men and women. And, to make his "case" more interesting, this accomplishment had first manifested itself with dramatic unexpectedness.

Briefly stated, the story that had preceded him to New York, backed by the weight of affidavits sworn to by judges, lawyers, educators, and prominent business men of his native town of San Juan Bautista, was as follows:

### *Miguel Mantilla, the Mexican Child Prodigy*

Until he was six years old, little Miguel's life had been that of the average child, a life made up mostly of eating, sleeping, and playing. No attempt had been made to educate him, except that he had been given some elementary instruction in reading. On the evening of February 1, 1910 — that is, two days after his sixth birthday — his father was discussing with his mother the advisability of keeping open, on at least one of the three holidays that would occur in February, the bank of which he was manager.

"I think," he observed, "that I will close it on two of them, but keep it open the third" — naming a date.

Miguel, playing on the floor, looked up sharply.

"But, father," said he, "you certainly will have to close it that day, for it will be Sunday."

"That is true," responded his father, after a moment's thought. "And how did you know it would be Sunday?"

"Why, that was easy for me. I can guess many things much more difficult than that."

"In that case," said Mr. Mantilla, smiling, "perhaps you can tell us on what date the first Sunday of April will be in 1918?"

### *What Day of the Week was January 24, 1839?*

To his amazement, the child, after an interval of only a few seconds, named a date which investigation proved to be correct. Other questions of a similar character followed. Always the right answer was given. Astonished, perplexed, and possibly a little worried, the Mantillas called in some of their neighbors. Again the boy was questioned; again he displayed an unerring knowledge of the intricacies of the calendar. "What day of the week was January 24, 1839, my birthday?" asked one neighbor, Professor C. M. Maldonado, of the Institute of Juarez. "Thursday," came the prompt and correct reply.

"And the same date in the year 2000?"

"Monday," was the equally correct answer.

Other leading Bautistans examined Miguel in the course of the next few weeks, and so impressed were they with the seemingly supernatural character of his "gift" that they decided that a report should at once be made to the American Society for Psychical Research. In the statement accompanying their affidavits it was stated that:

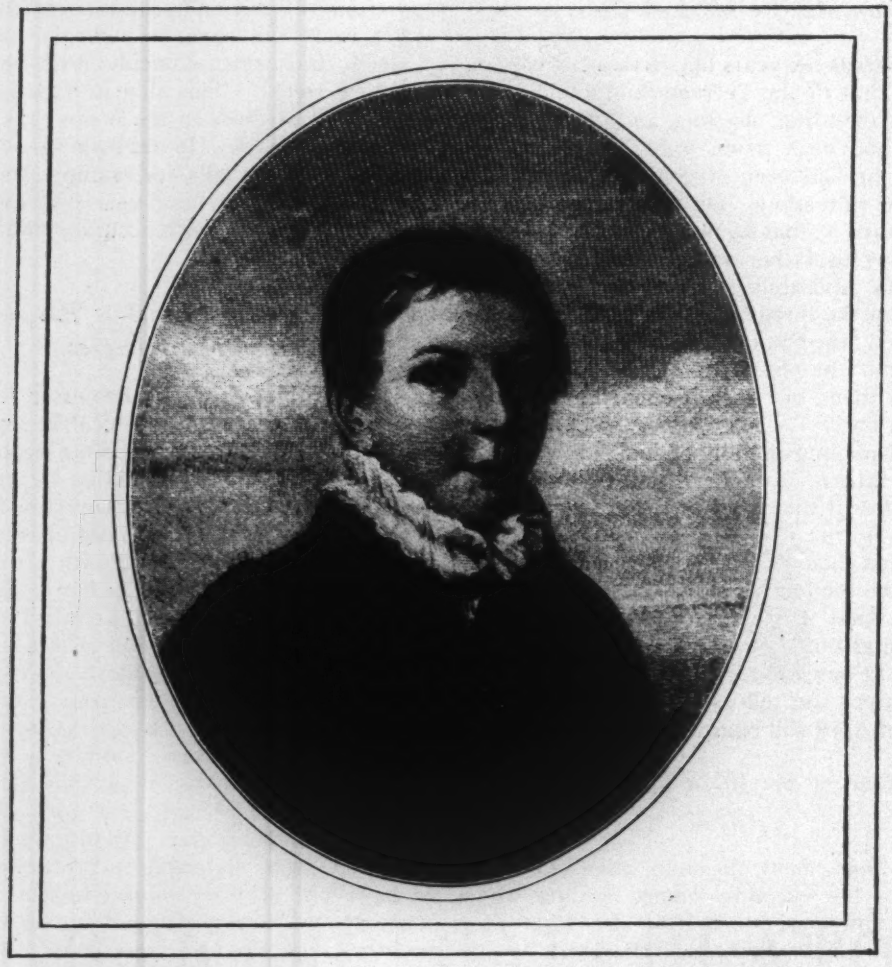
"He has the rare and surprising faculty of resolving as quickly as he is asked, and with entire precision, such questions as: 'What days of the week coincide with the date of a known month and year?' 'What dates of a month correspond to a day and year determined upon?' 'What years will have, in a month indicated, a certain date which coincides with any given day of the week?' This alike in regard to years past as well as those in the future, taking into account leap years. He has been asked repeatedly on what date falls, for example, the second Sunday of a month and year indicated. All of which he answers with accuracy and without doubt or hesitation."

### *Seven-Year-Old Miguel is Put through the Third Degree*

Tested in New York by Professor J. H. Hyslop, of the Society for Psychical Research, the boy fully bore out this glowing report from Mexico. In a long examination he made but two mistakes,— barring one slip, which he immediately corrected,— and both of these errors referred to dates in the sixteenth century previous to the change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar. He named correctly the days of the week on which would fall such a variety of dates as July 4, 1876; August 18, 1854; September 10, 1910; October 1, 1901; and June 6, 1900. He gave 1522 (incorrect), 1910, 1916, and 2000 as years when February 4 would fall on a Friday; and 1630, 1799, 1805, 1811, 1822, 1901, 1907, 1918, 1929, and 2002 as having December 15 on Sunday. All of these and other days and dates, according to Professor Hyslop, he gave with scarcely an exception in less than a quarter of a minute after each problem was put to him. And this at a time (May of last year) when he was not eight, and was barely able to read!

Now, what is the explanation of such astounding mental mastery of the calendar, especially in one so young? Is it necessary to assume that Miguel Alberto Mantilla is the happy possessor of a supernormal faculty denied to the vast majority of men? Is it that his peculiar ability is perfectly normal, but the result of an exceptional inheritance? Or is it merely that he utilizes a power common to all mankind but not commonly drawn upon? And, in this case, would it be possible for others, by appropriate training, to develop the same "gift," or one analogous to it?

For myself, after a somewhat prolonged study of the whole problem of "lightning calculation," I am strongly inclined to answer both of these last two questions in the affirmative. I believe, indeed, that the prevalent tendency to regard "boy wonders" of the Mantilla type as products of a bizarre heredity — and hence inexplicable on any developmental theory — is simply the result of neglect on the part of scien-



GEORGE BIDDER, SON OF AN ENGLISH STONE-MASON, WHO AT TEN COULD ANSWER SUCH QUESTIONS AS: "HOW MANY DROPS IN A PIPE OF WINE, SUPPOSING EACH CUBIC INCH TO CONTAIN 4,685 DROPS, EACH GALLON 231 INCHES, AND A PIPE 126 GALLONS?" BIDDER BECAME A GREAT ENGINEER

tists to inquire closely into the life histories of such prodigies. The few really stimulating investigations that have been made — notably those by the Englishman F. W. H. Myers and the Frenchman Alfred Binet — have attracted scant attention from the scientific world. The average scientist, almost as much as the average layman, regards the lightning calculator as a freak of nature, a thing to be marveled at but not understood — as presenting, for that matter, a riddle the attempted solution of which can only be a waste of time. Whereas, for reasons that I shall endeavor to make entirely clear, there actually is warrant for the assertion that few problems in any field of scientific inquiry, from a practical no less than a theoretical point of view, are more deserving of systematic, thorough, and extensive research.

### *Lightning Calculation a Manifestation of Genius*

My own belief, to be specific, is that the mental processes of lightning calculators like little Miguel Mantilla differ not at all from those of ordinary human beings; that the only difference is an unusual facility of access to resources shared by everybody of normal mentality; and that this facility of access, in turn, depends on a factor utilizable by all. I believe, further, that the performances of lightning calculators are essentially, if in a low degree, manifestations of what we call "genius," and that, through diligently studying the mechanisms operant in their feats, we shall gain not merely greater insight into the nature of genius, but assistance in enabling us to approximate more

TRUMAN SAFFORD, THE "YOUNG VERMONT MATHEMATICIAN." HE WAS AN EXTREMELY RAPID CALCULATOR, AND AT TEN COULD MULTIPLY ONE ROW OF FIFTEEN FIGURES BY ANOTHER OF EIGHTEEN IN A MINUTE OR LESS. HE WAS ONE OF THE FIVE KNOWN LIGHTNING CALCULATORS WHO SHOWED HIGH ALL-AROUND MENTAL ABILITY

and more closely ourselves to the achievements of men of genius.

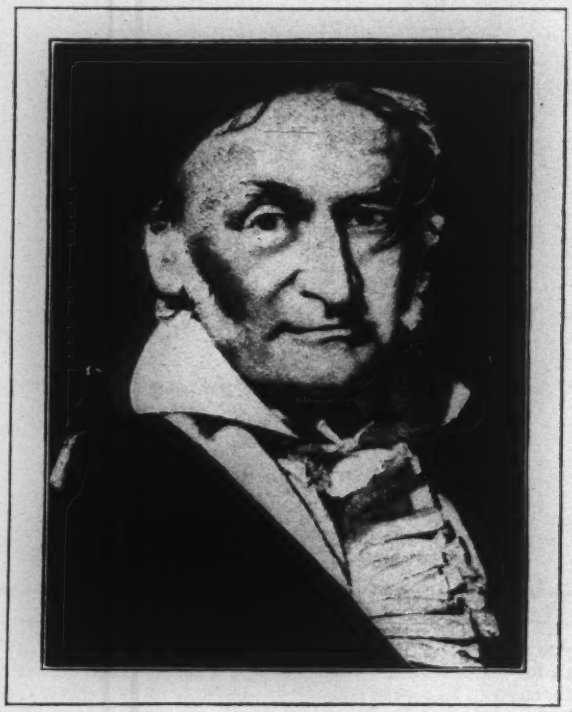
Assuredly, plenty of material is available for the work of investigation. Authentic records are extant of more than a score of lightning calculators, several of whom, it is worth noting, are or at one time were calendar experts on the order of the Mantilla boy. When William James Sidis, that remarkable fourteen-year-old Harvard student who for several years has been astonishing his instructors by his really profound grasp of mathematical principles, was a child of five, he could similarly state almost offhand on what day of the week a given date would fall. This, by the way, was his sole accomplishment in the realm of lightning calculation, just as it seems to be young Mantilla's sole accomplishment. On the other hand, mental juggling with dates is but an item in the repertoire of Jacques Inaudi, one of the best known and most spectacular of present-day professional calculators.

### *The Spectacular Performances of an Italian Peasant*

Inaudi, who was born on an Italian farm forty-five years ago, grew to manhood quite uneducated, not learning to read or write until he was nearly twenty. None the less, he was only six when he first manifested a passion for figures, and at the tender age of seven he was nonchalantly executing mental multiplications of two numbers each containing five figures. He was not much older when his brother took him on an organ-grinding tour, Jacques' duty

being to hold his cap for pennies, and to try to coax in a few more by giving exhibitions of his arithmetical dexterity. In this way he was brought to public notice, and in due course graduated from the road to the café and from the café to the variety-hall. At twenty-four, while performing in Paris, he was examined by a number of scientists, including Charcot, Darboux, and Binet, who confessed themselves staggered by the rapidity of his calculations and the extent of his memory for figures.

At the close of one sitting he was asked to repeat the figures used in the different problems set him during an examination of upward of two hours. These totaled two hundred and thirty, a careful record having been kept. Inaudi, Binet declares, went through the entire list without a mistake. At another sitting he was given a number containing twenty-two figures; eight days after, having meanwhile been giving his daily performances in the theater, he was unexpectedly asked to recall this number, and, to the general amazement, he succeeded in doing so. Requested to cube the number 27, he gave the correct response in ten seconds. Three seconds after the last word had fallen from the lips of his examiner, he gave the exact number of seconds in a period of thirty-nine years, three months, and twelve hours. He gave the square root of four-figure numbers in from one to three seconds, and multiplied five-figure numbers in forty seconds.



KARL GAUSS, A FAMOUS MATHEMATICIAN WHO AT NINE ENTERED THE ARITHMETIC CLASS OF A LOCAL SCHOOL, WHERE HE STARTLED AND ANNOYED HIS TEACHER BY WRITING DOWN THE ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS AS SOON AS THEY WERE STATED

Yet Inaudi's rapidity of calculation is, after all, not more impressive than that of the majority of first-class performers in the same field; and many have attacked successfully problems much more complicated than he essays. Arthur F. Griffith, "Marvelous Griffith," the Syracuse, Indiana, calculator, who died last Christmas at the age of thirty-one after many years' service on the vaudeville stage, is credited with having raised a number to the sixth power in eleven seconds, and with having multiplied two rows of nine figures in considerably less than half a minute.

### *Some Questions Answered by a Six-Year-Old American Child*

Great rapidity also characterized Zerah Colburn, an American prodigy of last century, who attained fame as a professional calculator before he had passed his seventh birthday. Here are a few of the mathematical questions correctly answered by him when he was a child of six:

"Assuming that a clock strikes 156 times in one day, how many times will it strike in two thousand years?"

"What is the square of 1,449?"

"Supposing I have a corn field in which are 7 acres, having 17 rows to each acre, 64 hills to each row, 8 ears to a hill, and 150 kernels on an ear; how many kernels in the corn field?"

"What sum multiplied by itself will produce 998,001?"

The answer to this question was given in four seconds, while in ten seconds the answer was given to the question:

"Admitting the distance between Concord and Boston to be 65 miles, how many steps must I take in going this distance, allowing that I go three feet at a step?"

### *"If You Will Tell Me Your Age in Years I Will Tell It in Seconds"*

Henri Mondeux, a French calculator of the same order, specialized, as a child, in rapid reduction of time to seconds. It was through his ability in this respect that he first became a pub-

lic character. Walking, one day, a ragged, barefoot urchin, across a field near Tours, he fell into conversation with two young ladies, strangers to him, and, after answering their questions regarding the neighborhood, astonished them by saying to the younger of the two:

"If you will tell me your age in years, I will tell it to you in seconds."

"I am nineteen," said she.

"Then you have lived 599,184,000 seconds."

Noting his reply, which was given without an instant's hesitation, the young ladies showed it to a schoolmaster in Tours, who verified it by working out the calculation for himself. Profoundly impressed, he sought Mondeux, found he could not read or write and knew nothing of arithmetic as taught in the text-books, and invited him to Tours to receive some education. From Tours, at fourteen, he was taken to Paris, where his powers as a ready reckoner were tested by a committee of the Academy of Sciences.

"MARVELOUS GRIFFITH," AN INDIANA CALCULATOR WHO COULD RAISE A NUMBER TO THE SIXTH POWER IN ELEVEN SECONDS. HE COULD NOT HOLD AN ORDINARY CONVERSATION THREE MINUTES WITHOUT BRAIN-FAG, BUT COULD TALK FOR HOURS ABOUT MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS

This committee, besides ascertaining that he undoubtedly could in a very few moments reduce to seconds any given number of years, discovered also, in the words of its report to the Academy, that he "easily executes in his head not only diverse operations of arithmetic, but even, in many cases, the numerical resolution of equations; he invents processes, sometimes remarkable, to solve various questions which ordinarily are treated with the aid of algebra." Problems of the most puzzling kind were answered by him with an ease that amazed his every questioner. Thus, on one occasion he was asked:

### *The Problem of the Fountain*

"In a public square there is a fountain containing an unknown quantity of water. Around it stand a group of people with vessels capable of containing a certain unknown quantity. They draw at the following rate: The first takes 100 quarts and $\frac{1}{13}$ of the remainder; the second, 200 quarts and $\frac{1}{13}$ of the remainder; the third, 300 quarts and $\frac{1}{13}$; and so on until the fountain is emptied. How many quarts were there in it?"

Without so much as touching pencil to paper, and after only a few seconds' deliberation, Mondeux gave the correct answer. Small wonder that the superstitious peasants of his native village of Neuvy-le-Roi suspected him of being in constant touch with an evil spirit that whispered the answers to him. Had he lived in the Middle Ages he surely would have been hanged or burned as a wizard.

Vito Mangiamele, a Sicilian, was another calculator quizzed by members of the Academy of Sciences. He was even younger than Mondeux, and totally lacking in education, when he appeared before that learned body; yet he was able to entertain it with several startling arithmetical feats. In half a minute he found the cube root of 3,796,416, and in little longer time the tenth root of 282,476,249. He also solved the equation $x^5-4x-16,779=0$, and in less than a minute correctly answered the question: "What satisfies the condition that its cube plus five times its square is equal to forty-two times itself increased by 40?" Mangiamele was then only ten years and four months old.

### *Mental Multiplication in 100-Figure Numbers*

But more remarkable than any of the foregoing was the German calculator Zacharias Dase, who began giving public exhibitions at the age of fifteen. His ability to retain and men-

tally manipulate vast masses of figures has never been equaled by any other calculator on record. Most calculators, for example, have found it impossible to multiply in their heads two numbers containing more than ten or fifteen figures apiece. Excepting Dase, only one — that eighteenth-century marvel, Jedediah Buxton — has thus multiplied as high as two forty-figure numbers. Dase, however, went far beyond this, for at least once he mentally multiplied two one-hundred-figure numbers. Besides which, he once extracted, entirely by mental processes, the square root of a sixty-figure number, and another time that of a hundred-figure number. This last operation took him only fifty-two minutes. Almost always, in fact, no matter how large the sums with which he had to deal, his calculations were performed in less time than would be required by the average mathematical expert working on paper.

### *Most Lightning Calculators Lack All-Round Mental Ability*

Oddly enough, outside of calculation, Dase was a sad ignoramus. Still, this has to be said of most lightning calculators. Of the more celebrated, only five, so far as the records show, have displayed anything like a high all-round mental ability — Truman Safford, George Bidder and his son of the same name, André Ampère, and Karl Gauss. Of these, Safford, like Colburn, the son of a Vermont farmer, became in 1876 professor of astronomy at Williams College, where he remained until his death in 1901. He was a child of less than three when his parents discovered "the grand bias of his mind" toward mathematics, and by the time he was six he was able to calculate mentally the number of barleycorns (617,760) in 1,040 rods. Before he was eight he had begun to study algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and astronomy; and in his tenth year he published an almanac computed entirely by himself. He was, too, like Inaudi, Mangiamele, and the rest, an extremely rapid calculator, even then multiplying one row of fifteen figures by another of eighteen in "not more than one minute," as has been testified by the Rev. H. W. Adams, a mathematician who put him through a grueling three hours' examination.

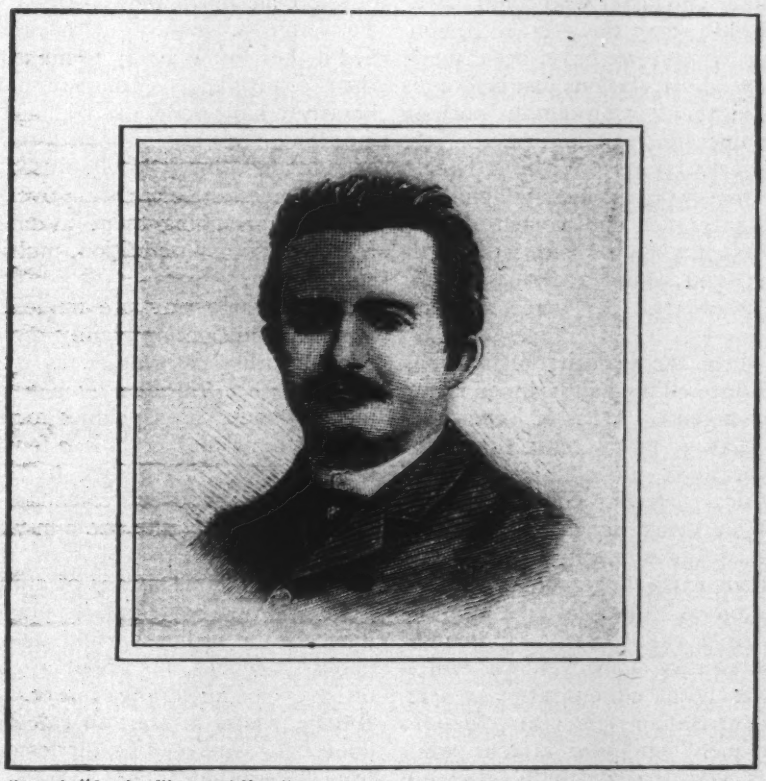
The elder Bidder, son of an English stonemason, received his "first and only instruction in numbers," at about six years of age, from an older brother who taught him to count up to a hundred. At ten he was answering such questions as: "Suppose a cistern, capable of holding 170 gallons, to receive from one cock 54 gallons, and at the same time to lose by leakage 30 gallons, every minute; in what time will the cistern be full?" "How many drops are there in a pipe of wine, supposing each cubic inch to contain 4,685 drops, each gallon 231 inches, and a pipe 126 gallons?" At the age of eleven, some of Bidder's admirers raised a fund to place him in school, and eventually he attended the University of Edinburgh, where he had a brilliant career. Afterward he became one of the great engineers of England, his most notable work being the construction of the Victoria Docks at London. His son, somewhat inferior to him in calculating ability, won honors as a student at Cambridge, and, entering law, quickly made himself a successful barrister.

### *A Three-Year-Old Child Corrects His Father's Reckoning*

It is in Ampère and Gauss, though, that we find the most distinguished representatives of the fraternity of calculators. The former will always be esteemed for his discoveries in the realm of electro-dynamics, the latter for his important contributions to the progress of mathematical science. Both were unusually precocious as children, and a curious story is told regarding the first manifestation of Gauss' powers in the way of mental calculation.

"His father"— I quote from Prof. E. W. Scripture —"was accustomed to pay his workmen at the end of the week, and to add on the pay for overtime, which was reckoned by the hour at a price in proportion to the daily wages. After the master had finished his calculations and was about to pay out the money, the boy, scarce three years old, who had followed unnoticed the acts of his father, raised himself and called out in his childish voice: 'Father, the reckoning is wrong; it makes so much'— naming a certain number. The calculation was repeated with great attention, and, to the astonishment of all, it was found to be exactly as the little fellow had said."

At nine Gauss entered the arithmetical class of the local school, where he startled — and annoyed — his teacher by writing down on his slate the answers to problems almost as soon as they were stated to him. A year later he was engaged in the study of higher mathematics, and it is said that by fourteen "he had become acquainted with the works of Euler and Lagrange, and had grasped the spirit and methods of Newton's 'Principia.'" His memory for figures must have been at least equal, if not superior, to Jacques Inaudi's, since it is claimed for him that "at once, or after a very short pause, he was able to give the properties of



*From the "London Illustrated News"*

JACQUES INAUDI, SON OF AN ITALIAN PEASANT, WHO AS A CHILD EARNED PENNIES BESIDE HIS BROTHER'S HAND-ORGAN BY HIS ARITHMETICAL FEATS. AT TWENTY-FOUR HE WAS EXAMINED BY A GROUP OF FAMOUS SCIENTISTS, WHO ASKED HIM TO REPEAT THE FIGURES USED IN DIFFERENT PROBLEMS SET HIM DURING A TWO HOURS' EXAMINATION. HE WENT THROUGH THE ENTIRE LIST WITHOUT A MISTAKE

each of the first couple thousand numbers," and "if he could not answer a problem at once, he stored it up for future solution."

## *The Power of Rapid Calculation Latent in All Normal People*

Such, in bald outline, are the principal lightning calculators of whom we have authentic knowledge. They clearly fall into two distinct groups — mere "reckoning machines," like Inaudi, Mondeux, and Dase, and a far smaller group possessing accomplishments over and above the faculty for mental calculation. The natural inference would be that these two groups are essentially different in their native mentality, the latter being blessed with innate endowments superior to those of the former. But I believe it can be shown that such is not really the case; that, on the contrary, the two groups start, so far as inherited ability is concerned, at about the same level; and that if in the end the members of the one achieve more than the members of the other, it is by reason of external rather than internal influences.

More than this, I venture to affirm, as I have already hinted, that the unusual ability for calculation exhibited by both groups *is but the result of a peculiar development, through the force of environmental circumstances, of powers latent in all normal men and women.*

## *Most Lightning Calculators the Children of Ignorant Peasants*

Certainly, any serious scrutiny of the facts in the lives and antecedents of the calculators soon reveals the impossibility of explaining them adequately on the basis of hereditary transmission of their singular talent. In the case of the Bidders the power for rapid mental calculation was, to be sure, manifested not only in father and son, but also, in a partial form, in two of the elder Bidder's grandchildren. Mangia-

mele had a brother and sister who could calculate far more rapidly than the average person. Inaudi's mother is said to have been much occupied in financial calculations just before his birth. Otherwise there is absolutely nothing to suggest the operation of heredity in the making of the calculators. With extremely few exceptions, they were, in fact, the children of ignorant peasants, men and women of good enough mentality, no doubt, but with little or no education, and whose ancestors, so far as they have been traced, were similarly conditioned.

If anything, then, the majority of lightning calculators have entered life handicapped rather than favored by heredity. It is of importance to notice also that in many cases they were decidedly handicapped, in childhood at all events, by physical defects. Safford suffered from a form of St. Vitus' dance. So did Colburn, who was, in addition, afflicted with the abnormality of an extra finger on each hand and an extra toe on each foot. Miguel Mantilla is deformed with a club-foot. Grandmange, a French calculator of some renown half a century ago, was born without arms or legs. Luigi Pierini, an Italian ten years Inaudi's junior, had frequent epileptic attacks while a child. Others were troubled with lesser but annoying bodily ills, particularly of a neural character.

The importance of this lies in the fact that their lives as children were thereby narrowed and restricted in comparison with the lives of other children. They could not romp like others, they were thrown largely on their own resources for entertainment, their interests from the start were less varied than those of the average child. And, besides this, in several instances they were, while yet very young, set at tasks which, though still further narrowing their interests, must have had a direct and powerful influence in turning their thoughts to and concentrating their attention on problems of calculation.

### *Boy Shepherds Who Became Lightning Calculators*

It is no mere coincidence that Inaudi, Mangiamele, Mondeux, and Pierini were, in their earliest boyhood, sent into the fields to tend sheep day after day. Whether the flocks were large or small, they would need to know how to count in order to make sure that none had strayed; and if they were obliged or chose to master the first principles of counting for themselves, it would not be extraordinary did they, out of sheer delight in their accomplishment and as a relief from the monotony of their occupation, develop an uncommon interest in reckoning. This interest, again, would naturally be intensified if they found a way to make a plaything of their counting, as Mondeux, for instance, is known to have done. In his lonely hours in the meadows, possessed of none of the ordinary toys of childhood, this little fellow used to amuse himself by incessantly counting over heaps of pebbles and arranging them in different ways to represent sums in addition, multiplication, and subtraction.

In the same way the influence of environmental conditions is plainly discernible in the case of other calculators, as is the fact that *they learned to calculate through play.* Ampère, like Mondeux, used pebbles for his self-education. Young Master Sidis, a few months before he manifested his ability to calculate dates, had been given several calendars by his father, who wished to familiarize him with the uses of numbers, and for a long time these calendars were his principal means of amusement. The little Mantilla boy similarly played with calendars, as the ordinary child does with picture books or blocks, for about a year before the discovery of his strange power. And the elder Bidder, whose interest in calculation was undoubtedly awakened by the lessons he received from his brother, taught himself multiplication by means of self-devised toys.

### *Learning the Multiplication-Table with a Bag of Shot*

"Having," he says in an autobiographical statement, "acquired the power of counting up to one hundred by ten and by five, I set about, in my own way, to acquire the multiplication-table. This I arrived at by getting peas or marbles, and at last I obtained a treasure in a small bag of shot. I used to arrange these in squares of eight on each side, and then, counting them throughout, I found that the whole number amounted to sixty-four. By that process I satisfied my mind, not only as a matter of memory, but also as a matter of conviction, that 8 times 8 were 64; and that fact, once established, has remained there undisturbed until this day. . . . In this way I acquired the whole multiplication-table up to 10 times 10."

In other words, as this passage suggests, whether teaching themselves by means of pebbles, marbles, peas, or shot, by counting on their fingers, or by a wholly mental process, as Inaudi did, these children developed, solely because of an intense interest, *a rich store of subconscious memory associations along a definite line.* Herein, I am convinced, we have the clue to their achievements as calculators.

Most children are drawn hither and thither by a variety of interests. They have a real interest in nothing; they diffuse their energies; they concentrate their attention scarcely at all. In this they are encouraged by their parents, who, owing to the prevalence of a false pedagogical doctrine, are of the opinion that sustained intellectual effort must inevitably be harmful to the mind of a child. As a result, the average child grows up more or less "scatter-brained," with habits of superficial thinking, and, worst of all, without the ability to utilize in any markedly effective degree its subconscious memories and powers.

### *Making the Subconsciousness Do the Work*

The lightning calculator is differently situated. Born, as a rule, of poor parents, left much to his own devices, and often debarred from the society of other children because of living in an isolated home or because of physical infirmities, he craves, as all children do, playthings and pleasure. Circumstances arouse in him an interest in numbers, not as a study, but as a form of entertainment. No other diversion presenting itself to stifle this interest, calculation soon becomes to him as truly "fun" as a game of ball. His interest in it augments with the applause he receives upon the discovery of his "wonderful gift." He perpetually ponders combinations of numbers, and works out, or hits on, short cuts in mathematical methods. These he preserves in the depths of his mind, whence, likewise because of his colossal interest in the subject, he can draw on them freely whenever the occasion arises. He has, in effect, "harnessed his subconsciousness," and is so thoroughly in control of it that not infrequently it directly solves his problems for him. As one investigator has testified of the elder Bidder, in describing how he could determine mentally the logarithm of any number to seven or eight places:

"He had an almost miraculous power of seeing, as it were, intuitively what factors would divide any large number not a prime. Thus, if he were given the number 17,861, he would instantly remark it was 337×53. . . . . He could not, he said, explain how he did this; it seemed a natural instinct to him."

And we have Bidder's own testimony:

"Whenever I feel called upon to make use of the stores of my mind, they seem to rise with the rapidity of lightning."

Bearing out the theory that the power to calculate rapidly is not an exceptional trait of inheritance, but is developed so amazingly only because external conditions have inspired in the calculators an unusual interest in numbers, is the curious circumstance that it disappears, in whole or in part, as soon as they become interested in other things, to the extent that they cease to practice calculation with any regularity. That, however, its disappearance does not necessarily involve a weakening of the control its practice has given them over their subconsciousness, is strikingly evidenced by the examples of Safford, Ampère, Gauss, and the Bidders. These men, to the end of their days, retained a superlative power for executing mental tasks of the most exacting nature. Yet the only difference between them and calculators of the Mondeux-Mangiamele-Inaudi type, so far as one may assert with any positiveness, is that, whereas the former were led at an early age to interest themselves keenly in matters other than mere reckoning, the education of the latter was neglected until it was too late for them really to acquire new interests; and they were, indeed, through the cupidity of those who had them in charge and dragged them from place to place for exhibition purposes, encouraged to concentrate their minds on calculation, and on calculation alone, until at last they could think of scarcely anything but figures.

Griffith, for instance, "could not hold an ordinary conversation for three minutes without getting brain-fag, but he could talk for hours about mathematical problems," and calculation was such an obsession with him that, even when taking a walk, his mind was wholly occupied in "calculating simultaneously the distance, time, and energy consumed, the distance being calculated in inches and the time in seconds." Inaudi, according to Professor Binet, is so absorbed in numbers that he pays little attention to what goes on around him, and is strangely absent-minded with regard to the affairs of everyday life. Often he even fails to recognize towns in which he has already given performances.

### *What a Lightning Calculator Saw in "Richard III"*

Of Buxton it is recorded that when he went to church he came away without remembering a word of the sermon, "having been busied in dividing some time or some space into the smallest known part." Once, during a visit to London, he was taken to Drury Lane Theater to see Garrick in "King Richard III." It was noticed that he followed the play with the greatest intentness, and after the curtain had fallen on the last act he was asked how he had liked it.

"Splendidly," he replied.

Somebody spoke of an especially dramatic scene, but he said that he did not remember it. Then the astonishing discovery was made that,

so far as plot, action, and dialogue were concerned, he might as well not have been in the theater. From first to last he had been engaged in counting the number of times each actor came on and went off, the number of steps taken by each, and the number of words spoken. Of the play itself he knew nothing.

Yet,— and most significant,— in the case neither of the one-sided nor of the many-sided calculators, does the constant strain they put on their minds seem to have been in the slightest injurious. Not one broke down mentally. Not one, so far as I have been able to ascertain, died before thirty, and only four — Griffith, Colburn, Dase, Mondeux — before forty. Ampère lived to sixty-one, Safford to sixty-five, Buxton to seventy, the elder Bidder to seventy-two, and Gauss to seventy-eight. The average age, too, at which their power for rapid calculation was first observed was six — which means, of course, that their minds must have been more or less occupied with problems in calculation long before that time, or at the age probably of four or five. Gauss and Safford we know to have been calculating as early as three.

Obviously, all of this implies one of two things: Either these calculators were born — despite the hysteria and other neural defects from which many of them suffered — with a mental equipment vastly superior to that of the average healthy child; or else their unusually early start in vigorous and systematic thinking had of itself the effect of enabling them to use the mental faculties common to mankind with an ease and fullness that would have been impossible had the process of real thinking been postponed until a later day, as it is with most children.

### *How Arithmetic Ought to be Taught*

Admitting this second explanation to be the correct one,— and, for myself, I am firmly persuaded that it is,— the lightning calculator at once becomes an object of the utmost interest to all parents and educators. From him they may learn, for one thing, the urgent desirability of beginning the work of education at a much earlier period in the life of a child than is now the rule. From him, also, they may learn that it is just as easy to interest young children in things that will truly exercise their intellects — will train and develop their powers of observation, concentration, and reasoning — as it is to interest them in the multitudinous useless activities common to the children of to-day. It is only a question of modifying the environment, of skilfully kindling the child's curiosity, appealing to his instinct for knowledge, and setting him thinking for himself.

It is not a question, however, of "forcing" the child to study. The lightning calculator never studies, in the sense of mastering calculation as a set task. He acquires its principles in play, as was said above. He learns the meaning and uses of numbers because he finds it "fun" to do so. And any parent, I have not the least doubt, if only he will go the right way about it, can inspire his own child with the idea that he can get as much "fun" out of learning calculation, reading, history, or any other subject, as out of playing games that have no developmental value. He need not fear that by so doing he will injure his child's mind. On the contrary, as the lives of the calculators prove, so long as a really vital interest — the sense of enjoyment — is maintained, there will be no tax on the mind, but an ever-increasing growth and control of the mental powers, conscious and subconscious alike.

The one danger to be guarded against will be an excessive development of interest in a narrow field. No parent would wish his child to be an Inaudi rather than a Gauss, a Mondeux rather than a Bidder. Yet such undue, such one-sided development may after all be easily prevented. All that is necessary is a wise broadening of the educational process, the cultivation of more than one interest at an early enough age.

*Owen Johnson's new serial, "The Sixty-first Second," begins in the October number. Also Detective Burns' great story, "The Mystery of the Double Eagles."*

# MARGARET MAYO

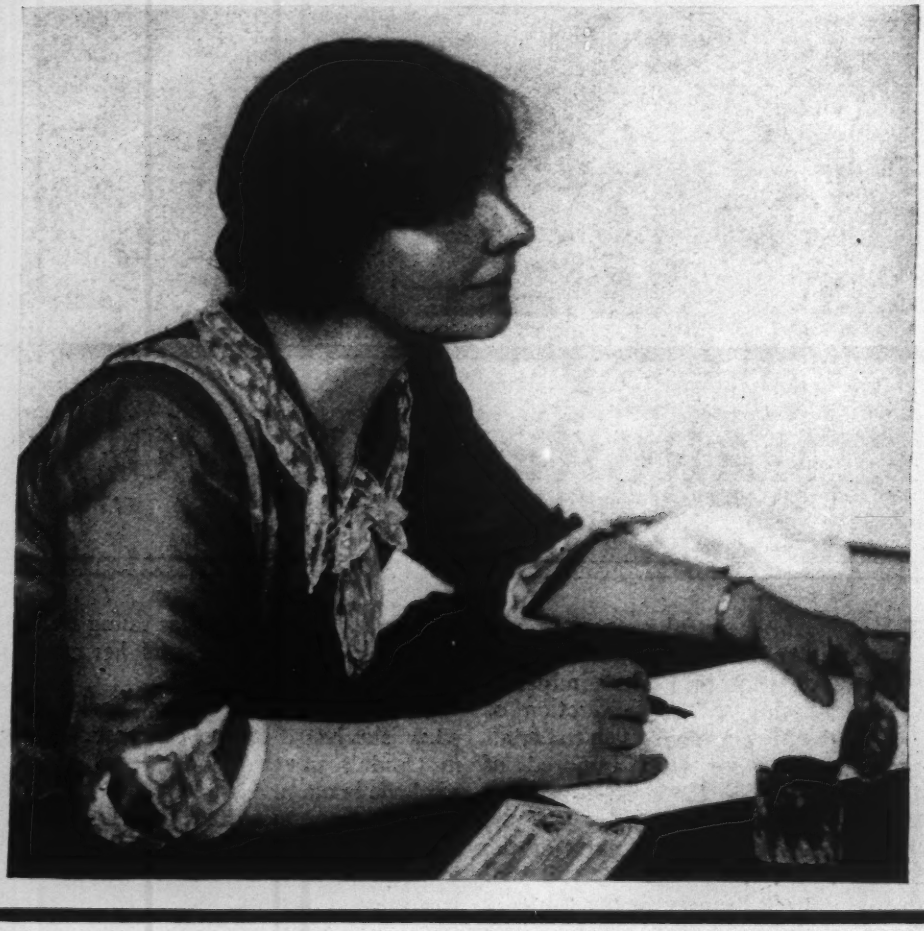
THE most successful woman dramatist in America is Margaret Mayo. Twelve years of tireless industry, culminating in the production of "Baby Mine," have given to her all of those coveted prizes for which hundreds of men and women struggle for a life-time, and to-day, at a trifle over thirty years of age, she is having plays performed in all parts of the United States, and "Baby Mine" is still running in every civilized country in the world.

Miss Mayo—now Mrs. Edgar Selwyn—came to New York from Portland, Oregon, twelve years ago, with little money and no friends. Her ambition was to be a character actress. After an unprofitable and perhaps discouraging experience in a dramatic school, she found an engagement to play conventional *ingénue* parts. These, however, by no means satisfied her ambition, and the work she was doing was irksome; a great character part was her goal, and it seemed very distant.

She had been in New York five years when she heard of the character of Cigarette in Ouida's novel "Under Two Flags." She read the book, and, under the urging of friends, boldly set out to write a one-act version of the story in which she herself could appear in the leading rôle. Encouraged by the success of this one-act version, she extended the play to five acts. Then, upon the day when the completed manuscript came back from the typewriter, the newspapers announced that Belasco was about to stage a production of "Under Two Flags"—his own version. Forthwith Miss Mayo's chances of appearing as Cigarette and becoming a great character actress seemed to disappear; but she had the manuscript.

In utter discouragement, she secured an engagement in the production of "Arizona." In the character of Lena in that play, she made one more effort to realize her ambition to be an actress, but it came to nothing. Shortly afterward she left the company; and at that stage of her career Miss Mayo sat in a boarding-house room, convinced that she would become neither a playwright nor an actress. In desperation, she sent her version of "Under Two Flags" to the manager of a New York stock company. It was accepted for performance at the Murray Hill Theater. The play was a success, but her plan of taking the leading rôle, which she had written for herself, was never realized because the stock company manager was unwilling to admit a new member to his organization. This version of "Under Two Flags" has since been performed all over the United States and even in Africa.

Following this, she went to London to play again in "Arizona" — this time in the leading rôle, Bonita; and this time she was successful. With this success came a change in her ideas of the sort of part she should write for herself. She felt that she could succeed as an emotional



MARGARET MAYO (MRS. EDGAR SELWYN)

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL WOMAN DRAMATIST IN AMERICA. HER PLAY "BABY MINE" HAS BEEN PRODUCED IN EVERY CIVILIZED COUNTRY IN THE WORLD AND HAS MADE THE FORTUNE OF ITS AUTHOR

*ingénue*, and with that idea she wrote "Polly of the Circus," a play which was rejected by every manager in New York City. This discouragement again sent her back to acting, and she played with Miss Grace George in "Pretty Peggy." It was during this engagement that she was commissioned by Miss George to dramatize "The Marriage of William Ashe," and also to adapt for the American stage the French play "Divorçons."

Both were successful, and Miss Mayo found herself definitely launched as a playwright. She abandoned her old ambition of a career as a character actress, and was pressed with orders from managers to write plays for various stars.

Frederic Thompson accepted "Polly of the Circus" for Mabel Taliaferro. It caught the public fancy, and to this day is being played by road companies across the country. And then, in 1910, "Baby Mine" was produced.

The story of how "Baby Mine" came to be written will bear repetition. A dispatch from Chicago appeared in a New York paper saying that there were thousands of fond fathers in Chicago who were heaping devotion upon children that their wives had got from foundling homes and presented to their husbands as their own offspring. Miss Mayo immediately began work on this idea. In three days she had written completely one of the most finished and skilful farces ever produced on the American stage — a play altogether unique for its clean and absolutely inoffensive presentation of a theme full of pitfalls and temptations to the salacious. "Baby Mine" is probably as successful a play as has been written in America in a decade. It has been translated and produced in half a dozen different languages, and has been earning richly for its author ever since. So universal is its appeal that it would seem that the only country where it could not succeed would be a country that had no babies.

Miss Mayo works tremendously hard; but she never begins the actual business of writing a play until she is absolutely sure of her idea. Consequently she has reduced waste effort to a minimum. She has had only one failure in her record as a playwright. She dramatized Upton Sinclair's "Jungle," and it failed. Miss Mayo believes she learned more from that failure than from all of her successes. For one thing, she says, a play the characters of which all live in tenements and shirt-sleeves can never succeed in the modern two-dollar-a-seat theater.

Miss Mayo is short in stature, nervous of temperament, and almost shy. She reads very little and had never read a single play in manuscript before she wrote her first one. Miss Mayo is very sensitive to impressions and of quick sympathies. Thousands of letters asking help and advice reach her each year, and every one is duly answered. The enormous earnings of her plays have put her beyond all money problems, and she hopes to use her time, and her splendid training and equipment, for work that will be more than simply commercially successful.

"Though never forget," she declares, "that, after all is said and done, the box-office receipts are the only test of whether or not you have achieved a success."

*A remarkable new serial, "The Sixty-first Second," by Owen Johnson, author of "Stover at Yale," will begin in the next number of* McCLURE'S. *"The Sixty-first Second" is a story of modern New York — a story which reflects the tremendous tension, the relentless power of the most highly vitalized city in the world. It is a story of love, of adventure, of finance — of great fortunes and beautiful women — of the warring passions and ambitions that create the greatest drama in modern society.*